AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
FEBRUARY 1985 • $3.40*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEOFFREY BLAINEY ON RACISM IN AUSTRALIA

CATTLE RUSTLING IN OZ – A CHILLING COVER-UP

THE SINGLE MAN'S ULTIMATE TRAVEL GUIDE TO ASIA

PLAYMATE BLOOPERS: THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS SHOTS EVER

DIANE LANE: COTTON CLUB'S STAR UNWINDS

CRICKET: HOW IT'S SOLD TO THE MASSES

THE GIRLS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL: YOU WON'T SEE THIS ON COUNTDOWN

SHARE THE SECRET

What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste? Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.

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PLAYBILL

WHETHER YOU REGARD Professor Geoffrey Blainey as a racist, an intellectual renegade or a courageous proponent of free speech, it is impossible to discount his message. The future racial texture of Australia and the pace and manner in which this is accomplished are two of the crucial, unresolved issues of our time and the Blainey view deserves close examination by all Australians. We assigned Melbourne-based journalist **Ross Greenwood** the task of confronting Blainey about his controversial philosophy. The result is this month's compelling Playboy Interview.

The hinterland of Far North Queensland is spooky country. Visitors on the Cairns-Darwin road drive though hundreds of kilometres of spectacular, yet oddly disquieting bushland. Sooner or later everyone gets the same idea — that you could vanish out there and no one would ever know. And as Australian PLAYBOY's Brisbane correspondent, **Frank Robson**, discovered when he went north to probe the great cattle-rustling mystery, the attitude of prickly and even downright hostile locals only reinforces that impression. It started out as a straightforward yarn about cattle-stealing in the bush but along the way it became something else and it was a distinctly rattled Robson who filed his first report on return from the Far North badlands. Don't miss Frank's story about the strange goings-on in the Queensland cattle business. **Marita Leuver** crafted the memorable illustration.

You must have noticed those slick TV commercials for the cricket — those grandiloquent affairs that make it seem downright unpatriotic not to go to every match to help defend Australia's honor. You can be excused for thinking they've gone a bit over the top. It's all part of a plot to keep the gate-takings up and highly successful it is, too. **Neil Jameson** examines the marketing of cricket to the Australian masses and wonders if we aren't all being taken for a bit of a ride. The art is by **Chris Payne.**

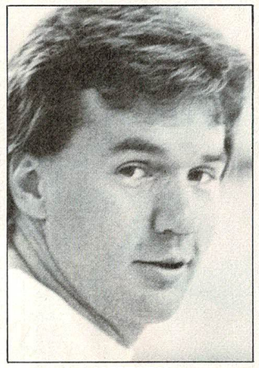
At least once in his life every man should visit Asia. When he goes he should be single, have a healthy liver, a full wallet or formidable armory of credit cards, the addresses of a few good VD clinics in key locations and an insatiable appetite for pleasure. It is a pilgrimage most young Australian blokes manage to make before they are handicapped by marriage or middle age. Before you embark on yours, check out our *Single Man's Guide To Asia*. This is the information you won't get from any travel agent and if you've already been once, check it out anyway.

Success comes in many forms. For some people it's money, a Ferrari, a house with pool and tennis court . . . the good things in life. Occasionally it's more subtle than that. It's something more personal: an intimate gift to the self that marks a turning point in one's life, acknowledgement that you've made it after all and from here on in things can only get a helluva lot better. It's an inspiring moment in any man's life and in our feature *Spoils Of Success* we asked a few blokes who have been there to share it with us.

We haven't neglected glamor in the month which brings St Valentine's Day and there's every chance you'll lose your heart to beautiful Joan Bennett, lovingly photographed by **Richard Fegley,** or centrefold Connie Dachs. But to keep you from getting too serious, we've included a pictorial on some of the raunchiest and horniest women in rock'n'roll and, for good measure, *Playmate Bloopers*, to remind you that these girls are indeed very, very real.

Then take fashion editor **Vitek's** timely preview of the best in briefcases for blokes who mean business, **Rob Luck's** report on the people-mover boom of the '80s, our popular columns on sex, sport, booze, music and looking good, plus **Susan Kurosawa's** regular Women page on male-female relationships, and we know you're going to fall in love with our February issue.

KUROSAWA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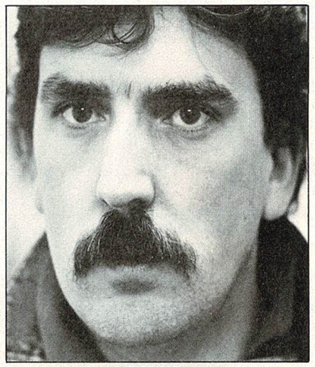
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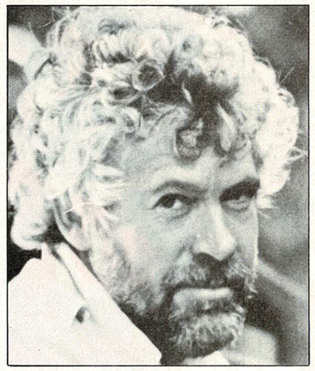
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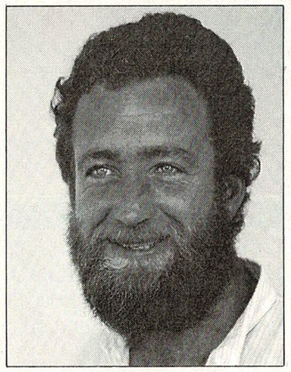
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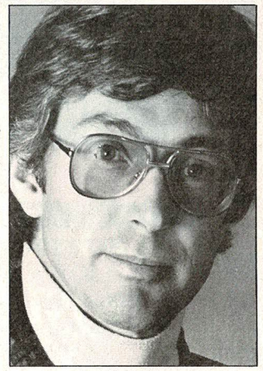
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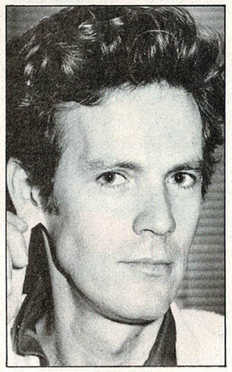
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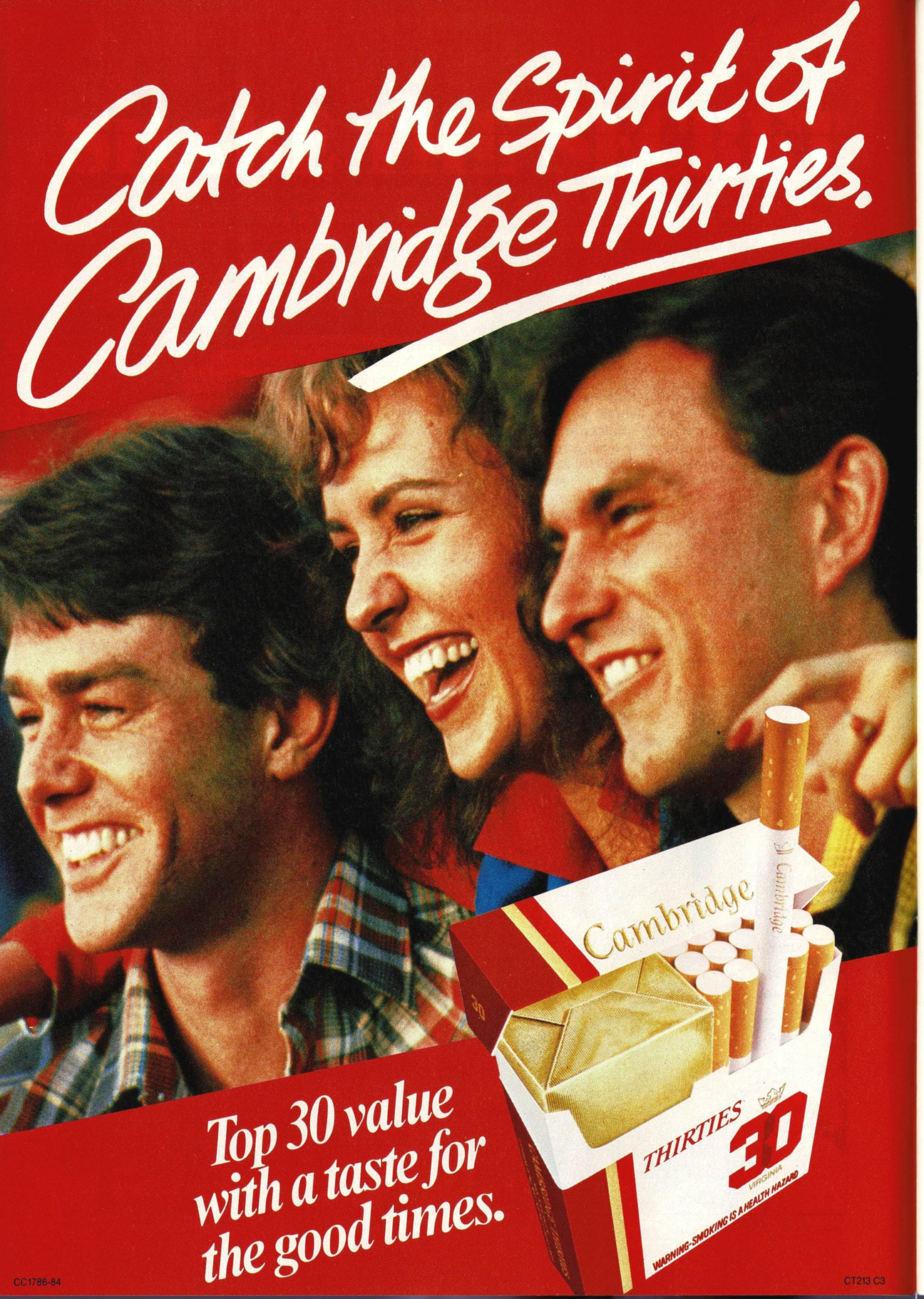

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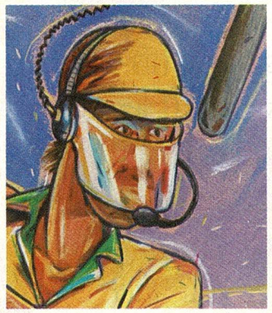

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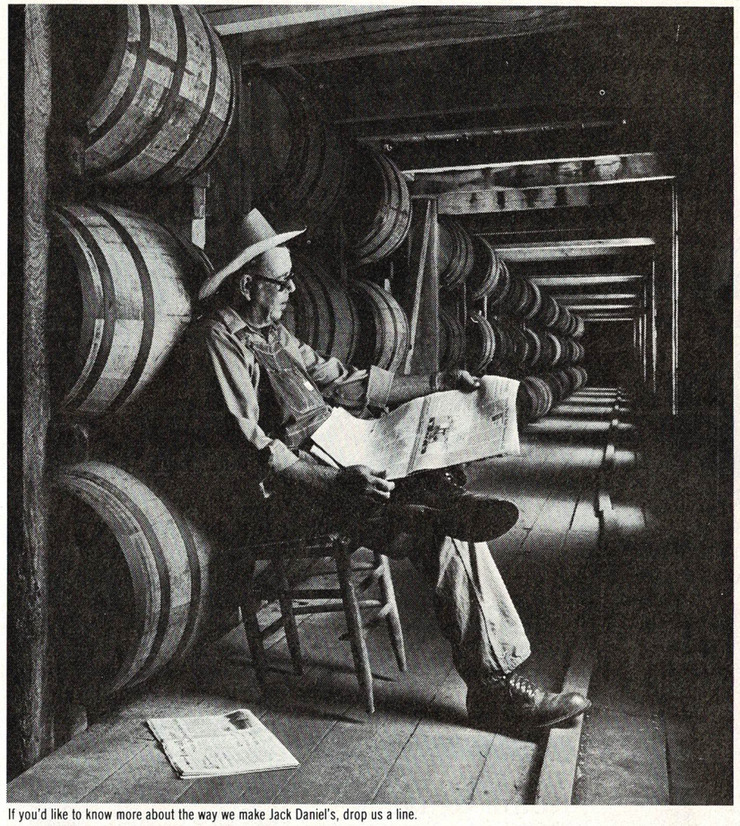

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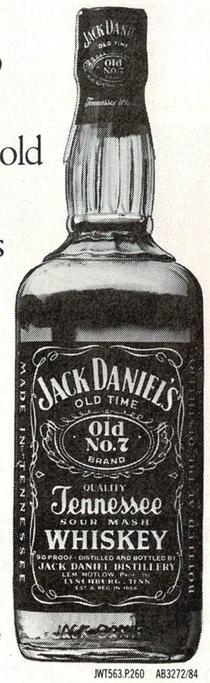

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by Get Set Typesetting Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 5006), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone: 02 268 0666).

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

MYSTERY MAN

I wish to commend Craig McGregor for his enlightening interview with Ian Sinclair. Sinclair has always seemed rather a mystery man to me and it was worth sifting through the politics and egotism to glimpse a more compassionate and normal man than I had imagined. Perhaps McGregor would consider taking on Sir Joh and showing us his compassionate side.

As a merchant seaman, the long deep-sea voyages are made more tolerable by the stimulating articles and ladies in Australian PLAYBOY. The journalistic standard is also far superior to other contenders which is another plus factor.

David Foster,
Hobart, Tas.

HOW SEXY WERE THEY?

Thanks for the witty *How Sexy Are You?* quiz in the September issue. My wife and I found it most amusing and lots of fun, as did our friends who tried it.

Also, your Miss September, Susan Dean, is an absolute stunner. Never have I seen such a gorgeous sample of femininity. She really is in a class of her own and I trust we will be seeing more of her in the future.

Congratulations on a great magazine.

R. Mischleuski,
Box Hill, Vic.

LEST WE FORGET

I'd like to congratulate Frank Robson for his dramatic and sorrowful insight into the problems suffered by our Vietnam vets in your September issue.

And, although this is going back a long way, thanks also for *The Betrayal Of John Lennon* feature which you ran in March, 1984. These two articles are outstanding and typical of the quality and consistency that makes Australian PLAYBOY such an informative read.

A.R. Purdy,
Croydon, Vic.

THE WEIGHTING GAME

I just want to say, Australian PLAYBOY people, that I've been hanging out at gyms and lifting weights for the past three years and I've yet to encounter someone who looks anywhere near as luscious as Miss October, Kirsten Ottlewski.

Boy, I wish I knew where she works out. What a perfect body. You've outdone yourselves this time, Aussie PLAYBOY!

Greg Moore,
Lorne, Vic.

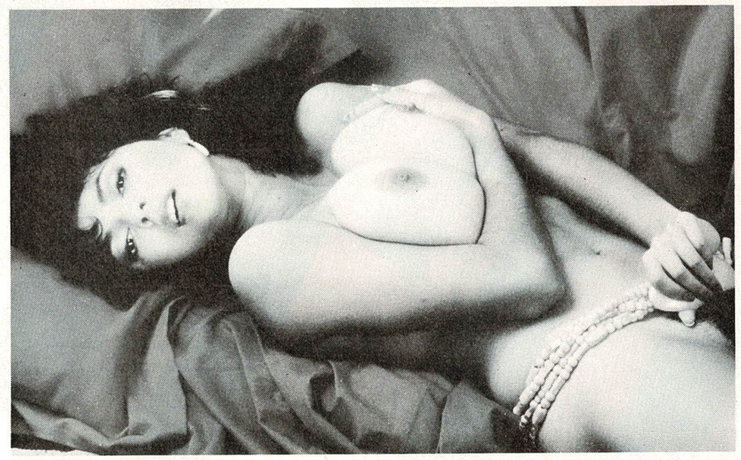
BOSOM BUDDY

I have been buying Australian PLAYBOY since Day One and have always admired your selection of wonderful women. I usually fall in love with at least one of your lovelies each month but now, after December PLAYBOY, my heart belongs to Roberta Vasquez.

I love big tits and Roberta has the most wonderful set in the world! (No correspondence will be entered into on that one!) Your title of *Treasure Chest* is a wonderful understatement. Forty inches! And I think I'm lucky if I can score a date with a set of 36-ers. Excuse me now, I have to go kiss Roberta goodnight (she's behind my bedroom door) and don't you dare print this unless you're going to put another picture of her on the Dear Playboy page!

Alan Wright,
Maryborough, Qld.

Okay, okay, we won't disappoint you. Reaction to Roberta's appearance has been huge so here's another eyeful for all her bosom buddies — Ed.



ISLANDS IN THE SUN

In June this year I'm taking holidays for six weeks and I'd been agonising over where to go until I read Susan Kurosawa's Travel column in your October issue.

Watch out, South Pacific, here I come! With six weeks up my sleeve and a rather substantial wallet after months of saving, my lady and I intend to try out all of Susan's "best ofs" — the beaches, the beer, the food, the scenery, the cocktails, the diving, the watersports, the hotels and the nightlife — in fact everything we can possibly fit in to our six-week sojourn in the South Pacific.

My lady is equally thrilled but she's dubious about a visit to Honolulu where Susan says the ladies are "long-limbed and parade around with hairdos that a Charlie's Angel would kill for". Personally I think it will be one of the scenic highlights.

Many thanks for helping us to make up our minds.

Ted Sullivan,
Mount Druitt, NSW.

LUCY IN THE SWIM

Now I could be wrong but I strongly suspect that the beautiful young lady in the Speedo swimsuit ad in your December issue is none other than Lucy Gill, one of your Playmates in 1983 and the covergirl on your July issue in 1984.

I've bet one of my mates a few beers on this one so I'd appreciate it if you could settle this matter. By the way, congratulations on the Lucy pictorial in that July issue. She's a stunner!

Jim Paxton,
Seven Hills, NSW.

You're absolutely right, Jim. Cheers! — Ed.

JOKERS UNITED

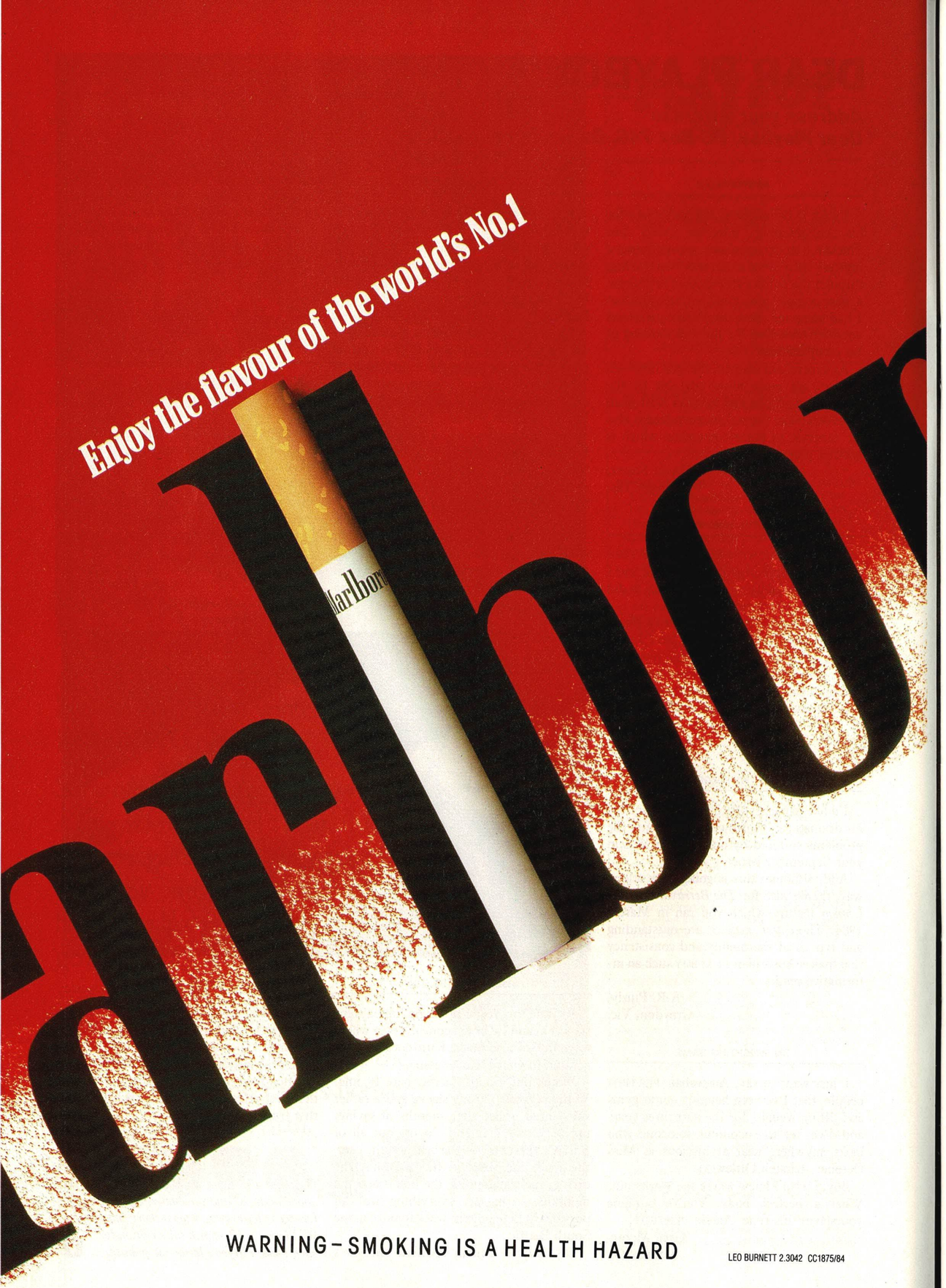
I think Australian PLAYBOY's Party Jokes page is fantastic.

Some of the jokes are great conversation starters at parties and, as a matter of fact, my girlfriend told me it was my sense of humor that first attracted her. Guess where I got that from! Thanks heaps!

Brad Purcell
Budgewoi, NSW.

Write to us! Send your letter to us at the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

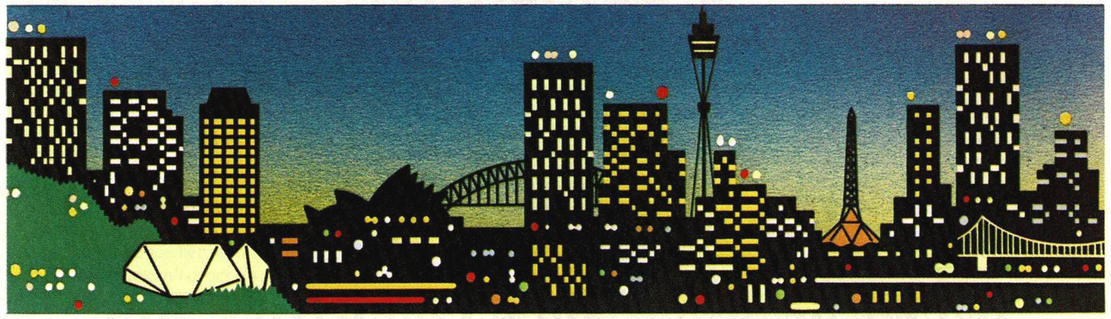
Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1



WARNING – SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

LEO BURNETT 2.3042 CC1875/84

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DIET RIOT

A survey by that fitness-for-fatties mob, Weight Watchers, revealed that 85 percent of the women polled lose interest in sex when they're overweight. One hefty sheila owned up that if she were given a choice between a plate of chocolate biscuits and a crack at Robert Redford, she'd take the chocolate biscuits.

A similar survey of overweight men revealed that they did not lose any interest in sex, at all, ever. You can just imagine the result if Weight Watchers offered your average beer-bellied Aussie bloke a choice between a cold tinnie and a crack at Brooke Shields.

He'd have Brooke first and the tinnie for afters, like he always does. Don't women ever learn?

BAD LOSER

And we thought the HSC was tough on students. From Peking comes news of Shi Jianmin, a student in the north-eastern Chinese province of Hebei who was executed for killing a teacher. Seems the teacher failed Shi Jianmin in his yearly exams.

BANG BANG YOU'RE PREGNANT

The latest in gimmick telegrams comes to us from London and Melbourne. First, the poms. The big thing in London lately has been SAS-a-grams. That's where four blokes all dressed in black, with balaclavas over their heads and carrying automatic weapons, burst into a party of your choice, announce that they're from the SAS, and spray the room with gunfire (all blanks of course, but you get the idea).

Just for good measure they lob in a few dummy grenades which go off with a big bang and a flash, then line everybody up against the wall and feel up all the sheilas during a quick frisk. Apparently there is no shortage of applications from blokes to deliver SAS-a-grams.

Meanwhile in Melbourne they're most titillated by the arrival of the Preggy-gram. This involves an apparently heavily pregnant young lady arriving at the wrong place at the wrong time to loudly berate some poor, unfortunate sod for getting her in the family way and then leaving her in the lurch. This stunt goes over real big at weddings.

NEW ZEALAND NIGHTLIFE

New Zealander Lawrence Raymond Tonkin has been fined $90 for disrupting traffic. Seems whenever Tonkin gets a few drinks in him he likes to go out in the street and bark at passing cars. Judge Douglas Tucker warned Tonkin that the next time he goes for a drink he'd better get a pal to put him on a leash.

GUILT-EDGED

Last financial year saw a boom in conscience money for the tax office. The year before, the office received a grand total of $16,423 compared to the latest total of $94,135 (though one bloke with a particularly guilty conscience accounted for $70,000). Wait till they get around to his bottom-of-the-harbor scheme!

EGGS CASANOVA

The Hungarians have come up with a new liqueur said to cure impotence. It is made principally from quail eggs. It is one of 32 products the Hungarians make from quail eggs because of their faith in the aphrodisiac qualities of the eggs. The Hungarians, of course, are world famous for their sense of humor.

HOW LO KIN U GO?

A bogus doctor in Hong Kong was jailed for four years after being convicted of having illegal sexual intercourse.

Apparently the fake doctor told a 20-year-old female patient that he could cure her itchy skin rash if he swallowed some medicine and then injected it into her through his dick.

SLOW CURE

A Mr Clive Johns from Churston in Devon, England, has found a novel way to quit smoking. Whenever he feels the urge to light up he eats a snail instead. If snails are scarce he might snack on a spider, a wood louse, a fat worm or a grasshopper.

"I know it's a bit odd," admitted Johns, "but it works for me. I think I must have smoked for something to do because I find a nice crunchy snail just as satisfying. People say they can't do me any good but I've had no stomach aches yet."

FAT CHANCE

Must be the isolation. Spotted in the personal column of *The Sunday Times* from Perth: "Fat lady, any age, desired by handsome, well-endowed young gent."

SIX-PACK SNACK

How come it's taken this long? After edible women's panties we now have edible condoms. The snack-pack frangers are on sale in Sydney and come (no pun intended) in six different flavors, including banana. They're on sale with the latest line in edible men's underpants. Now that is equality for you.

HEAVY WEATHER

When Boston city councilman Albert L. O'Neil appeared on Dick Sinnott's phone-in radio talk show, the topic was "all kinds of abortions" being performed at Boston City Hospital. O'Neil told a woman caller that he was very upset about the allegations and would immediately launch an investigation. He claimed, "I'll get to the bottom of this. May lightning strike me dead if I don't."

Lightning struck immediately, hitting a transformer and knocking O'Neil and the station off the air.

THE CHINA SYNDROME

China's leaders, who are encouraging people over 30 to marry, are telling prospective grooms not to be so picky about marriage candidates. "Almost all the men insist that their wives have the face of an actress, the figure of an athlete, the attitude of a waitress, the voice of an announcer and the culinary skills of a chef," Peking's *People's Daily* said in a commentary. "This can only be found in some dream-world." We guess when it comes to dream-worlds you *dim* some, or lose some.

Executive CLUB

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Welcome to the Executive Club on the 36th Floor of the Sydney Hilton. More than an hotel within an hotel, it is Australia's most exclusive accommodation centre.

On the Executive Club Floor there are just 21 superbly appointed rooms–8 twin, 12 Queen rooms and 1 King suite. Access to the floor is totally private and, as well as rapid check in and out, you will find a range of services and facilities which promise to exceed the expectations of even the most seasoned business traveller.

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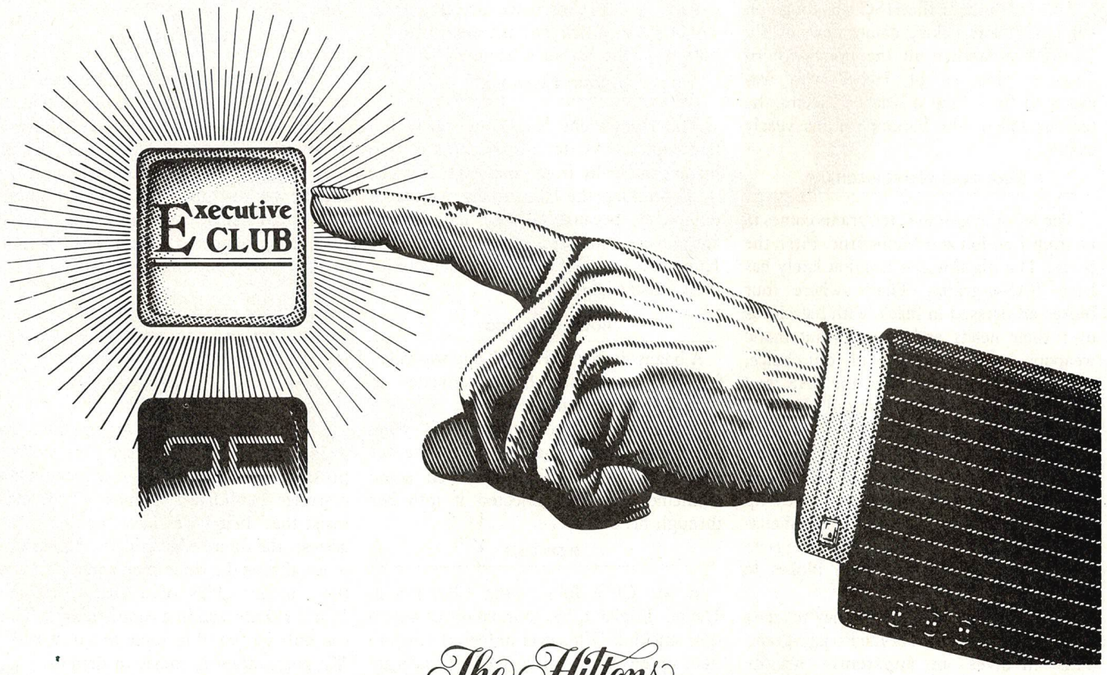

The Hiltons
SYDNEY

BOOZE

Bottoms up to Campari, the smart Italian aperitif that's flying high Down Under.

With Italian eating places opening on just about every city block in Australia, it's logical that our current penchant for pasta should be coupled with a taste for fancy Italian drinks.

There are few, if any, of us left who don't know the difference between fettucine and fritto misto, who can't order up a scaloppine as easily as we would a steak and chips. The Italian eating revolution has taken hold.

It's even got to the stage where ordinary men and women are summoning up bottles of frascati and lambrusco with a curling pout of the lip that would put Marcello Mastroianni to shame.

Campari, that wonderfully astringent Italian aperitif, had to be next for the Down Under seal of approval. It's not to everyone's taste. I've heard it compared to mouthwash and cough mixture; many people are appalled by the violent red color. I find it delicious, particularly on a hot day, and have been drinking it for years, much to the horror of some of my regular drinking companions.

"S'pose you want one of those raspberry fizzes?" is a common line. "Got any of that Italian mouth gargle, mate?" they call out to the drink waiter.

Times are changing, though. I've spotted bottles of Campari on bar shelves in the remotest corners of Australia. There was a barman in Wangaratta who refused to mix it with orange juice for me, but that was an isolated incident. Sales of the stuff are doing nicely. The Australian distributors, Swift and Moore, advise that sales figures for the past 12 months are up eight percent over the year before.

That's not really a mighty increase but, when compared to the general trend with other aperitifs and imported spirits, it's an encouraging rise.

The history of this rich, red beverage dates back to the 1860s when Gaspare Campari started serving his own liquid concoction in his fashionable cafe, the Campari, in the stately Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele in the shadow of Milan Cathedral.

The cafe is still there; one can only presume that gaily colored Campari umbrellas hover over the outside tables.

Campari is a spirit made with a blending of herbs and distilled water plus some natural coloring. The recipe is a well-guarded secret: it's known that quinine and gentian are in the make-up but the other ingredients remain a mystery. Its alcoholic composition is less than most other spirits, making it a light and refreshing aperitif, especially when blended with soda or fruit juice.

In Italy and several other European countries, you can buy Campari pre-mixed with soda in single-measure flasks. For your trivia files, it has been reckoned that if all the bottles of Campari-soda mix produced in Italy in one year were placed upright, they would circle the coastlines of Italy and Sicily.

I'm not sure how far we'd get in Australia if we started off a line of glasses of such a mix. Maybe no farther than Sydney to Wollongong. Plates of pasta, on the other hand, could well do the return trip, with Tasmania thrown in for good measure.

The taste of Campari is difficult to describe. It's bitter, aromatic and distinctive. Not easy to compare with any other beverage except, perhaps, angostura, which shares the bitter element. But whereas you add a dash of angostura to other drinks, Campari is a complete beverage. The hairy-chested among you could try it straight on the rocks or shake it with shaved ice for a very dizzy cocktail.

It's an effective palate cleanser: just the thing to get your taste buds rippling for the meal to follow. As an aperitif, it should be consumed before a meal but it also mixes well as a party drink.

The most accepted partners for Campari are soda and orange juice. I suggest one-third Campari with two-thirds of either soda or orange juice; you can also add a final dash of soda to a Campari-orange mix to produce a light, spritzig taste. Always garnish the glass with a slice of orange rather than lemon. The sweetness of orange offsets some of the Campari bitterness that can turn drinkers off.

The distributors suggest that Campari and gin, mixed half and half in a cocktail glass, is an acceptable blend. Try it, if you dare. In some of the more fashionable watering spots around town, Campari and grapefruit juice is fast becoming a mega-trendy drink. Mix it as for Campari-orange. Guaranteed to strip all of the plaque off your teeth and give you a distinctive squint.

The Campari people have pinpointed their market and the advertising of the product is particularly good. There's nothing down-market about ordering one of those smart, red Italian drinks. Maybe the image is allied to red Ferraris and hot-blooded Mediterranean passion. Whatever the associations, I certainly know what I'd be ordering if I were lolling around the Villa d'Este on Lake Como waiting for Robert de Niro to drop by for the happy hour. Meanwhile, here are two of the variations that I've tried at the local spaghetti joint on a Saturday night:

Negroni: Mix one-third Campari, one-third red vermouth and one-third gin. Add plenty of ice, a splash of soda, shake well and serve garnished with a slice of orange.

Milano Paris: Mix four parts Campari with one part Pernod, pour into a tall glass half-filled with ice cubes, then top with water. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

CAMPARI CONCOCTIONS

Four cocktails from Alex Beaumont, president of the Australian Bartenders Guild. Guaranteed to make you see red. . .

OUTBACK SUNSET

1oz gin
½oz Campari
1oz orange juice
Shake together and pour into a 7oz flute glass. Top with champagne for added zest.

HIGH NOON

1oz Tequila
1oz Campari
5oz orange juice
Pour one after another into a 10oz highball glass, 1/3 filled with ice cubes.

RIVIERA GOLD

1oz cognac
½oz Campari
¾oz Grand Marnier
1oz orange juice
Shake together and pour into a brandy balloon.

TROPPO

1oz vodka
½oz Amaretto
½oz Campari
2oz pineapple juice
Shake and pour into a 5oz flute glass.

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MONEY

If you have nerves of steel the futures market beckons with the promise of huge profits.

There is a certain fascination about futures: fortunes have been made in a day, small deposits control large resources, the action is quick. More importantly, if you predict correctly, you can make money whether prices go up or down. This last aspect sometimes confuses newcomers who are used to the sharemarket where "buy low, sell high" is the only way to make capital gains. In futures, the same rule holds but so does the opposite sequence. Profits can also be made by selling high and buying low. It's easy once you know how the market works.

Futures began as a way to help primary producers protect themselves from unpredictable market swings. Say, for example, you own a Columbian coffee plantation. You invest a fortune planting coffee in the spring and you want to be sure of recouping your costs plus some profit when the beans are harvested. So what do you do? You enter into a contract to deliver coffee to a buyer at a fixed price at some future date (harvest time). No matter what happens, you know you will receive a guaranteed price for your crop.

It's easy to see how a contract for future delivery (hence the term "future") benefits producers, but buyers like them too. By entering into such contracts, buyers are guaranteed a supply of coffee at the agreed-upon price. Even if a drought seriously diminishes the world supply, the buyer is protected; he still receives his coffee at the contracted price.

In the traditional futures arrangement, one party's gain is always the other's loss. If the price drops for some reason, the buyer gets stuck. If it rises, the producer loses out. The same is true in modern futures trading. But today we have an additional participant — the speculator. Like the producer or buyer (who are known as "hedgers" in futures market jargon), speculators enter into contracts to sell commodities (for equally peculiar reasons, these contracts are known as "longs"). But speculators never expect to actually fulfil these contracts. They are simply gamblers. They don't want a garage full of coffee beans. They just want to make a fast profit and get out.

Futures contracts are sold for many commodities — coffee, gold, silver, pork bellies, boneless beef, currencies — and even peculiar things like stock market averages and interest rates which are not really commodities at all. Fortunately, all futures work the same, no matter what commodity is being traded. As coffee is not traded on the Australian futures exchange, let's consider gold.

Here is how the gold speculator operates. He first decides whether the price of gold is going to rise (or fall). Then he simply rings a futures broker and instructs him to buy a long (or a short) specifying the delivery month. Although futures contracts may specify delivery dates as much as a year ahead, most trading focuses on contracts with delivery dates two to four months in the future. For example, suppose it's May and gold is selling for about $300 to $350 per ounce. For some reason, you are convinced the price of gold is going to rise so you decide to buy one long contract deliverable in August. In principle, you have agreed to buy 50 ounces of gold (some overseas contracts are for 100 ounces) in August at, say, $350 per ounce. To show you are serious, the broker will require you to lodge a "good faith" deposit with him. The size of the required deposit varies with the fluctuating price of gold. It was $10,000; at the time of writing, it is only $1000.

So you give the broker $1000, name your delivery date (August) and your price ($350 per ounce). Now you wait. Should the price rise above $350, you will make a tidy profit. For every $10 increase in the gold price, you will make a profit of $500 ($10 times 50 ounces). And here is the best part. You don't actually have to collect the gold and sell it again to get your profit. All you need do is sell a short contract. This cancels your obligation to actually buy any gold. You then give your broker his commission (actually he takes his first) and the rest is yours.

Suppose you believe the gold price is about to fall. No problem. Instead of a long, you simply instruct your broker to buy a short. That is, you enter into a contract to sell 50 ounces of gold at $350 per ounce in August. If the price drops by $10 to $340, the person at the other end of your contract is still obligated to pay you the original, higher, price. Thus, the profit is identical to buying a long when the price is rising. Every $10 drop means a $500 profit. In the futures market, you can win whether the price rises or falls provided, of course, that you pick the proper direction.

The chance to make big profits from relatively small outlays is what makes the futures market so attractive to speculators. The principle is called gearing. If you actually went to a mint to buy gold, all you could get for $1000 at current prices is about three ounces. If the price per ounce increases by $10, your profit is $30 ($10x3). Invest in futures, however, and your $1000 buys an interest in 50 ounces. The same $10 price increase makes you $500 richer. Unfortunately, gearing also magnifies losses. If you buy three ounces of gold outright and the price falls $10 per ounce, you are down only $30. If you use the money to buy a long, your loss is $500. If the price falls $20 per ounce, your $1000 simply evaporates (and you would still have to pay commissions).

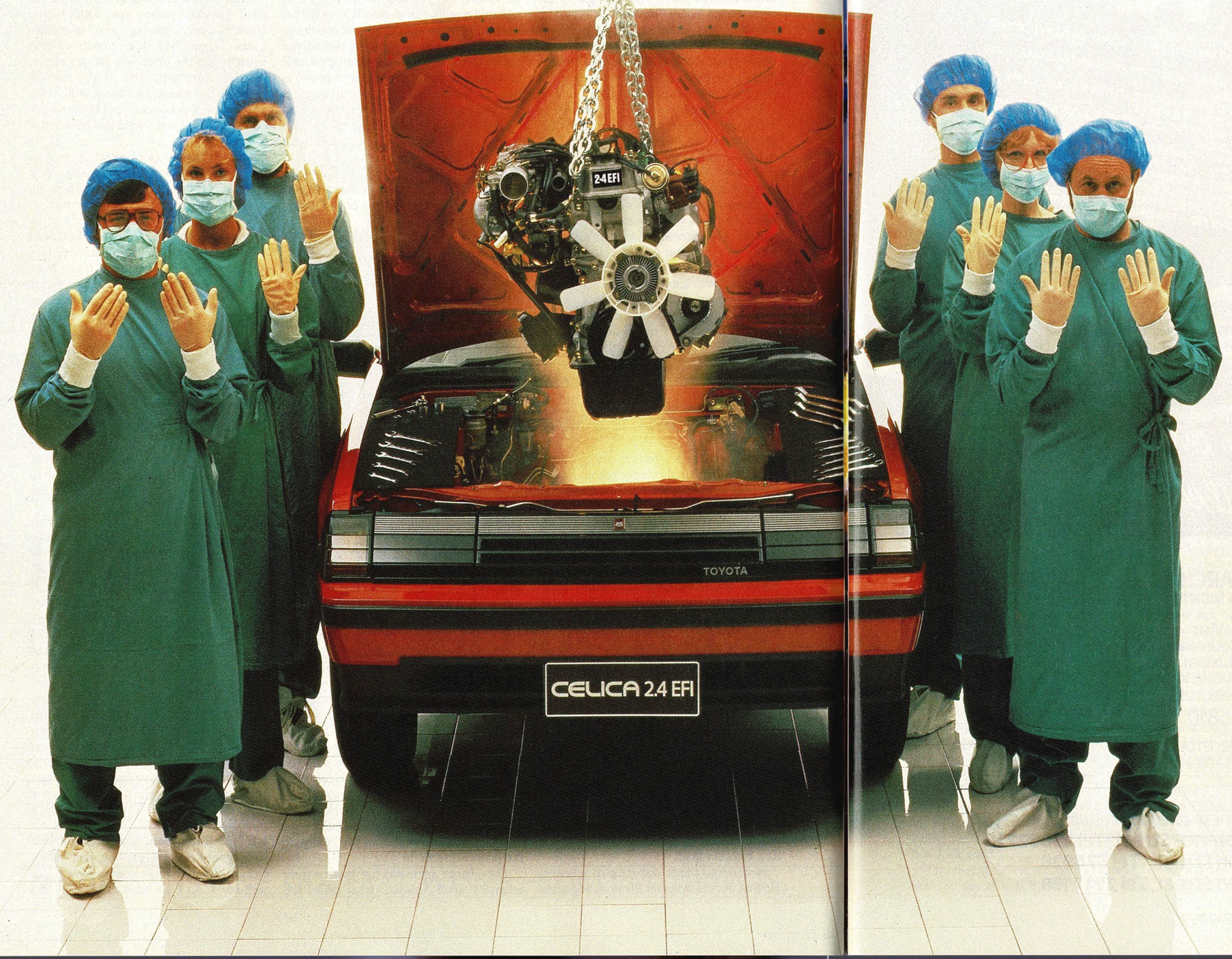
Futures traders can protect themselves from such calamities by issuing their brokers with "stop-loss" orders. These are simply instructions to close out a deal (by buying a long or short) whenever losses reach a certain amount. If you want to keep a contract open even when the price is moving against you, your broker will require an additional deposit called maintenance funds. Only people who are very sure of themselves or who have a pathological need to get rid of their money ever deposit maintenance funds.

Now that you know how they work, are futures for you? The answer for most people is still negative. Eighty percent of those who speculate in futures wind up losing their money. It's really no surprise that they do. They are competing with the large hedgers who have representatives around the globe feeding them a constant stream of information. The gold miners have day-by-day tonnage figures. The big coffee companies have planters reporting temperature changes and rainfall rates and anything else likely to affect the supply. If something is about to happen that may affect coffee prices, who do you believe will hear about it first? You, or the Nestle company?

If the 5 to 1 odds that you will lose your money don't worry you, then take a chance. But don't say you weren't warned.

— SETH GREGORY

Even the surgeons in Sydney would be jealous of this heart transplant.



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Now Celica produces 87kW of power.

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And that's only straight-line performance. Celica also has fully independent suspension with Toyota Suspension Tuning.

So you can use Celica's new power around tight bends and challenging roads.

There's little doubt Celica now has a lot of muscle with its new heart. And its standard features are still as healthy as ever.

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Putting Toyota's 2.4 litre engine with Electronic Fuel Injection into Celica has given it superlative performance.

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MEN

Loners aren't heroes, especially when they have to give up the good things in life.

Have you noticed? Some men are inveterate worriers. They start when they're kids, pre-occupied with the business of becoming men. Will they measure up in this competitive world? Will their careers be more glamorous, secure and fruitful than those of their fathers? Will they be good providers and responsible father figures? Will they find time out from all this responsibility to enjoy life a little? And so on.

While all this is happening they're still trying to maintain some semblance of poise or macho cool. Look, they seem to be saying to the world, nothing wrong here. I'm in control of *my* life.

Sure, we're all so much in control that our zeal for keeping the lid on things runs too many good men into early graves. Too late we learn that worry and accumulated security didn't really mean a thing.

Among the legions of these anxiety cases is a guy who is more worried than anybody else. He's the bloke who reacts to his insecurity by going overboard to prove that not only is he more in control than you or me, he is more of a *man* than we will ever be.

You know this guy. He's a parody of every hairy-chested he-man commercial ever devised. He's got a simplistic solution for every problem facing mankind. He drinks alone, shuns team sports and doesn't count any women among his close friends. If you aren't strong enough to do it on your own in this world, he figures (taking a bead on the *Dirty Harry* code for living) that you've got no right to be here in the first place.

There is *statement* in everything he does. Has this man ever stalled his car at the lights? No way! Is this guy about to lose his job to a computer or, worse still, a woman? You must be joking!

This guy won't admit it, but he likes Hollywood. The world's entertainment factory fuels his self-deception through the limitations of the movie camera. The scope of the lens is such that it has difficulty in giving us anything more comprehensive than close-focus profiles.

Thus, too many of our heroes tend to be among life's loners. They come with an off-the-rack meaningful stare that seems to say: "I've got *my* life figured, but I'm not sure about you."

You'll find our friend at those sorts of movies. Like the central character, there is no uncertainty in his life. As for the rest of us, well we've got a role to play too. It's our collective faults and fallibility that make him look good.

The mighty flaw in our hero's thinking is that the day of the chrome-plated loner is never going to dawn. This world's real achievements have been realised largely by people who have been prepared to work together.

Like most men, they started out with their measure of self-doubts and insecurities but, by pooling their resources against life's challenges, they managed to achieve something significant — like launching a satellite, climbing Everest or cementing the driveway.

No matter how daunting life's prospects might be, there is no truth in the belief that you have to face them alone. On the contrary, history's all-time great loners have been responsible for some of the mightiest of blunders.

Like Hitler in his bunker or Ludwig Leichhardt traipsing into the wilderness, we're never more vulnerable than when we've been left with nothing but our convictions for company.

As it is, the average male spends a significant part of his time in isolation. How many hours a week might you spend driving, commuting, shopping, viewing and even sleeping on your own? And how larger do the self-doubts seem when you are left to confront them alone?

Like so many other guys, Colin used to worry about falling short of what he thought a man should be. But he got over it. Now he thinks it's a bit of a joke. He chortles at the news of women who've embarked upon professions in macrame or leatherwork in the belief that they're carving themselves a slice of the much-cherished male pie. By the same token, he's more than respectful of those women who hold down tough jobs in an increasingly competitive world.

These women, says Colin, are finally gaining some insight on what it's like to be conditioned from childhood to pursue a career.

All those worried males can attribute their malaise to a bad dose of social conditioning. Most of us are exposed to it; the real test is determining just how much we will let it affect us.

If we're smart enough to help each other through the tougher chores, we'll find much less grief and enough quality down-time in which to celebrate the real merits of being a male.

Ironically, those joys can be found in appreciating the special allure that women hold, enjoying the companionship of our mates and, in measured doses, the peace of our own company.

On the other hand, we can play the lone hand. What we're destined to find here, when the fantasy has finally run its course, is that this character is more lemming than loner. Ultimately, he gets to topple off a well-trodden edge.

No doubt you once heard female acquaintances saying how tough it was being a woman without a man. Well, women are getting over that problem. You'll find many of them are strong enough to handle those social events, conduct their home lives, hassle the bank manager and ride their personal problems all on their own. What the hell, you say, guys have been doing that for ages. We've never been afraid of going it alone, have we?

Sadly, no. If we had more sense we would have figured that we were never meant for a life of isolation. We might bounce from one relationship to the next affair, sometimes wiser but always enriched for the experience.

Social research tells us that modern society's saddest case is the lone male who has cut himself off from the emotional and physical support of friends and family. This bloke is in a nosedive of his own making.

He's often the kind of guy who figured years back that the demands of being an upwardly mobile, achieving man in this competitive society is a challenge he can quite happily do without.

He's only half right. Opting out of the rat race is one thing, but opting out of life and all its rewards is the last meaningless word in self-denial.

There are many things of which the average male can be found guilty, but show me one who'll deliberately pass up a cold beer with good friends and a bed warmed by someone special, and I'll show you someone *really* crazy. — A.D. AIRD

WOMEN

A little bit of James Bond goes a long way to winning a real woman's heart.

Where have all the real men gone? They used to swagger off to join the Foreign Legion or, at the very least, the local football team. But these days, as you may have noticed, many of them have taken to hanging out at quiche parlors and wearing lavender T-shirts with little crocodiles lounging above their left nipples.

All sorts of males have suddenly turned into wimps. They really get off drying the dishes, chatting cosily to our mums and accompanying us to the supermarket. They insist upon being understanding and sympathetic when we've got a raging case of pre-menstrual tension. I may be speaking for a fair proportion of the female population when I admit that I crave for some hairy-chested bastard to ash his cigarette down my cleavage.

We women have ourselves to blame, of course, for this role reversal. We didn't like you much when you got drunk at the pub with your mates, snored through the opera, kicked us around a bit and told poofter jokes at dinner parties. So we started the feminist revolution. We cropped our hair, trussed ourselves up in tailored suits, went into computer programming, threatened to leave you if you wouldn't scrub the bathtub and steam the vegetables, and insisted upon joining you at your favorite boozing haunts and engaging your mates in verbal battles.

You retaliated, just a little. Mostly, though, you gave in. You went into reverse gear, started blow-waving your hair, learnt to cook better than we could, took wine appreciation courses and started hanging out at the local vegetarian cafe.

Not all of you, mind. The Americans have been the worst offenders. After all, they invented encounter groups, therapy and, I suspect, mung bean salads. But the yank influence upon us continues to be significant and I believe that Hollywood has been largely responsible for corrupting our men. Let's dim the lights and examine the evidence.

In the beginning, when wimpdom first raised its pretty head, there was Jack Lemmon and Tony Randall. Both these actors have a lot to answer for. Two better Felixes you couldn't hope to find. No wonder their screen wives left them: show me a red-blooded woman whose heart doesn't go out to either of those dishevelled, disorganised Oscars. You wouldn't find Walter Matthau or Jack Klugman using lip balm or sipping pernod and orange.

Then Hollywood foisted Alan Alda upon us. Adored him in *M*A*S*H*, reached for the Stemetil when he padded through *California Suite* and *Same Time Next Year*. So who wants to make love to a smiler in cashmere sweater and uni-sex loafers? So who wants to root a soft marshmallow? Next we have Dustin Hoffman and Burt Reynolds. Now what sort of example did Hoffman set in *Tootsie*? No wonder you guys are confused. As for Burt, did you catch him in *Paternity*? Do you see what I mean? The word's out that he's hawking his own line of make-up in the States. At least Paul Newman has had the decency to stick to salad dressing and spaghetti sauce.

Meanwhile, John Travolta is endorsing a line of leotards and Tom Selleck is grinning away on *Entertainment This Week*, lamenting the fact that women aren't getting the right roles any more. After his sheepish performance in *High Road To China*, I figure here's a guy who should be having a heart-to-heart with his own agent. It's enough to make John Wayne turn in his grave.

And where is this going to stop? Not at Woody Allen, that's for sure. Here's a guy who has raised wimpdom to an art form. You find me something sexy about this little jerk and I'll shout you tickets to the wrestling. Then there's Al Pacino. I used to dream about that hunk. Didn't take no shit from anyone in *The Godfather*. But all that foul-mouthed swearing and exaggerated swaggering in *Scarface* couldn't eradicate the memory of him fussing about a brood of kids and taking a load of crap from a couple of man-eating dames in *Author! Author!*

There are countless other offenders. Men with sloped shoulders and basset-hound anxiety who whimper their way through Hollywood soap operas. Where is the new breed of Marlon Brandos, Charles Bronsons and James Cagneys? Where are those guys who'd squeeze a grapefruit in our faces as soon as look at us? Betcha they would have told us where to put our G Spots and spinach souffles.

Now don't get me wrong. I don't want a guy who'll treat me like a pile of poop. I'm lamenting the demise of the tough guy, the emasculating of a sizeable proportion of our men. I'm sick of women acting like men while males are submerging themselves in a host of feminine pursuits. I refuse to believe there's a woman alive who adores changing her tyres or a man who gets excited at the prospect of a manchester sale at Myer. And as long as our lives continue to be so influenced by cinema and television, I think it's downright irresponsible of the Hollywood moguls to turn our so-called sex symbols into bustling house husbands. There's no way they could have persuaded Steve McQueen to do the vacuuming.

It's up to you guys to ignore this wave of wimpdom. I insist you saunter down to the local video shop and spend a day watching *Rio Bravo*, *Public Enemy*, *The Wild One* and the like. Realise that you're not a failure if you don't want to help us choose the curtains or drink Perrier spritzers. Try recapturing some of that strong *male* spirit. I don't mean you have to defoliate a forest to make a fire or wipe out an endangered species for dinner. Just don't be afraid to act like a man. The sexes should ease back to being where they were in the days before the Great Hollywood Conspiracy. The latest news on that front is that they've got a firm hold on Mel Gibson and they're teaching him to make carrot cakes and put on his own make-up. I have every confidence that he'll refuse to star in *The Rebirth Of Mr Mom*. If not, I volunteer to fly to Los Angeles to sort him out. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

STAR WIMPS

Burt Reynolds in *Paternity*
Jon Voight in *Table For Five*
Al Pacino in *Author! Author!*
Alan Alda in everything since *M*A*S*H*
Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*
Tom Selleck in *High Road To China*
Woody Allen in absolutely everything
Tony Randall in *The Odd Couple*
Michael Keaton in *Mr Mom*
Jeremy Irons in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*
Dan Aykroyd in *Trading Places*
Anyone who plays opposite Barbra Streisand

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MOVIES

Hit men shine in a fearsome classic; a computer green with envy, and the red peril invades the US.

Stephen Frears's *The Hit* is an impeccable example of crime genre film-making: a movie whose sinister menace glints like moonlight on a waiting weapon.

The nervously quirky nature of the film is well served by a cast that includes **Terence Stamp, John Hurt, Tim Roth, Fernando Rey** and **Laura del Sol.** Stamp is a criminal living in luxurious exile in Spain after double-crossing fellow gang members, and Hurt and Roth play the cold-blooded hit men despatched 10 years on to deliver him back to Britain for ritual gangland execution.

Script author **Peter Prince** supercharges the natural tension of this situation by cramming the three into a car for the drive back to Britain. The tension of bitter adversaries invading each other's body-space is then subjected to the sexual pressures of Laura del Sol (the star of **Carlos Saura's** *Carmen*) joining the mission.

The Hit is a film whose cold-sweat clamminess reaches out to the audience. Stamp is superb as the controlled and philosophical victim of the plot, setting out to meet his unmaker with ice-cold resolve. His impassiveness is an effective foil for the manic Myron (Tim Roth), Hurt's sadistic assistant for whom carnage is a keen hobby. And the fulcrum for these two is provided by Hurt, who bears the central moral dilemma.

On their trail is Fernando Rey, a policeman with the dedication to regard his job as almost a religious crusade, relieving God of the chore of deliverance from evil.

As a road movie, *The Hit* sends us down a route that strikes fear into both the ignorant and the experienced. In concept and execution, *The Hit* is just that, a classic of its genre for the buffs and a powerful and effective piece of screen entertainment for the rest.

●

Rookie director **Steve Barron's** *Electric Dreams* will create interest in Australia for the inevitable comparisons with **Russell Mulcahy's** *Razorback.* The two films have nothing in common, but Mulcahy and Barron are the established wizards of rock-video direction, Barron having **Michael Jackson** clips to his credit.

The comparison will show that Mulcahy was certainly more adventurous with his break into the big time (maybe that should read "pig" time) as *Electric Dreams* features a solid rock score as a metronome — or perhaps a security blanket — for its director. The movie is a fable about the fast-approaching day when technology develops a mind of its own.

Miles (**Lenny Von Dohlen**) runs into problems when his personal computer, Edgar, falls in love with his girlfriend Madeline (**Virginia Madsen**) who just happens to be an ordinary old orchestral cellist. Having developed compatible frequencies, the computer gets a bad attack of jealousy and throws Miles's life into turmoil by scrambling his bank account and telephone-paging service programs.

Electric Dreams' Virginia Madsen.

There's the terrible prospect that this just could be the thin end of a horrendous wedge: the new **Dean Martin** and **Jerry Lewis** with the funny computer sabotaging the romantic lead's every move.

Director Barron showcases the prescribed state-of-the-video-art camera angles and the slick production styling and generally keeps his show on the road as long as there's some **Culture Club** or **Jeff Lynne** bubble gum music with which to choreograph it. But for entertainment value, *Electric Dreams* seems awfully like your average ration of rock-video mental stimulation strung out to 30 times its interest span. Even wet dreams have had a stronger story line.

●

Australian audiences are somehow going to have to get by without *Red Dawn's* magic ingredient, American paranoia. With *Uncommon Valour* and *Apocalypse Now* having charted similar ground, director **John Milius** brings the war home to America again, and strikes terror in the heart of every Reagan supporter who knows that the red menace is massing to threaten freedom, justice and the American Way.

Milius likes his movies to have an epic sweep about them and *Red Dawn* achieves this, geographically at least. In the majestic mountains and plains of New Mexico, he finds a powerful visual symbol of the American heartland — a place where an enemy invasion would be, above all, a gross violation.

Above this canvas of unchallenged values, the drone of an aircraft interrupts a high school history lesson. . . forever. Hundreds of parachuting combat troops suddenly fill the sky and, as curious students run to share in the excitement, they open fire. The invaders are, of course, Russians, Cubans and other Soviet-bloc forces come to occupy the sacred American soil.

While Milius would claim that extending today's headlines to a perceived logical conclusion is totally legitimate, the exploitation of national paranoia isn't going to harm box office returns, either. That aside, futuristic fiction is never very far from

Charlie Sheen and Patrick Swayze up and at them in Red Dawn.

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NISSAN KNOW-HOW

historical fact and there is a parallel with the heroic underground freedom fighters of Europe during Nazi occupation.

Here, the band of youngsters thrown into guerilla survival tactics represents the indomitability of human spirit threatened with oppression. **Patrick Swayze** as Jed, the leader of the group, **C. Thomas Howell** and **Darren Dalton** are all refugees from **Francis Ford Coppola's** *The Outsiders,* and **Martin Sheen's** son **Charlie Sheen** is the only other name of note.

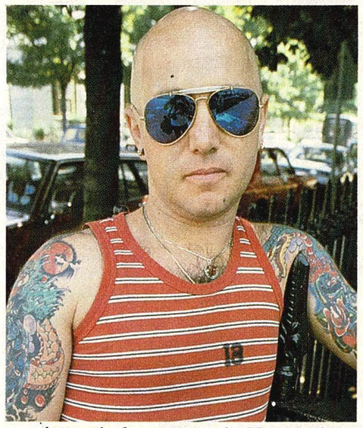
Milius injects a sort of cornball nobility into proceedings, but the human-intimacy-against-a-canvas-of-vast-events treatment tends to underline the supposition of it all. For all the clever crafting and production standards, *Red Dawn* seldom achieves an authority sterner than that of the War Picture Libary comics. — ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

STEPPING STONES: **George Ogilvie,** who has developed a taste for $7 million budgets during his spell directing *Mad Max 3,* has a wealth of experience behind him in theatre, opera and ballet direction. But it looks like cinema could keep him busy in the near future. Following *Mad Max 3* he will direct *Shortchanged,* written by **Bobby Merritt** whose stage-play *The Cakeman* impressed audiences around the world with its strong condemnation of Aboriginal treatment. Ogilvie is also being mentioned as the likely director for **Patrick White's** *The Tree Of Man* which should combine the strong morality of Merritt's film with the epic scope of *Mad Max 3.* Ogilvie's association with Kennedy/Miller began with the tele-series *Bodyline.*

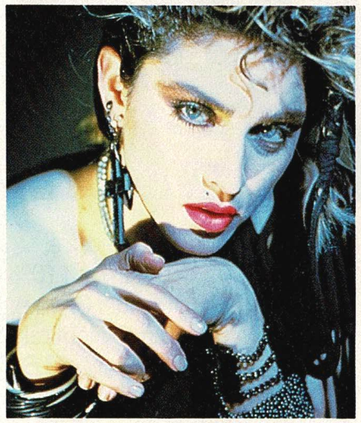
●

REELING AND ROCKING: The casting of *Mad Max 3* shows some inspired moments above and beyond that of **Tina Turner** as a post-apocalyptic tribesperson. Matched as feudal lords are a couple of prominent domes in the shape of **Frank Thring** of the kaftan and chains and **Angry Anderson** from **Rose Tattoo**. . . the meeting of two great cultures, indeed. Other music



Angry Anderson to make Max mad.

refugees to the film world include **Mick Jagger** who has finally found his film project, starring opposite **Orson Welles** who will play God. Mick's role? Satan, who else?. . . **Madonna** will make her film debut co-starring with **Rosanna Arquette** in *Desperately Seeking Susan,* a comedy about a housewife with amnesia who assumes the identity of a wild young woman. . . **David Bowie** and **Pat Metheny** have been signed to write and perform the musical score for *The Falcon And The Snowman,* based on the best-selling book about alleged spy Christopher Boyce. . . **John Cougar Mellercamp** has signed with Warners to make his film debut in *Cage Rider*. . . And rehearsals have finally started for a film version of *A Chorus Line.* There will be one change from the stage production. The main characters will be 10 years younger in the hope of attracting the *Footloose* and *Street Hero* audience.



Madonna to make her film debut.

●

BLISSED OUT: Director **Ray Lawrence** has answered the question on everyone's lips by casting **Helen Jones** as the accommodating earth mother Honey Barbara in the upcoming production of **Peter Carey's** *Bliss.* Carey, one of Australia's most celebrated advertising copywriters, just might also be helping out with the publicity. Synopsis notes state: "Throughout history many great artists have depicted the tortures of hell. But never before has anyone dared to suggest that hell is a place where an elephant sits on your motor car."

●

JAIL BAIT: Back around the turn of the century, the prim and proper wife of a Pennsylvania prison warden fell in love with a somewhat flashy convict and helped him and his brother escape from her hubbie's jail. At the time the story made headlines and gripped the American public's imagination. Whether or not the same story will grip an '85 movie-going public will be answered when *Mrs Soffel* opens to eager eyes both in America and Australia. It's directed by **Gillian** (*My Brilliant Career*) **Armstrong,** and stars **Mel Gibson** as convict Ed Biddle and **Diane Keaton** as the inimitable Mrs S.

●

BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN: One would think that **Mel Brooks** covered all the bases with his classic Western spoof, *Blazing Saddles,* but Paramount and writer/director **Hugh** (*Police Academy*) **Wilson** beg to differ. Apparently the *Flying High*-style send-up called *Rustler's Rhapsody* has been described alternatively as "the story of the cleanest living singing cowboy of all time," and **"Gene Autry** meets *The Good, The Bad And The Ugly".* **Tom Berenger** plays the clean-cut croonin' cowpoke, **Marilu Henner** is the siren of the local saloon, **Fernando Rey** portrays a power-crazy railroad tycoon, and **Andy Griffith** is the rich but sexually befuddled Colonel Ticonderoga. Look out, too, for the town drunk who wants to be somebody's side-kick, and the virginal nymphomaniac daughter of a cattle baron. Fine, but what are they going to do for a campfire scene?

Brown — nose to the grindstone.

LIVES OF BRYAN: No, the **Bryan Brown** fascination is not over. Three of the most likely local productions for our screens this year are the remake of **D'Arcy Niland's** *The Shiralee,* the **Cliff Hardy** story *Empty Beach* and **Phillip Emanuel's** production *Rebel*. . . all starring Bryan Brown.

●

ALL FIRED UP: The tragic Ash Wednesday bushfires have prompted a new Australian contribution to the natural disaster genre. Producer **Tom Burstall** has found $5 million that says there's a successful movie in the story of bushfire brigade heroism when thousands of holidaymakers are threatened by fires on Victoria's Mornington Peninsula. The film, *Fire-storm,* will be directed by **Everett de Roche** who also produced the script. Stand by for a blaze of publicity.

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Bands can take a lot of roads to stardom; Flaming Hands took their time to get it right first off.

So, you want to be a rock star? You want to make an album? You want to be on *Countdown* and be a millionaire? Join the queue behind hundreds of new bands flogging themselves to every record company in the phone book.

Having a hit is the number one goal of every band, and there's a lot of ways to go about it. Some rush into a cheap and nasty studio within days of forming and put together a slice of vinyl that gets lost in new-release bins because no one's ever heard of the band. Others waste themselves playing every night waiting for a talent scout to discover them.

Sydney band **Flaming Hands** has done it just about every way possible in the five years it's taken to get out its first, self-titled, album. Hence the band's co-founder and singer, **Julie Mostyn,** knows the ropes when it comes to making it in the music business. The way Flaming Hands did it offers an insight into how to go about getting that elusive record and the public recognition most bands crave.

"You've got to treat it like a business," she says. "You have to set goals and make plans, then feel like you're making progress."

At the risk of sounding trite, and boring the jeans off anyone about to rock, it's worth noting that Flaming Hands paid and played their dues in the early '80s, creating a loyal inner-city crowd of followers.

The band recorded its first single three weeks after forming, each member chucking in enough dollars to spend a day in a small studio. A small independent record company, Phantom Records, took the single on a lease deal, providing a cover, a good pressing, and distribution in independent stores all around Australia. Three singles came and went the same way.

"It was probably the best way to start, because there was no heavy pressure on the band," Julie recalls. "But looking back, we should have done demo tapes and photo sessions and sent the works to every record company possible."

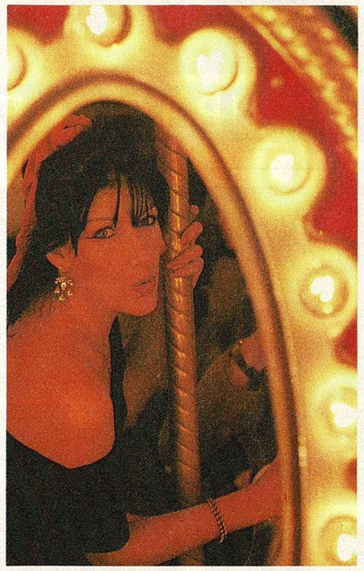
After two years, Flaming Hands had a great reputation as a live band, and were after a major recording contract, but had created little industry reaction.

"We were managing ourselves and were very naive about it," Julie says. "When you're playing all the time you gear everything toward the night's gig and it's hard to keep up your enthusiasm. It was like having an affair with the crowd, but every night you went home by yourself."

Most bands would have chucked it all in about then, but Mostyn and fellow founder **Jeff Sullivan** (the band's songwriter) kept on plugging away. They used their flexible line-up to their advantage, taking a long break to rethink their whole position and to write new material.

"It's a shame now that bands don't rise and fall just on the merits of their songs," she adds. "The song is secondary today because image is more important. These days the big companies all want to make a video first."

That's not necessarily the case with many of the small recording companies that now give young bands more access to recording time. When Flaming Hands made a comeback it was with a new sound helped along by a few of the boys from **INXS,** and a recording contract with a small-time company called Big Time Records. Their single, a reworked version of an old Tamla Motown song, *Cast My Love,* went nowhere on the mainstream charts but, like all Flaming Hands' records, made the independent hit lists.



According to Julie, independent charts are the best way to be noticed by the larger companies. She passes on a few other tips in dealing with record moguls: look for overseas release for your albums, and shop around for the best percentage returns, the best advances for recording, and extras like video clips per album.

Big Time Records' general manager, **Michael McMartin,** and label manager, **Roger Gold,** claim most small recording companies are very accessible, as long as a band doesn't walk in off the street and start demanding big things. After signing a contract it's still a matter of consultation.

"A record company is there to sell singles, which are there to make a band visible and to advertise an album," McMartin says. "We never break even on a single, but everything leads up to an album, which has to be representative of the band. It's practically impossible to break even on an album in Australia," he adds. "That's why our overseas deals are for albums. That's where the money is."

Big Time Records has a great track record when it comes to the overseas market place. They sold **Air Supply** to the US and got seven Top Five hits for their trouble, while their latest success has been with the **Hoodoo Gurus.**

How a band gets treated and the direction it thinks it's headed is often up to management, and just about everyone in the Australian music industry claims there are few good personal managers around. Having managed themselves at the beginning, then linking up with INXS's managers, then taking on personal management with **Brian de Courcey** in Melbourne, Flaming Hands now see they have taken the right step.

"Managing yourself needs a lot of energy," says Julie. "A band needs someone who's reliable with money, who knows the music and promotions business, and who's a bit of a mentor as well."

When Julie Mostyn approached de Courcey, her band had musical direction but no managerial direction. She told him she wanted to make it big, and that it was time the band made its way into the mainstream.

"I'd seen them hacking around for four years," says de Courcey. "They'd only played 16 times in that period. Their profile had to be raised and Julie was the focus with her searing and soaring voice.

"They'd unfortunately been tagged a cult band and were known in inner-city Sydney, but were totally new to the rest of the world."

Flaming Hands were off and running. They may have served a long apprenticeship, but time had left their songs strong and emotive, which in the end is what music is all about.

Their first album was worth the wait, and their second could be the start of something very big.

Those five years in the wilderness hold a few lessons for other young bands starting out: concentrate on songs, not simply image; go for originality, and wait until record and management deals serve the band's best interests.

The hardest part of all is converting musical soul into hard business thinking. Pretenders might claim the winners have sold out; realists will reply: "Even musicians have to eat."—TONY LOVE

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SPORT

Forget pounding the pavements: summer's the time to get fit in the water.

If jogging bores you, and you don't enjoy cycling, weightlifting or aerobic dancing as much as you once did, now is the time to make a change. And the alternative is a simple one — head for the beach.

Summer in Australia is better than almost anywhere else in the world and the vast majority of Australians live within easy reach of the coast. But few of us make maximum use of the ocean for fun or fitness or both.

Even if you're not as strong a surf or sea swimmer as you'd like to be, you can still achieve all your essential fitness needs without getting into difficulty or risking your life.

When Dr Ken Cooper wrote *Aerobics*, the book which set off the modern heart-lung fitness boom, he included swimming among the sports activities for building and maintaining high levels of preventive personal fitness. Jogging and running were the big craze at first, probably because they were the easiest and most accessible. Now that the great running boom is solidly established, swimming and cycling are gaining ground. The triathlon movement will ensure an increase in participation by runners and joggers in both cycling and swimming.

As an alternative to running or jogging, make as much use of the surf and sea as you can during summer.

You could find your fitness levels rising rapidly, while your running will almost certainly be better when you get back to it come the cooler months.

Swimming will provide certain special benefits, particularly arm exercise, which you don't normally obtain through running or jogging.

You use mainly leg and lower-back muscles in running and jogging: the calves and the hamstrings at the back of the legs are the main movers in such forms of exercise, and the upper body gets little or no exercise. Runners and joggers thus tend to become imbalanced in their muscular development, even if they build strong heart-lung systems.

Swimming emphasises the muscles of the neck, back, arms and groin and thus provides a counterbalance to running and jogging.

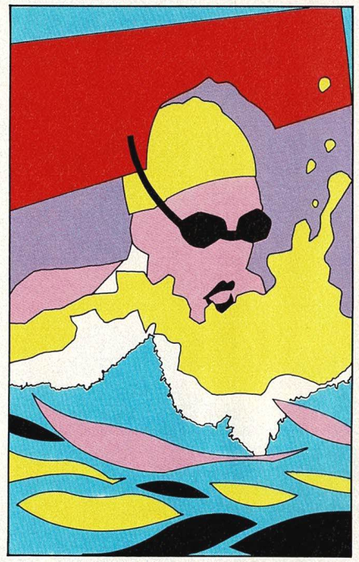
One medical researcher into health, fitness and longevity actually claims that arm aerobics are more vital than leg aerobics. He supports this claim by referring to musical conductors who generally tend to live to a ripe and very active old age.

Many have been so fit that they have been noted for their amorous adventures (or so this doctor claims as proof of his belief in arm aerobics).

Of course it could be sexual exercise which makes them live so long but the medico says it's the vigorous way the arms are used conducting orchestras which builds a powerful, youth-giving heart-lung system.

Swimming is the best arm aerobics system available provided you go about it correctly. Your aim should be similar to that in running and jogging — that is, to lift your heart rate, and thereby rate of energy expenditure, up to specific aerobic fitness training levels, and to maintain it there for specific and regular minimal periods of time.

The level required is between 60 and 80 percent of your own age-related maximum heart rate which is found by subtracting your age from the figure 220 and then calculating 60 to 80 percent of this. Note, however, that using both arms and legs increases work level and thus heart rate. Simply check your pulse rate as soon as possible after swimming and add five to 10 beats. Then check whether it is within that safe work level.



You don't have to be an expert swimmer to do this, nor do you have to be able to use the Australian crawl stroke, which is efficient but tiring. Breaststroke and backstroke will both provide ample aerobic exercise. Each is the equivalent of either walking rapidly or jogging very slowly. Your energy expenditure rate for both strokes is 1890 kilojoules (or 525 watts) per hour.

This equals walking or jogging at around eight kilometres per hour. For many older or easy-going joggers, this is basic for building and maintaining the minimum levels of preventive fitness.

You can, of course, increase your heart-rate and energy expenditure levels by employing the crawl stroke, which is equivalent to running at about 12 kilometres per hour, or thus eight minutes per mile. That puts you at an aerobic activity rate of work equivalent to running a marathon in three-and-a-half hours.

Dr Cooper scores all exercise and physical activity in numerical points values. He suggests that, for the best preventive fitness plus high energy and a feeling of well-being, most people should aim to reach 30 points weekly, preferably over five days. To reach this weekly total by swimming you would need to cover 450 metres each time you swim in a time of not more than 8 minutes 20 seconds. This is about half as fast as champion women swimmers can do in Olympic events, which many men should be able to achieve, probably with some preparatory training.

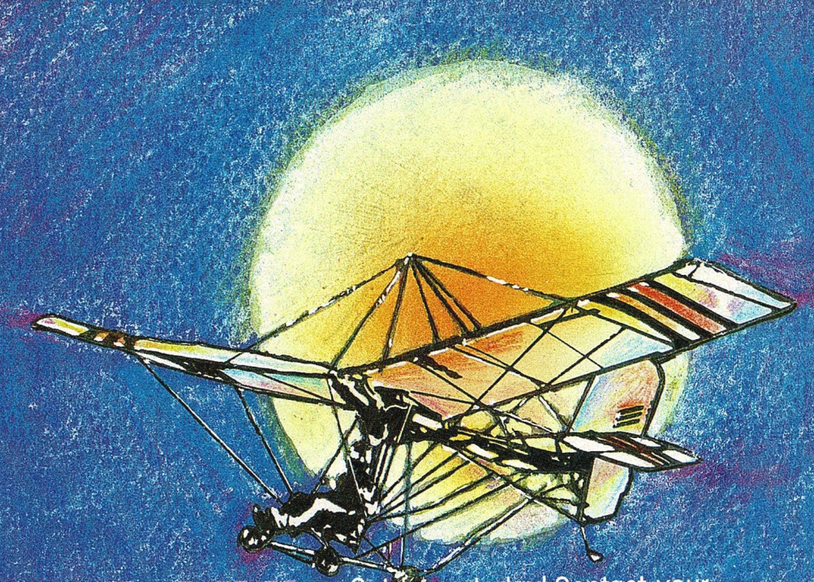
If you can't manage such a pace with ease, then try swimming more slowly but for a much longer period of time. Like covering 800 metres in around 28 minutes, for instance, which will give the same five aerobic points on the Cooper system.

Initially you could also combine swimming with a bit of running, so long as you keep active for that 28 minutes to half-an-hour daily. That way you'll maintain the fitness you had from running and jogging but possibly without the previous boredom.

With most Australian waters being warm for the next two months at least, many a fun runner or gentle jogger would be wise to make the change, if only to avoid boredom. Making the switch to swimming, however, will do wonders for your upper body and at the same time allow those over-used feet and legs to rest and be ready for another hard winter of running and jogging.

If you feel more adventurous, you could seek other aquatic challenges like canoeing, kayaking, rowing, surf-ski paddling and surfing. The first three provide heart-lung activity equal to anything from fast walking and jogging to moderately hard running. Riding a surf-ski or board and body-surfing will also provide ample activity to replace running and jogging provided you are constantly moving — paddling or swimming — for a minimum of half-an-hour.

Use that surf and sea this summer for variety. The change could revive your interest and enjoyment of running, jogging and other aerobics when the warm weather has gone. — MIKE AGOSTINI



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BEHAVIOR

Every party needs the right kind of guests, one good fight, and a lot of horny women.

To have good manners at a party you must understand what parties are all about. People don't give parties so their friends will have fun. If that's what they wanted, they'd just send some women and champagne over to your house in a taxi and be done with it. Parties are given for other reasons. The three principal motives are to get noticed and talked about, to climb the social ladder, and to repay debts of hospitality. Good etiquette requires that you aid your host in achieving these objectives.

Repaying debts of hospitality is the most difficult thing to help with. You could kick in some money to help finance the party, but that might seem pushy. Actually, there's not a lot of subtle stuff you can do to make sure your host won't have any more annoying debts of hospitality to pay in the future. Of course, you could always run a garden hose in the window and spray all the guests with freezing water. Poisoning the hors-d'oeuvre is also a nice touch.

Helping your host climb the social ladder is easier and more fun. Come to the party late, dressed in black and wearing a mask. Grab your host around the neck and hold a pistol to his head. Yell "I'm kidnapping Bruce to finance the revolution!" That should establish the fact that your host is wealthy, important, and someone to be reckoned with — assuming you release him alive.

Do not take food or drink to the party. That is rude. It will make the other guests think the host is hard up. Instead, take nylons, a suspender belt and a lacy bra with padding in the cups and say, "Hey, Bruce, you left a change of clothes over at my house." Important people usually have sexual quirks.

If your host has celebrities at his party, it shows he's important. Everyone knows movie stars aren't as attractive in person as they are on the screen. Put a ball gown on your Irish setter and tell everyone it's really some famous actress.

Another way to boost your host's status is with terrible drugs. Cool people have lots of terrible drugs around all the time, at least according to the book about John Belushi. Show how cool your host is by calling the police. They'll raid the party and all the guests will be impressed. And arrested. And this will definitely get your host noticed and talked about.

In fact, getting a host noticed and talked about is where you as a guest can excel. The important thing is to make sure it's a good party. Good parties are always crowded and there's lots of sex and at least one good fight. It's hard to have a good party these days since guests are all behaving themselves and taking good care of their bodies because they read that book about Belushi. Put turps into the white wine.

People are more comfortable pissed. And etiquette is the art of making people comfortable, the art of making others feel at home. Try making your host feel at home by helping him get the party going. Be a good mixer, introduce yourself and start some lively conversations. Try these lines on the people you meet:

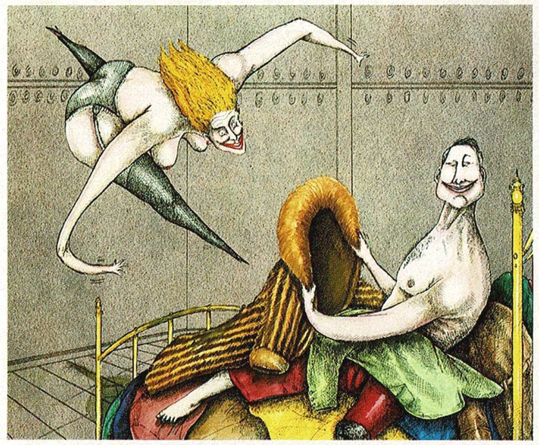
"I didn't know Tupperware made suits."

"Want a job doing lawns?"

"I think I rooted your wife once."

Now drop an ice cube down the nearest low-cut dress.

To really get the party going, however, you're going to have to do more than mix rum drinks in somebody's pocket and eat canapes out of the dog dish. To be sure the



party's crowded, run off 500 or 600 copies of the invitation on your office copier and leave stacks of them at the railway stations. Then run around the party in your underwear hugging men and calling them sweetie. If you're a woman this may get some sexual activity going. If you aren't it will get you punched. Just as well. Every good party needs someone passed out on the floor.

Be sure to turn the stereo up as loud as it will go. This makes for a festive atmosphere and keeps drunk guests happy because they can't hear the rude things they're saying to one another. Also, it will bring the police in case you forgot to call them. Play hits from the '50s and '60s for people under 30. Use new wave and breakdance rap cuts for guests pretending to be that age. Put more turps into the white wine if people won't dance.

Be careful, however, about your own alcohol consumption. Too much alcohol can cut down on sexual performance. And your sexual performance is an important aspect of good party manners. This is because male party guests always have a good time when they're with women who have sex appeal. You should show just how much sex appeal those women have by making a pass at anyone in a skirt, other than the Irish setter. The best place to do this is on a pile of coats in the guest room, but wait until the young women are in a state of mind to be receptive to your advances. When they've passed out is usually good.

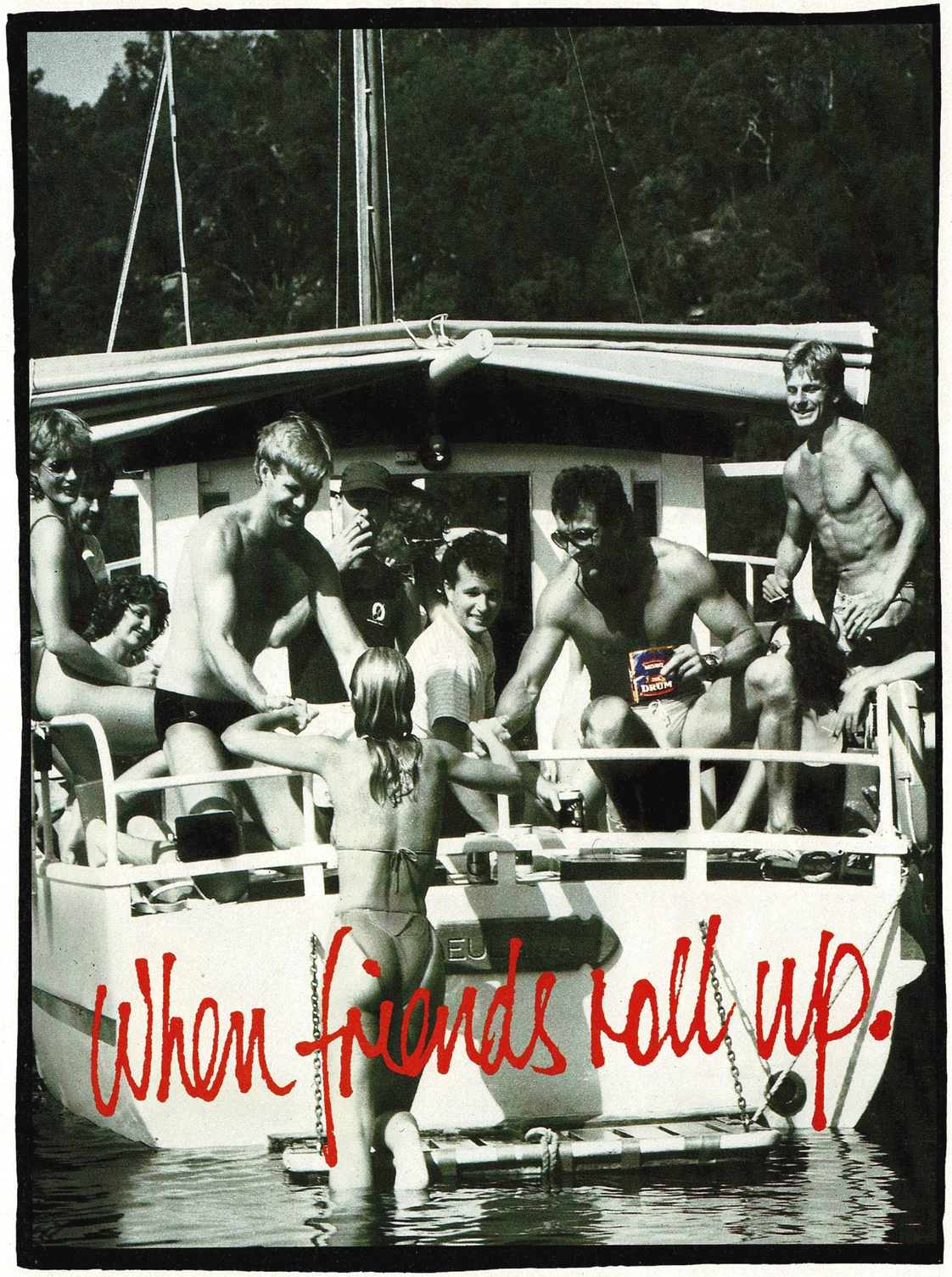
There is something about a pile of coats in a guest room that makes women horny, especially if there's a soft, fluffy fur coat on top of the pile. Maybe it's women's love of danger. More likely it's their love of clothes. Go ahead, tell her the coat's a gift from you.

The bathroom is another good place for sex. Indeed, a party's not really happening unless there's a lot of sex action in the bathroom. Drug action, too. Get the ball rolling by locking yourself in the bathroom and making moaning noises. Then lock yourself in the bathroom again and make sniffing sounds. Or lock other people in the bathroom.

If the party's still not alight, start some games. Most people think they're too sophisticated for such things. Organising a game of indoor polo with women as ponies, for instance, can be very difficult. Pretend you've lost a contact lens in the shag carpet. While everyone's down on hands and knees, jump on some girl's back, use a fireplace poker as a mallet and yell "Giddap" or whatever it is polo players yell. Any outdoor activity is always hilarious when attempted in the house; fox-hunting for example. It's amazing how many places a fox can find to hide in an average home. The best party games, though, involve people taking their clothes off. Strip Trivial Pursuit usually works.

It's easiest to get such games going if you can put the guests into a mood that's playful and childlike. People will feel much more childlike if you can arrange to have the host's aging parents arrive just when the guests all have their clothes off.

If even that fails and you just can't think of anything to make the party wonderful, do what I'm so often asked to do at parties: leave. — P.J. O'ROURKE



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEOFFREY BLAINEY

A candid conversation with the most incendiary intellectual in Australia on racism, free speech, and the future of the lucky country.

Not long after controversy had exploded over Professor Geoffrey Blainey's statements about Australia's level of Asian immigration, he crept into a lecture theatre at Melbourne University, looked up at the faces of his eager students, and whispered: "I'm frightened to open my mouth." But he had *opened his mouth and Geoffrey Blainey had become the catalyst for the hottest debate on immigration since the White Australia policy.*

It has been said that Manning Clark is our most famous historian, but Geoffrey Blainey, given his media exposure in the past 12 months, must be close to taking the title from his old professor. Despite his notoriety, Blainey has always borne criticism from fellow academics that he is a "pop" historian — he has always been willing to air his views on television or in the press. Not many subjects have been taboo for Blainey and now he even writes a weekly column — mainly on football — for the Melbourne Herald and in 1982 the ABC showed a television series put together by Blainey on the early history of Australia.

The criticism from colleagues is that Blainey shoots from the hip without always having the facts to back himself up. Blainey says he speaks from impressions which he gleans from talking to people. And one thing which Geoffrey Blainey seems to have is the common touch with people. Blainey is a keen follower of the Geelong Football Club and during the football season regularly travels by train to matches where he makes for the outer stand and soaks up the "Australianism". He spurns the members' stand, unless specifically invited, in preference for the place where the man-off-the-street watches.

He takes a keen interest in the people around him and this affinity with the everyday Australian — a quality which is often rare with other academics who usually prefer to associate with each other — probably comes from his fairly rugged introduction into the working world. To complete his Bachelor of Arts at Melbourne University, Blainey went to the remote town of Queenstown in Tasmania to write the history of the Mount Lyell Mining and Railway Company. He was paid £3 a week by the company, another £3 by the university and discovered that his main expense there was roll-your-own cigarettes.

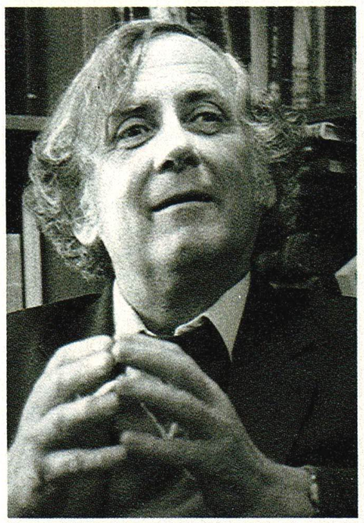
He describes his time in Queenstown as some of his best memories and even managed to play a game with the Smelters football team in the Queenstown Football Association. (Far better than his achievements in Melbourne where he couldn't even crack a game with Wesley firsts.)

It is no doubt a reflection of the raw Australian in Blainey that he lists his main interests as football and wood-chopping. Another of the Australian traits could be his straight-from-the-hip attitude when he talks on immigration, the First Fleet or Ned Kelly.

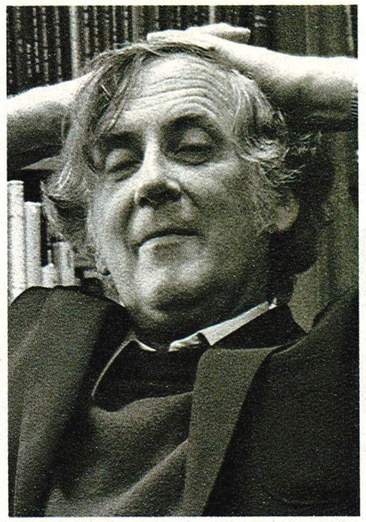
Blainey was born in Melbourne, the son of a Methodist minister who was then preaching in the Western District town of Terang. During his childhood, Blainey was dragged around the Western District, home to some of Australia's most affluent farmers and graziers, including the former Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser. Then the family settled in Geelong, and later Ballarat, before he won a scholarship to Melbourne's Wesley College, one of Victoria's most prestigious public schools.

After university and his work in Tasmania, Blainey — then a writer of company biographies — was invited to Melbourne University to do a one-term stint as a stand-in lecturer. The following year he was invited to become a senior lecturer in economic history and has been there ever since, except for a stint at

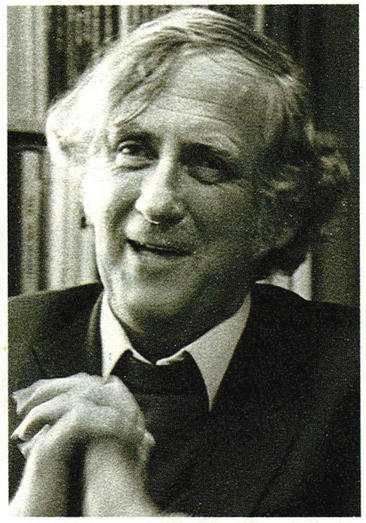
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS



Hawke is resolved to dig in his heels on this issue and it was he who moved the motion. . . that the present immigration policy is a good one.



I don't accept the idea that if, ultimately, there are troubles, I should accept total responsibility. I'll accept some of it, but it's government policy which is at fault.



I still think we are immature as a nation. We are still not prepared to frankly and courteously tell Asian nations things that they might find unpalatable.

Harvard in the US in 1982. He has been the dean of history at Melbourne University since 1977.

Blainey was appointed chairman of the Literature Board during the Whitlam years and drew criticism from many quarters for the liberal manner in which he handed out money to budding writers. By the same token, these grants did encourage and support some of our finest authors.

And Blainey himself is a prolific writer. His books have included The Rush That Never Ended: A History Of Australian Mining, The Causes Of War, and his celebrated The Tyranny Of Distance in which he traces Australia's history as a penal colony and the role of the Aborigines in our evolution. In October last year a National Book Council poll selected his Triumph Of The Nomads among the 10 best Australian books of the past decade. At the same time his book on Australian immigration policies, All For Australia, sparked further controversy over his views on the government's immigration stance.

In the book he suggests that there is a secret room in the Department of Immigration where policy is actually made and where policies counter to those announced in parliament are devised. He claims secret directives are issued to consulates overseas advising the staff to tinker with immigration figures and that immigration officers are directed to achieve an "Asian quota" by ignoring the government's inviolable principles of selection. This results in discrimination against migrants from countries such as Britain in favor of Asians.

Given his stand on Asian immigration, many see Blainey's former role as head of the Australia-China Council as a total contradiction. The council was set up in 1979 to promote understanding and contacts between the two nations. Yet Blainey defends himself strongly on this point. He says he has had many discussions with high-powered Chinese politicians, and he claims these people understand the need to have a fair and clean immigration policy, particularly at times when unemployment is high.

During the past 12 months, Blainey has been labelled a racist and Australia's answer to Enoch Powell. He denies these charges vigorously, citing his past involvement with Asian organisations such as the Australia-China Council. Yet Blainey has borne the brunt of the criticism since his first misquoted words were splashed on the front pages of the nation's newspapers. He says it is ironic that the debate began as a result of a speech he delivered to the Rotary Club of Warrnambool in Victoria. He had delivered the same speech to the National Press Club in Canberra several months earlier and it had gone largely unreported.

At the time of our interview Professor Blainey was toying with the idea of running for the Senate. The next day, his mind apparently made up, he announced that he would seek a seat at the next election. The rest, of course, is history.

Blainey's new-found notoriety has cost him dearly. He has been savaged by some sections of the press, his life has been threatened, and in the most shocking incident to date his daughter was stabbed. Still, he refuses to be intimidated or silenced.

When journalist ***Ross Greenwood*** *went to interview Blainey he found the historian in an office walled with books. Blainey, who has been described as looking a little like the late comic actor Marty Feldman, but with straight eyes, was frank and forthcoming about his statements. He understood the actions which would happen as a result of them.*

Says Greenwood: "Blainey's attitude can, at times, be a little disarming. He is very quietly spoken, seemingly shy and yet very curious about what is happening around him. But behind his statements there emerges an incredibly strong character with forthright, down-to-earth views."

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Bill Hayden's comments that Australia will become a country with a population of 50 million including Asians and Polynesians?

BLAINEY: I respect him for thinking aloud; he's an interesting man and he has his own views but I think it's quite incredible that he has made such statements. . . he's made them in Paris and Hong Kong and they've been neither refuted nor commented on by the Prime Minister.

PLAYBOY: If Australia is to achieve a population of 50 million, how long do you think it will take and what mix should there be?

BLAINEY: It may well be that in the year 2140 we will have a population of 50 million and it might be a good thing or it might not. But it's such an important issue that it really should be the subject of a government paper or inquiry rather than just a series of loose statements. To me, the more important thing about Hayden's statements is that he thinks it would be better if we were some kind of Eurasian nation with extensive intermarriage of Australians, Polynesians etc. His statements vary from time to time and that's all right — he's simply thinking aloud — but he envisages a time when the majority of Australians will be of Polynesian and Asian descent rather than of European descent. That doesn't worry me if it happens in 200 years' time but I think the idea of trying to bring it about by positive government policy and doing it with reasonable speed is a dangerous thing to do. I think immigration is one of the few policies where public opinion has to be on side for it to work.

PLAYBOY: After you made your initial statements indicating that 62 percent of Australians believe there shouldn't be so

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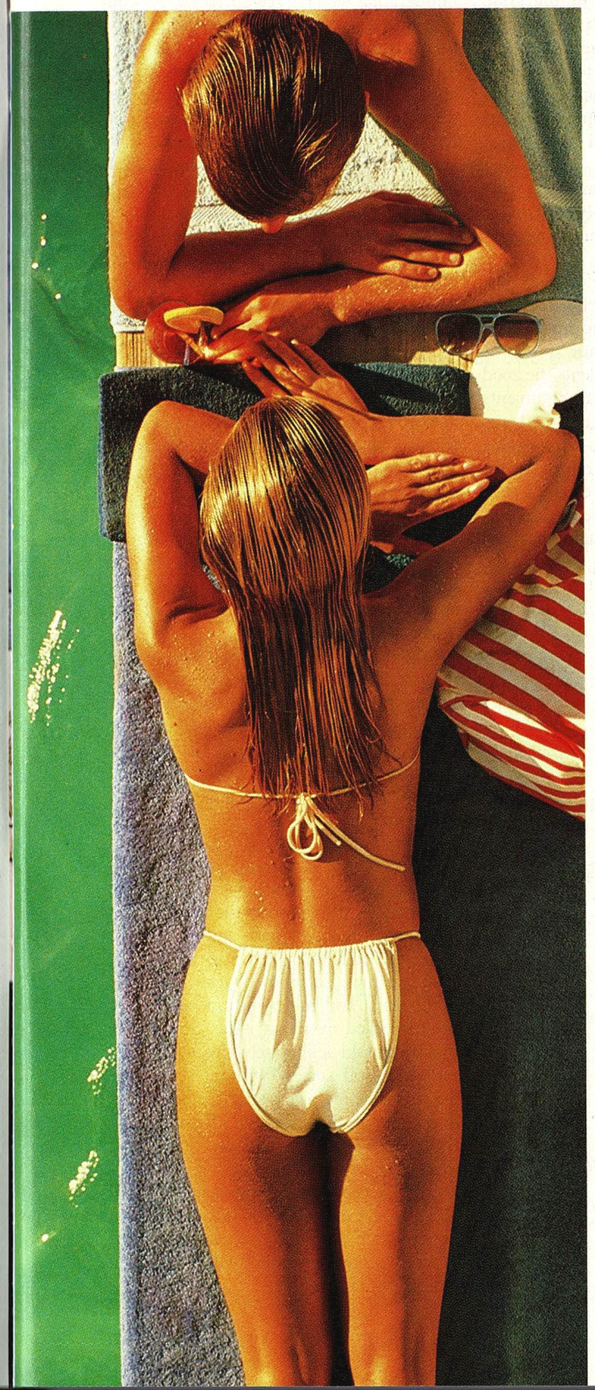

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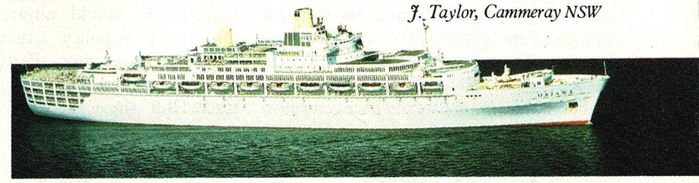

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many Asians coming into the country, the polls supported your views. But wasn't there rather strong opposition from the theorists?

BLAINEY: I was pleased with the public opinion. When I first spoke in Warrnambool in March, one of the three criticisms directed at me by people behind the immigration program was "Where's the evidence?"

PLAYBOY: How did you react to the violent demonstrations against you following those statements?

BLAINEY: The first demonstration was on June 18 last year and I was conducting a normal teaching class of 23 fourth-year honors students. It had nothing to do with immigration: it really was an attempt to deny free speech. . . it was a case of bullying and I wasn't very impressed. I think the demonstration worried the students more than me because I knew it was coming whereas they couldn't be quite sure. But people had been telling me for days what the demonstrators were planning. I didn't like it but I accepted it.

PLAYBOY: Acts of violence against Asians have been reported since your statements. There have been claims that what you said may have provoked that violence.

BLAINEY: Well, if certain things happen as a result of what I have said, then I have to accept responsibility and it may be that certain undesirable things have happened that would not have otherwise. If that is so, then I have to accept responsibility. I don't accept the argument that one shouldn't speak on controversial topics for fear that ratbags or attention seekers may take up the remarks. If you accept that argument, then the ABC should set up a board of censorship and every newspaper should have censors to decide what news might lead to adverse actions by a tiny minority. I don't accept the argument that I shouldn't say things because a tiny minority of people will take them up. On the wider question on whether things have become more difficult for Asian people as a result of my remarks, I am certain that in some areas that is so. And not necessarily because I made those remarks but because they have been widely publicised and many people believe them to be true. Above all, I suppose you have to say that this government and the previous coalition government should accept a large share of the responsibility. After all, they have been running the immigration program confident they don't need public opinion on their side. I think it is now quite clear that public opinion has to be enlisted in an immigration program that, at a time of unemployment, brings in people who come from another culture and who look different.

PLAYBOY: How confident are you that government policy will actually be changed as a result of either public opinion or your own statements?

BLAINEY: I think people who know me would say that I am very much a democrat and I believe in the democratic process. If I didn't believe in the democratic system — that in a high number of incidents the good arguments would beat the bad arguments — I would have given up ages ago. I was determined to persist at this until parliament took up the issue. I was optimistic for a long time that the present Labor Government would ultimately think of moderating its policy. I thought that way because the Labor Party holds the electorates where the discontent is taking place. But since the 1984 Labor Party Conference, it is quite clear that Hawke is resolved to dig in his heels on this issue and it was he who moved the motion at that conference that the present immigration policy is a good one and that there should be no discrimination on whatever grounds.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Hawke's statements after Andrew Peacock had raised the matter in parliament? Hawke claimed that Peacock had breached an agreement the two of them had made on the phone not to raise the subject. Did this claim surprise you?

BLAINEY: For a long time, I think since Arthur Calwell and the government took up immigration on a big scale after the Second World War, it has been a bi-partisan policy in Australia. That is why there has been little debate about it in parliament. It has been fixed up, presumably in sensible discussion in those back rooms of Parliament House. I think that at first Peacock probably didn't know what to do. I have no idea whether a conversation took place: Hawke says it did and Peacock says it didn't. To me a bi-partisan policy on this is nuts. The 200 politicians agree but six or seven million Australians disagree. There has to be a tri-partisan policy.

PLAYBOY: By trying to open this debate and bring it back into the public arena do you see yourself as a catalyst?

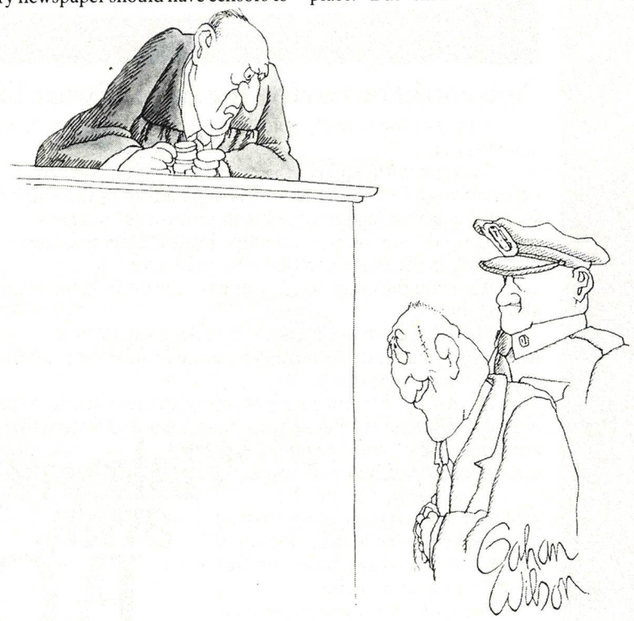
BLAINEY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: A lot of your colleagues and close friends have opposed you. For example, take Thomas Keneally's open letter to the newspapers.

BLAINEY: Actually, he was quite nice about it. He rang me up the day before and read out parts of it to me. I told him I wasn't sure if he was right but it was too late. It appeared in the Saturday edition of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

PLAYBOY: But obviously he was urging caution. Take the quote he made about the Lambing Flat legacy (where the gold miners took violent actions against Chinese and 14 of them were hung by the miners). Do you believe you could open up something which would lead to a similar situation?

BLAINEY: To be realistic, if the immigration policy *is* going to give trouble in Australia, it is not because people are discussing immigration. It's because the immigration policy itself is contentious and embodies a dangerous component. During the past 200 years, in most societies that have become multi-racial and multi-cultural, they have been wrecked over that issue. So the idea that we should deliberately set out to build a multi-cultural society without seeing the dangers is, to me, a very strange notion. So I don't accept the idea that if, ultimately, there are troubles — and the chances are there won't be any physical violence — I should accept total responsibility. I'll accept some of it, but it's the government policy which is at fault. In fact, I'm willing to accept more responsibility than anyone in federal parliament.



"Are you really, really sorry?"

PLAYBOY: Both Keneally and Alex Kahn from International Socialists quoted figures to criticise your statements that the immigration policy is now anti-British. Their figures showed that Britons actually receive 25 percent of the visas yet apply for only 10 percent. How do you react to criticism that you have yet to provide figures to back up your statements?

BLAINEY: They are quoting Stewart West (Minister for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs) and Bob Hawke in the speeches they made to parliament in May last year. What West and Hawke appear to have done is completely ignore advice from the Department of Immigration that under no account are these statistics to be used as a measure of the very things they are using them for. The Department of Immigration does not possess accurate records of applications to migrate, therefore West and Hawke were quite misleading in their statements.

PLAYBOY: How long have you been closely studying the immigration of Asians into Australia?

BLAINEY: Not for long at all. When I spoke to the National Press Club in November 1983 what I was really talking about was *The Tyranny Of Distance*. It was just my reading of the long-term Australian history that Australia and New Zealand are almost unique among the world's nations in that they have traditionally drawn their migrants from long distances and have had to compete with much closer places such as Canada and the USA. Therefore, when bad times come, you turn off the tap, you cease to give subsidies and people cease to arrive. That has always happened in Australia, which means that in bad times there are not so many immigrants looking for work. I was talking intuitively. It was something from the basic knowledge of the country's history. When I first spoke at the Press Club I was simply saying that historically we don't bring in more immigrants at a time of depression. Certainly we don't bring them in from another culture. I was really working on a premise that I have long had in my head, but then I didn't know much about the immigration policy. I knew enough however to know that the facts I was giving were correct.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that you wish you'd made those statements two years earlier. If you had, do you think changes would have been made to official policies by now and unemployment figures would be any lower?

BLAINEY: Yes, that's interesting, isn't it. It's a statement which is based more than anything on unemployment — the bringing in of considerable numbers of migrants at a time of unemployment. Up until mid-1982 I don't think I would have seen the level of unemployment to have been sufficiently large to make the statements. In the middle of that year I went to Harvard to teach for half a year. It was while I was away that there was a big jump in unemployment. It was really quite transformed — partly because the drought became intense — and we certainly entered the world league in unemployment. Until then, I think I somehow had the hope that we could squeeze out of it. On the other hand, I am not normally interested in immigration so it is only a chance that would bring me into that area. I would certainly have been better off if I had made the statement then because, when raising such a controversial issue, it is better to make that sort of statement when there are fewer new Asian immigrants in the country to upset.

PLAYBOY: In an interview you did with the late Robert Moore on ABC TV in 1982 you said you believed, at that time, more Asians should be coming to Australia. You also said that you had a secure job, but if you lived somewhere like Footscray or beyond Parramatta that you would have to think twice.

BLAINEY: I made that comment at various times once the controversy got under way. I often make statements like that.

PLAYBOY: But at that time you *did* say you believed that more Asians should come to Australia.

BLAINEY: I would have to see my exact words with Robert Moore. Whether I knew the exact proportions of Asians coming into Australia at that time, I don't know. That's the difficulty of television — sometimes the context may be altered by cutting.

PLAYBOY: The whole thing has been a question of limiting the immigration of Asians. But would you see the re-introduction of a White Australia policy as a progressive or regressive step?

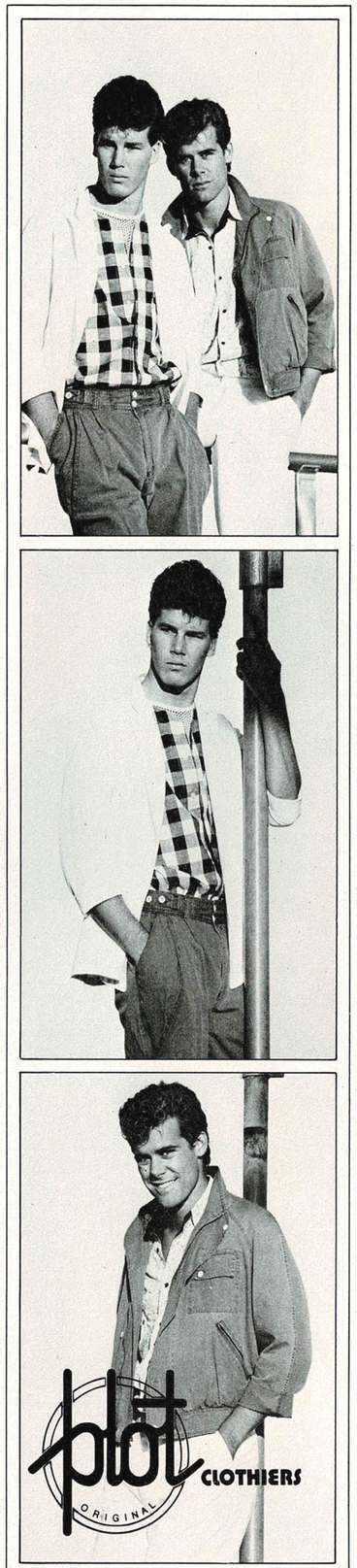
BLAINEY: I don't approve of a White Australia policy. To me, such a policy is an exclusivist one whereby you bring in virtually nobody whose skin isn't white. A lot of people think that you have a White Australia policy if you don't bring in virtually all Asian migrants. The term seems to have changed its meaning.

PLAYBOY: In 1982 you were also asked to add up the advantages and disadvantages of Australia being a difficult country to attack and to defend. You said: "If I were a gambler and was asked what are the odds of Australia being invaded in the next 70 years, I would have to say 50-50. As communications improve we will rely less and less on our isolation for our defences." Do you still hold that belief and do you think the odds are of a similar proportion?

BLAINEY: When one gives odds like that, one's talking off the cuff and 70 years is a very long time. Seventy years, going backwards, is 1914. I don't think that subject would worry me if I were asked to repeat it.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe, from an historical point of view, that if we actually had more Asian people migrating to Australia, the chances of being invaded or being overtaken by another Asian neighbor would be less?

BLAINEY: No, that's one of the areas where I strongly disagree with the traditional



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outlook. I think there's a naive assumption among those in both political parties who are strongest in favor of Asian immigration that the more people you bring in from another culture the easier it is to get on well with that culture. In 1973 I wrote a book called *The Causes Of War*. I have a chapter there on the wars that start when the minority inside one nation in trouble forms links with outside nations. They often endanger the security of the nation in which they are living. I think that, all other things being equal, the more Asian immigrants we have, the greater the danger.

PLAYBOY: The same thing could be said of Hong Kong. If you have people in one territory who are doing very well and others living in mainland China who aren't doing so well, those in China are going to be looking at those in Hong Kong and saying: "Why aren't we doing as well as those people?" Is this the sort of thing you are talking about?

BLAINEY: Well, I don't want to pick on the Chinese, but let's say that in 27 years' time we have three percent of our population made up of Chinese. And at the present rate of immigration we will. They are concentrated in pockets in certain cities, they are doing very well in certain key industries and they are strong financiers. Let's say that for certain reasons an anti-Chinese movement gets under way. Some Chinese are maltreated and mis-handled; there is tension and China itself gets interested in this issue — not only because the people are Chinese but because some of these people have appealed privately or publicly to China for protection. That doesn't make it easier for Australia/China relations. The Turkish Empire is an interesting example of this. It was in trouble for its last 100 years through these types of minorities appealing to outside countries — to the Slavs, to the Greeks and to Russia. It has happened so often throughout history. I don't follow the simplistic view that by bringing in migrants from a different culture you automatically improve relations with them.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe the policy of introducing British, Greeks and Italians into Australia in the 1950s and 1960s on subsidised programs had a good or bad influence on the country? At the time there was public opinion against the policy.

BLAINEY: That argument has often been used against me and I find the analogy a dangerous one. The difference between the 1950s and 1960s and now, when large numbers of Asians are coming in, is most marked. For one thing, the Greeks and Italians came from a culture which is physically closer to ours. They didn't look so different and that affects some people in the way they treat newcomers. They came at a time of high employment and therefore didn't compete for jobs. Even if they were sometimes abused — called "dagoes" or whatever — the fact remains that Australia's increase in population was in the interests of the country as a whole. There was an ideology in favor of immigration on the grounds of defence and larger markets. It was widely accepted at the time. We don't have a widely spread ideology in favor of immigration today so I think those people who say that there was discontent with the Greeks and the Italians in the 1950s should look at the enormous differences between then and now. There was full employment then, there was an ideology in favor of immigration then, and they came from a culture which was much closer to our own.

PLAYBOY: In terms of opinion polls, at any time through history a lot of people may have agreed with something yet they may not have been right. For instance, anybody in Nazi Germany could have got up an opinion poll which said the majority of people were against having Jews in the country. Does this imply that public opinion is not always necessarily right?

BLAINEY: Even if the opinion polls in Germany had suggested putting Jews in jail, that's not a reason for the government to do it. The government has to make its own decision. It has to make *two* decisions: one is a decision based on electoral advantage; the other is based on the ideals of freedom and morality. But there is no argument saying that Asians should be put into concentration camps.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that some people in Asia exist in situations as diabolical as any prison camp?

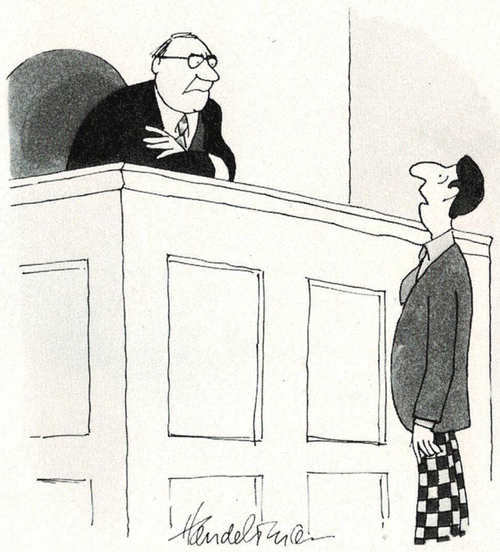
BLAINEY: The conditions in refugee camps in Thailand and Malaysia are not good but people *are* receiving adequate food and clothing. On the other hand, maybe we *do* have an obligation to take refugees.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that because we had an involvement in the Vietnam war we have an obligation to take refugees from there?

BLAINEY: Not necessarily. I think our obligation arises from the fact that Asia is part of our region and there are refugees in countries where they are not wanted. They are not strictly refugees in UN terms — they are economic refugees. They've left their countries and although they can safely return, they don't want to. Some are Chinese and the Vietnamese government, by some definitions, dislikes the Chinese. Yes, we do have an obligation to take refugees but I think there is something slightly servile in that attitude compared with some nations of South-East Asia. It surprises me that Hayden was in Thailand last year attacking those people in Australia who wanted a reduction in Asian immigration. Yet Thailand has the most rigid rules on immigration and citizenship. And Hawke says it would be disgraceful for any civilised country to impose a quota on people who come in. Thailand has a quota — 100 is the maximum from any one country. There are 50,000 Vietnamese in the south-east of Thailand and they have been there since 1954. I think we cringe unnecessarily before many of these nations of South-East Asia. They're adults, they're human beings and they're capable of receiving the truth. Often they tell us the truth to our disadvantage. I really think that we haven't quite grown up. We're much more willing to take refugees than most countries so why should we be embarrassed if we decide to reduce the number we take in? Our record for taking in refugees is miles ahead of Thailand, Malaysia, The Philippines, Indonesia and China.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that it's our association with the United States, which prides itself on its humanity, that influences our decisions?

BLAINEY: Well, the United States does pride itself on its humanity, especially to those who want to leave, and are therefore the enemies of, totalitarian or communist regimes.



38 *"I have a lawyer, but he's busy today, defending someone more important."*

PLAYBOY: You are critical of the present immigration program and have said under certain circumstances you will stand for parliament. What are these circumstances?

BLAINEY: If it came to the pinch and a federal election came up and none of the parties had what I thought was an essential policy, I would think of standing for the Senate. It's not my first preference but if I believe what I am doing is in the national interest then I have to go through with it. I believe I could win a seat in the Senate. A sufficient number of people, some of them prominent, have raised it in letters to me. I would be able to get a good committee together with organisation but to get one person into the Senate is not enough. I think in the large Senate you would want six seats to give you a chance at the balance of power. That means a nationwide organisation, but I am still optimistic.

PLAYBOY: The fact that you were also on the Australia-China Council has been seen by a lot of people as a complete contradiction. How do *you* view your time on the Australia-China Council?

BLAINEY: My belief is that our long-term relationship with China will be improved by a sensible immigration policy rather than by the present immoderate immigration policy. One of the advantages of having being the chairman of the Australia-China Council is that I have been to China quite a few times and have met most of the leaders and had long discussions with them. I have realised that they are human beings who are capable of listening to things they may not like but I still think *we* are immature as a nation. We are still not prepared to frankly and courteously tell Asian nations things that they might find unpalatable. Our dependent attitude toward Britain and the United States has been transferred with an additional layer of dependence on China, Japan, Indonesia and Malaysia. I don't think I would have the courage to say those things unless I had that experience.

PLAYBOY: Is there a case for Australia to become an Asian nation?

BLAINEY: It may be that the five-year-olds or six-year-olds, when they come to political power in 45 years' time, will decide that we must be much closer to Asia in immigration, trade or culture and they are perfectly entitled to make that decision. I'm simply saying that for the Australia I believe exists, our decisions at present are not in our own interest. But in 50 or 100 years' time, people will come to another decision knowing the world as they know it. Indeed, I believe that if we are more moderate at present, those people who would like to see a closer relationship with Asia have got a greater chance of letting the future generations do that. If *I* were strongly in favor of long-term close relations with Asia, I would be supporting me.

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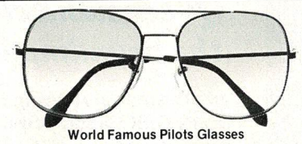
4. 
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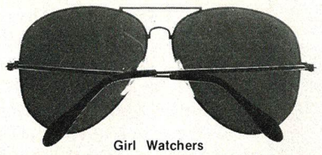
6. 
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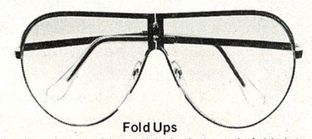
8. 
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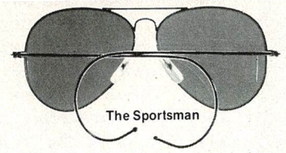
10. 
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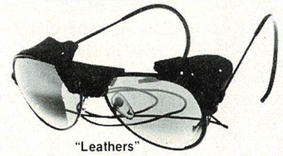
12. 
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RUSTLERS

Queensland cattle-duffing in the '80s — the branding iron gives way to the M16.

AN OUTSIDER arriving in Queensland's Gulf Country first notices the excesses — of distance, climate, alcohol consumption, life and death. Especially death. In these parts, settled by men and women whose practicality excludes sentiment, whose commonsense morality cannot be called text-book Christian, death is always on display. The Gulf Country is to death what Noosa is to nudity: no one gets upset about it. There are no secrets or scandals attached to the flesh that life has abandoned. But there are other secrets.

Oh my very word, as they like to say in these parts, there are certainly secrets. And mysteries. If you move up here from the south, let's say, and buy a cattle property — especially in the vicinity of a little one-time gold boom town at the base of Cape York called Croydon — the secrets and mysteries could well conspire with the tyranny of distance to send you as crazy as a loon. They might even kill you or, perhaps more likely, cause *you* to kill someone else.

It is of little consequence for a person in such a position to know that the secrets involve cattle-stealing. Such commonplace information is available to any tourist passing through Croydon. In fact, only a few months ago they named a portion of the town's only pub the Poddy Dodger's Bar; Poddy Dodger being the local parlance for a cattle-rustler. But, as the locals cheerfully confess, Croydon's reputation as the heart of Queensland duffing (as rustling is known up here) territory, the last stronghold of genuine outlaw cowboys — well, that's just a joke, a tourist gimmick, a colorful legend from the past.

They don't let on that past and present get tangled in the Gulf Country, where some traditions have been kept alive for generations. They'll acknowledge the rumors and chortle at the absurdity of it all, but they won't mention how certain local cattlemen choose not to drink in the Poddy Dodger's Bar. Nor will they discuss what's been happening to a couple called Lyle and Fran Robertson. No siree. That's a mystery, and the folks in Croydon don't discuss their mysteries. At least not in mixed company.

The Robertsons arrived in Croydon in 1981. They sold their dairy farm in Port Lincoln, South Australia, and came to Queensland's northern frontier to begin an adventurous new life as owners of Alehvale station, a 390sq km cattle property just east of town. Three years later, after pouring more than $600,000 into the station, the Robertsons are frightened to live there. Instead of the good life, Alehvale became a place where, in the final months of their occupancy, the Robertsons and their employees underwent a campaign of fear clearly intended to induce their flight to saner pastures.

During the same three years, despite the purchase of additional breeding stock, Lyle Robertson's herd maintained zero population growth. That means he "lost" between 1000 and 1500 head — in money terms,

Frank Robson reports

ILLUSTRATION BY MARITA LEUVER

about $240,000. Ask the Robertsons now if cattle-duffing is a thing of the past and they will laugh in your face. Ask who tried to murder their friend and station manager, Neil Lunney, or who fired shots over the cook's head, or who conducted the fear campaign — flashing lights, strange noises, shots, stones on the roof — from a ridge behind the homestead and the Robertsons will answer: "The Organisation."

Ask who sabotaged station vehicles and machinery, who might have been responsible for an alleged $10,000 contract on Lyle Robertson's life, who kept entering the homestead while they were out and moving furniture around, who paid spies among their staff, killed a guard dog, stole their branding irons and planted dope seeds in the house. "The Organisation," they say. "The same inbred mob of bastards who are stealing our cattle — who have stolen cattle in these parts for generations. And no one will say a public word against them!"

The Robertsons live in Cairns these days, aboard a very comfortable 15m yacht. But they are heavily in debt and have placed Alehvale on the market, leaving Neil Lunney to guard what remains of the herd in the Gulf Country.

I first saw Lunney on the front page of a Brisbane Sunday newspaper, a swarthy, moustachioed man gripping an automatic weapon and staring grimly into the middle distance. The photo reminded me of those hard-eyed gunslingers on the covers of the pulp westerns my father liked to read in the toilet.

I'LL SHOOT TO KILL! snarled the towering headline. The report described a "million-dollar duffing war" around Croydon and quoted Lunney's *High Noon* vow: "Somebody's going to kill me or I'll kill him. That's the only way this will be resolved."

Intrigued, I contacted Lunney by telephone, half expecting him to acknowledge his role in what seemed a colorful beat-up. But in the precise tones of a drill sergeant (he spent 20 years in the army) the boss of the bunkhouse said the newspaper story had barely scratched the surface of what he and the Robertsons were up against.

"It's really quite diabolical," he said. "We are victims of a brilliant money-making conspiracy that has continued for more than a century. It has connections right to the top in this state." He would be happy to co-operate in any publicity, but felt it only fair to warn me the situation was fraught with very real dangers.

It was difficult to believe this when I arrived in Cairns a few days later, when the Robertsons and Lunney, having a spot of R & R on the coast, met me for coffee beside a sun-dappled swimming pool in the courtyard of an up-market motel. The sky was electric blue, balmy zephyrs ruffled the pool and a svelte blonde in a small bikini lounged nearby.

But in just a few minutes the Lazy KZ (Alehvale's brand) folk had my undivided attention. After half an hour I'd heard enough about The Organisation to consider buying a sidearm — I had in mind a long-barrelled Smith & Wesson — before leaving for Croydon that evening.

The Organisation, they told me, was their name for a group of Gulf Country cattle families that had preyed upon smaller station owners since last century. Mostly interrelated, the thieves worked their lucrative sideline behind a facade of respectability that enabled them to laugh off accusations from the likes of Lunney and the Robertsons.

It was a vast and complex arrangement involving crooked cops and officials — a system that had flourished for so long it argued a degree of involvement by those at the very top of Queensland's political power structure.

The duffers have systematically drained off the natural herd increases of their victims in time-honored and clever ways, freighting the hot beef south to market with bodgied-up brands and documentation.

The (cattle) thieves worked their lucrative sideline behind a facade of respectability that enabled them to laugh off accusations.

Facing bankruptcy, the victims were usually only too happy to cut their losses and sell out, while the sinister Organisation gleefully prepared to work the same system on the new owners.

If a beleaguered rancher chose not to make a public outcry, as they had, but desperately began swiping back animals from the *duffers'* properties, the villains let him know he had "joined the club." But being experts, The Organisation could always outsteal any opposition.

Because of the vastness of even the smallest Gulf properties and the absurd inadequacies of the state's police stock squads — 24 men to patrol 1,727,000 square kilometres — the business of stealing cattle and freighting them south has never been a problem.

Over the years a number of mysterious deaths and outbreaks of arson had been linked to The Organisation's activities. With cattle prices now around $250 a head, the cowboy crime empire was second only to drugs among the state's illegal industries.

What made Lunney and the Robertsons different from other victims, and deserving of special treatment from the duffers, was their decision to fight back. They had cried foul to the media, hired a gang of bikies from Townsville to patrol Alehvale's boundaries in mid-1984 and assembled a small arsenal of deadly weapons.

And from the day they started fighting back, the real harassment began. Small things at first, leading to the terror tactics that caused the Robertsons, ordinary dairy farmers from peaceful Port Lincoln, to begin taking automatic rifles to bed. Finally, fearful for their lives and their sanity, they moved fulltime to the yacht while Lunney and the bikies, like latter-day hired guns, roamed the range out west.

I carefully watched the Robertsons for signs of play-acting: the scenario did seem a trifle exotic.

"Now our enemies won't even let us sell the place," said Fran Robertson. "They have tremendous influence around Croydon. When people ring around the area wanting to know about the property, they are told it's over-priced and unattractive. They want to bring the price right down, that's what they're doing."

She lit another cigarette, a small, chubby, middle-aged woman dwarfed by her bearded, grim-faced husband. There were no signs of role-playing. Everything about these people suggested the effects of the ordeal they described. They looked haunted, at their wits' end.

"We just didn't know what we were getting into," Lyle Robertson said, cradling his head in thick, calloused fingers. "People we considered friends turned out to be spies for the enemy. Now we don't know who to trust, even among the police."

I was in the motel toilet, debating whether the editor would question a Smith & Wesson on my expense account, when Lunney entered.

"Don't say any more," he whispered. "I mean about Alehvale, when you go outside. There's a cop involved in all of this — one of *them* — sitting right next to us in the courtyard," Lunney smiled bleakly.

"It's what we call a Croydon coincidence. Now don't say a word. We'll go to the yacht and finish talking there."

As we moved out to the cars I glanced at the cause of their concern, a youngish, suntanned man seated near the pool. It was obvious they knew him, but no one spoke or even looked in his direction.

"Incredible!" Robertson kept hissing. "The nerve of the bugger." His big hands shook uncontrollably.

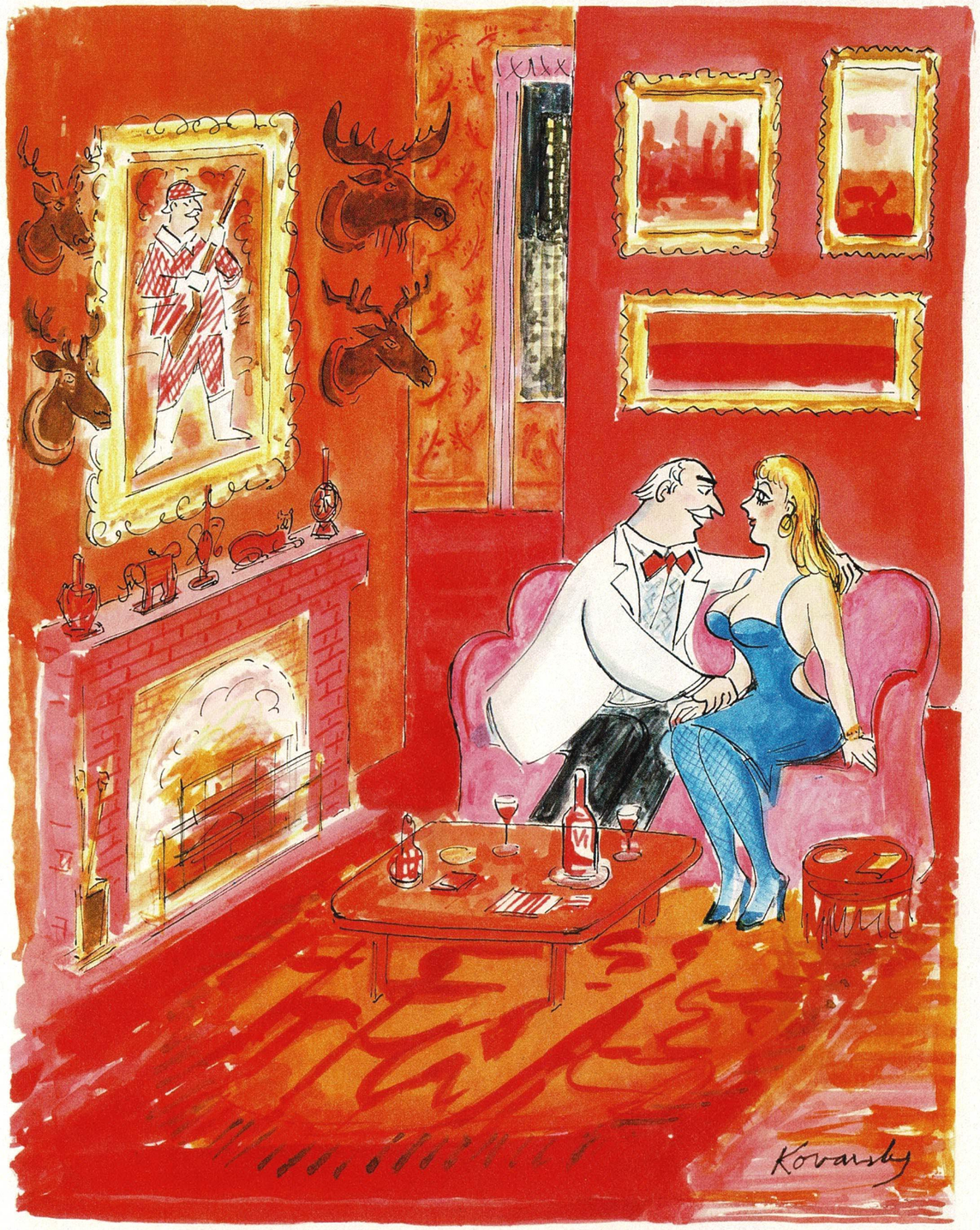
On the yacht they talked for another hour, Lyle Robertson becoming increasingly restless, glancing from the cockpit windows, finally going for and returning with an automatic rifle. He popped out the magazine, satisfied himself it was loaded.

"This is just a little one," he said. "For Fran. Neil has the real guns at Alehvale. Hey, Neil! The police boat is back."

He grabbed a pair of binoculars and stared toward the famous Cairns marlin jetty. A police launch, its engine running, bobbed lazily in mid-channel.

I looked at Robertson's rifle, incongruous

(continued on page 114)



"I want you to know, Miss Davis, that blue is my favorite color."

HOT TO TROT

Jetsetter Joan Bennett always keeps a bag packed – just in case.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

A few weeks after winning a local Miss Bikini contest, Joan Bennett was *en route* to Paris with a modelling contract in her hand. Success happened that quickly for her. When her head stopped spinning she settled

smoothly into a glamorous life of modelling assignments for the top fashion magazines of Europe. Using a room in the funky Montana Hotel in downtown Paris as her base, Joan managed to see a lot of Europe, and in grand style — an irony she appreciated, having done Europe on a shoestring a few years earlier, just after leaving school. Naturally she prefers the ritzy way, and understandably she's in no hurry to come home.

"There was a guy in Munich whose idea of a first date was to go to a nude beach. The next day I was sun-burnt in places you wouldn't believe."

"I'm very independent and restless. I keep a suitcase packed all the time in case I get a call or the urge to go somewhere. I don't like to stay in one place. I love to watch people, but I don't want to get to know them. I don't want to become attached to anyone."

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

The Spoils of Success

When you're a success there's a point when you know you've got it made. Some people who have been there tell how it feels.

OKAY, SO YOU worked late at the office again last night. Or you feel as if your entire life is on hold while you finish your degree. You're tired, you're cranky, and you're wondering, "Why am I *doing* this?"

For many of us, it's never been enough simply to get by. Somewhere back in our formative years, we latched on to the concept of success. Whether it appealed to us or not, we usually accepted the fact that all the world respects a success, and besides, it's the successful guy who has the big bank account, the two (or more) holiday homes, the fast cars and who almost always gets the girl.

The rewards of success mean different things to different people at different stages of life. So with that in mind, we approached an eclectic mix of people who've reached the top of their fields and asked them to tell us what they most enjoy about their success.

Their answers, a wonderful mix of materialism and idealism, might surprise you — as well as make those late nights at the office seem a bit more worth while.

GORE VIDAL

Gore Vidal, 59, best-selling writer: "Success is an exertion of power over others and, obviously, over yourself too. Success also means being number one in your field.

"Politicians who are not presidents don't feel successful — particularly the powerful ones. There are some who just settle back and ultimately accept the fact that as far as they're going to get is being chairman of the House Ways And Means Committee. Although they have certain power, I'd say every last one of them wanted to go into politics to be president.

"I've never felt particularly successful about anything. I don't think successful people ever think they're successful.

"Although I own homes in Ravello, Italy,

Compiled by
Jean Penn and Neil Jameson

and Los Angeles, I've never wanted to own a house. I've always liked the idea of living in one room and moving whenever I felt like it. I have to have houses because I have books. Without books I can't do the work that I do. So I get a place in which to put the books, and I might just as well get a place in a landscape that I like.

"I've never liked automobiles. I don't even own a car. Sometimes I'll rent one. I've never wanted to own anything.

"I can't talk about many successful people. I know some, but I don't ask them questions. They tend not to be very introspective. Let me tell you something that might explain this. Somebody went to Disraeli when he was prime minister and said, 'You know, Prime Minister, you were born a Jew and became a Christian as a young man. As far as we can tell, you never go to church, yet here you are, appointing bishops in the Church Of England. It's a matter of some urgency to us — just what is your religion, really?'

"And Disraeli said, 'All wise men have the same religion.'

"'And what is that, Prime Minister?' he was asked. 'Ah,' Disraeli said, 'wise men never say.'"

KATHLEEN TURNER

Kathleen Turner, 27, actress, *Body Heat, Romancing The Stone:* "For me, the reward of success is not money, but the relief from the pressure to take every job. As an actress, the only right you really have is to say 'no'. I think success is great freedom of choice and the ability to say 'no' without fear. I recently got married and I think success played a large part in that decision. I think I've reached a certain level of self-confidence and feel differently about myself. A couple of years ago all my attention was focused on proving things to myself and to others. At that point, you don't have the confidence to make a commitment like marriage. You have to get that out of the way first. I couldn't have gotten married — and I think my husband feels the same way — until reaching that certain point of confirmation.

"Possessions don't mean a lot to me. But there is one possession that makes me feel that I've made it. Last June I bought a 1970 Mercedes-Benz 280 SL. It's a little convertible, a real classic, the rounded one they made before they made the one that looks like an elephant. When I ride around with the top down and people look at me, I say to myself, 'I bet they think I'm a movie star.' It makes me feel. . . *wow!* I hadn't had a car in eight years. This is my big splurge.

"The first time I felt successful was just in the past year. I finally became free from the anxiety of 'Do they want me?' That happened when people started approaching me with projects without me having to go after them.

"I think success is great. I meet people who are guilty or apologetic about it, but that doesn't make sense, because everything you work for is aimed toward that. Of course, for an actor, after you prove yourself in one part, you go on to another. You're constantly proving yourself."

BILLY BIRMINGHAM

Billy Birmingham, 31, comedy writer, recording artist, *The Twelfth Man* hit single: "You seem to spend half your life thinking about all the trinkets you might buy if you ever kick a big goal, but when the time comes you realise you can do without most of them. I was renting a house I'd become quite fond of and when the royalty cheques on Austen Tayshus's *Australiana* [written by Billy] came through, I discovered the house was on the market. It was a good price, I'd bankrolled myself for the first time in my life, so I whacked down a deposit.

"It was an important time for acquisitions for not only did I acquire my first house, but also my first wife and first kid.

"I guess the trappings of success can come in almost any form but knowing I'd

I ride around with the top down and people look at me and I say to myself, "I bet they think I'm a movie star." It makes me feel . . . wow!

cracked the means to make all that possible plus provide for a new family meant a lot to me.

"Okay, you say, he's got the house and the new family, but what does he do when he makes a few quid out of *The Twelfth Man* cricket record? Easy, I spent a good slab of it on renovating the house. You know when you're renting a place and you'd love to make it just how you want it but can't because it's not yours? Well, I'd had two years of living in this place to work out exactly what I'd do with it. And that's where some of the cash went.

"When you come into some new money you're tempted to get out and about to sample just what it's like to have a quid in your pocket. I was at the races doing just that when two kids came up to me and said, 'Are you missing anything out of your top pocket?'

"I said: 'Yeah, my bloody wallet!'

"I'd never been robbed before, had my car stolen or anything like that, but to my surprise I find myself belting through the crowd chasing this bloke who the kids had spotted picking my pocket. All the while I couldn't help thinking this guy might be a nine-foot monster with a gun. We caught him and he turns out to be a 35-year-old desperado. I told him I didn't want any crap, just my wallet back. He handed over the money, but no wallet. He'd thrown it away.

"It made me think of what I'd least like to lose if I was robbed or burgled. There is no item I'm particularly sentimental about but the idea of losing those toys you've accumulated through the fruits of hard work annoys me.

"When I look at my house I know that it represents part of my success. It's not some useless piece of junk I could have spent my money on. It's also very hard to steal, and it says something about my lifestyle. An article I'd read mentioned the three golden rules of real estate: position, position and position. It's a quick run to the city beaches from where I live and the house doubles as my workplace. It represents a big slice of independence and that's certainly one trinket people find hard to come by."

BILLY FIELD

Billy Field, 31, songwriter, musician, businessman: "How lucky can you be? I've made my business my hobby. As far as I'm concerned, music is the king of the arts.

"My favorite room is my music room where I compose and keep my record collection. I've been amusing myself for years adding to that collection. Audio is also part of my business so I've been particular about selecting a sound system that does justice to my favorite music.

"You'd be hard-pressed to isolate a singular musical theme from that record collection. Let's just say it's the music of the 20th century. The oldest album was recorded in 1910 and it extends all the way to anything released this week. Right now, if I wish to do myself a favor I'll buy a new Sinatra album.

"I've collected many instruments and they are stored in the music room. I've bought some locally, and others from overseas, and they've all become like personal friends to me. I spend many happy hours in that room because it represents my work and my hobby. Perhaps the one thing I could buy to make it almost complete would be a nine-foot grand piano. It would cost somewhere between 30,000 and 40,000 bucks, but I'd be happy to drive around in a VW if I could have a piano like that.

"It's fortunate that music is my business, otherwise it would be a mighty expensive hobby. Happily, the other pursuits I enjoy are relatively inexpensive; like relaxing in the sun with an Oscar Wilde novel or going for a walk. If I'm ever inclined to a little self-indulgence, I'll shout myself a bottle of Grange Hermitage. Travel was once an enjoyable way of shedding excess money, but pressure of business and performing has taken much of the novelty out of it. Recently, I travelled four-and-a-half times around the world in a short period and I don't recommend it. Interesting locations are fine, but it doesn't matter whether I'm in Cairns, Batemans Bay or the Big Apple,

I'm not going to enjoy it unless I've got someone to share the experience.

"Shared experience is one of life's great pleasures and I can think of nothing worse than being alone for long periods. People give me tremendous pleasure and I'm fortunate to be surrounded by fine people in both my professional and personal life.

"It's been said countless times that you achieve the most when you really enjoy your work.

"I list my three favorite hobbies as music, music, music. I can't think of anything more pleasurable."

TRENT NATHAN

Trent Nathan, 44, fashion designer, ideas man: "The best treat I can serve myself is the natural high that comes from knowing I've had the discipline to observe a perfect diet. When I hit the Big Four-O, I made the decision not to take the cream-puff-and-cocktail route to spoiling myself. Instead I went yoga diet, yoga mental attitude and yoga exercise.

"At heart I've always been a hermit, but I made the mistake of thinking the real trappings of success were openings and cocktail parties. It gave me a naughty boy reputation that I didn't really deserve.

"Six years ago I decided I'd do something for myself by changing my lifestyle. People said: 'It's okay for you, you've made it.' But I don't have that feeling of having made it. There are still so many things to do.

"I moved out of town and eventually bought a house I've grown to love. It's all timber. I suppose you'd describe it as rich-hippie. It's very peaceful. I enjoy solitary pursuits like gardening and swimming and my location is perfect for both. The genuine glamor associated with my work gives me pleasure, but I really appreciate the peace and quiet of being alone. I never entertain so I don't have to worry what other people might think of my house. I didn't have the designers in, I merely filled it with personal items that I've collected over the years.

"I've never had a hobby in my life. Anything I tackle would be far too serious to qualify as a hobby. I usually do one thing and do it well. I was always competitive, but when I hit 40 I decided to get rid of that competitiveness with the result that I was more content.

"However, that had its drawbacks. I lost the desire to fantasise which meant I became bored. So one of my little luxuries that I've restored to its rightful place is the ability to fantasise. It keeps me on my toes and that means I'll never run short of ideas."

CRAIG JOHNSTON

Craig Johnston, 24, professional soccer player: "Signing for the Liverpool club in UK four years ago brought home the realisation that I'd made it as a footballer. Until then it had always been a bit of a struggle. Suddenly, I'd signed a top contract for the world's finest club and people wanted to invest in me.

"One trinket I had always promised myself I would buy if I was successful was a Porsche and when a sports equipment company gave me a nice fat cheque in exchange for wearing their boots, I headed off to the Porsche dealer.

"The salesman took me for a spin and scared the hell out of me. I learned later that he was a British rally champion. He didn't scare me out of buying the car because I found myself driving home in a beautiful little 924 Turbo.

"Funnily enough, I didn't hang on to the 924 for long.

"For all those who wish you well, there are always the odd few who resent your success and I was finding they had a habit of stubbing out their cigarettes on my car. So I sold it and bought something a little less obvious.

"Sometimes it doesn't pay to advertise that you're doing okay. I've been burgled

My idea of comfort is push-button everything. I feel that if I earn my money by running around, I should be able to put my feet up to enjoy it!

twice: once when I was out of town and appeared in a live TV interview. Somebody who was watching thought, 'Hey, he's not at home,' and went around and turned my place over. A few months later the cops caught a kid wearing one of my collection of prized football shirts. Of course he'd sold all the electrical gear and other items but he'd kept some personal jewellery including an irreplaceable antique gold chain my mother had given me. I thought I'd never see that again.

"When the club wins a trophy I usually spend part of the bonus payment on something for myself, such as an expensive suit. I love the Italian designs and last year shouted myself a suit that I'd particularly admired. It cost a bundle but it was worth it because it subsequently won a design-of-the-year award.

"Besides spending a bundle of money on cars, I've invested heavily in photography. It's a great hobby but it can really swallow up the cash. I reckon I've spent about $30,000 on equipment and converting part of my house to studio and darkroom. When my playing days are done, I'd love to work as a professional photographer if only to get something back on the investment.

"Photography is a fairly technical business which suits me because I love gadgetry. It fits in with my idea of comfort — push-button everything! I've dedicated one room to relaxation and everything — from the sound system to the video and even the curtains — works by remote control. I feel that if I earn my money by running around, I should be able to put my feet up to enjoy it!"

STEVE SPEARS

Steve Spears, 33, playwright: "Living well is the best revenge. Starving sure loses its novelty after a while and I made up my mind that if I ever made some real money I would live comfortably. I'd spent three years dead broke at one stage, living on Vegemite sandwiches.

"Since 1976 and the success of *The Elocution Of Benjamin Franklin*, I've exacted some revenge. No more Vegemite sandwiches!

"After playing the nomadic writer moving from one dump to another, I put down cash on an Elizabeth Bay apartment, complete with Sydney Harbor view and enough peace and quiet to permit three or four hours' writing in the morning. The building is 1930s or '40s vintage, but with a bit of paint, refurbished flooring, an upright piano and a 26 inch telly. It was all I ever wanted.

"My desire to travel was indulged by producers who flew me to Los Angeles, London or wherever. Now, when I holiday, I thrive on the appeal of Port Macquarie.

"Before *Benjamin Franklin* I'd owned six cars in succession. None of them was very flash, but they managed to get me through the novelty or need to own a car. Now, because of the location of my flat, I can walk or cab it to wherever I want to go. And that's often to restaurants or the theatre. I'm a great believer that there is more value in investing in those experiences than wasting money on useless trinkets to clutter up your life.

"Clothes, at least as far as I'm concerned, rate as a necessity rather than a priority. However, I felt compelled to buy a suit for first nights. It's an off-the-rack job, fits perfectly and gets trotted out every time *Benjamin Franklin* has a new opening.

"With the film rights in local hands I receive a cheque everytime I present a revised draft to the Australian Film Commission. Just when I'm about to think of a way to indulge myself, somebody does me a favor. I guess that's one of the ironies of fame and money coming in the one bundle: you get gratis access to many of life's little luxuries anyway!

"There I was the other day thinking of a way to keep myself amused when an editor phoned to offer me an air ticket in exchange for an article on Tahiti. Sunshine, food, wine and payment too, all in return for a story. What more could a former starving playwright want?"

ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MAHURIN

SONS

A man's relationship with his son goes to the core of his manhood.

I WAS SLEEPING late after writing all night when I heard my wife, Sally, scream above the squawking of children's voices. I didn't know what was wrong, but whatever it was, I knew instantly that it was bad. I sprinted down the hallway, and before I even reached the front door, I had made out what the children, all talking at once, were trying to say.

"Patrick. . ."

". . . can't. . ."

". . . in the pool. . ."

". . . get him out."

The only house in the neighborhood with a pool was two doors away. I didn't break stride going through the front door and over the hedge on to the footpath. As I went through the open gate of the high fence surrounding the pool, I saw my son, face-down in the water at the deep end, his blond hair wafting about his head the only movement. I got him out, pinched his nose and put my mouth on his mouth. But from the first breath it didn't work. I thought he had swallowed his tongue. I checked it and he had not.

I struggled to breathe for him on the way to the emergency room. But the pulse in his carotid artery had stopped under my fingers long before we got there, and he was dead. That morning, at breakfast with his mother,

Article by Harry Crews

he'd had cereal. The doctor told me that in the panic of drowning, he had thrown up and then sucked it back again. My effort to breathe for him had not worked, nor could it have. His air passages were blocked. In a little more than a month, he would have been four years old.

A man does not expect to be the orphan of his son. Standing by the open grave, returning to his room, taking his clothes out of the closet and folding them into boxes, sorting through the stuff that was his, taking it up from the place he last left it — all of this is the obligation of the son, not of the father. Not of the father, that is, unless some unnatural and unthinkable collaboration of circumstances and events takes the life of the son before that of the father.

Patrick had never wandered out of the yard before, but that morning some local children, most not much older than he, had come by and helped him out, and he had gone with them. The family that owned the pool always kept the gate locked, but that day the gate was open. There, two doors away, somebody was always at home on Saturday, and certainly somebody was *always* at home when the gate was unlocked, but nobody was at home when Patrick sat down on the cement lip of the pool, took off his shoes and socks and slipped into the water, thinking probably that he was going wading.

As I worked through Patrick's things after the funeral, I could hear Byron, my other son, bubbling and gurgling across the hall. I left the children's books, the stacks of wild crayon drawings and walked into Byron's room, where he lay on his back watching a mobile of butterflies dancing over his head in the mild breeze from the open window. He would be one year old in less than a month, and he was a happy baby even when he had befouled himself, which he had managed to do only moments before I walked in. I unpinned his nappy and a ripe fog of baby shit floated up and hung about my face. I looked at his pristine little cock, standing at half-mast about as big as a peanut, and I thought of my own cock and of the vasectomy I'd had a month after his birth.

"It's just you and I now, son," I said, "just the two of us."

I thought then and I think now that two children make up my fair share. Sally and I had reproduced ourselves and, in a world drowning in a population problem, that was all we were entitled to. If I had it to do all over again, I'd do it the same way. It is not something I ever argue about with anybody. It's only what I believe; whatever other people believe is their own business. Fair share or not, though, I had lost half of the children I would ever have. And behind that fact came the inevitable questions. Who needs this kind of grief? Who needs the trouble that will surely come with the commitment to fatherhood? Isn't a son at times disappointing and frustrating to the father? And isn't he at all times an emotional and financial responsibility that could just as easily have been avoided? And the ultimate question: Is it worth it?

I've had that final question answered time and again over the past 20 years, and the answer has always been yes, it is worth it.

The answer has come in many forms, out of many circumstances. One of the answers was given me a short time ago when I came in on a plane and Byron was there to meet me. I was dead tired from days of airports and motel rooms and taxis. When I walked up to him, I said, "I'd kiss you, son, but I don't think I can reach you."

He smiled, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Hell, I'll bend down for an old man."

•

I picked up a magazine not long ago in which a man was writing about his children. In the very beginning of the piece he said, "The storms of childhood and adolescence had faded into the past." He would be the poorer for it if that were true. But it is not true, not for him nor for any father. The storms don't fade into the past, nor do all the moments that are beautiful and full of happiness, the moments that quicken our hearts with pride. In early July of the summer Byron would turn 12, we were sitting on the top of a mountain we had hiked up together. Between us, embedded in the boulder on which we were sitting, was the metal image of a young hiker.

Byron put his hand on the stone and said, "Well, we made it."

And so we had, but a hell of a climb it had been. It hadn't stopped raining all day as we'd climbed steadily over broken rock. He was carrying a 20-pound pack and mine weighed 45, both probably too heavy, but we'd decided to pack enough with us so that we could hike for as long as we wanted to without getting out of the bush to restock our supplies. I had put him in the lead to set the pace.

"Remember, we're not in a hurry," I called after we'd been going a while. "This is not a bloody contest."

I was forced to say it because he'd taken off over the brutally uneven trail like a young goat. He'd looked back at me for only an instant and kept climbing. Then, as the mud and rock made the footing more and more unsure, I said, "You think we ought to find a place to wait out this rain?"

He stopped and turned for just an instant to look at me. "Did we come to talk or did we come to hike?"

He was smiling, but he'd said it with just the finest edge of contempt, which is the way you are supposed to say it, and I scrambled to follow him, my heart lifting. Byron had heard me ask him much the same thing many times before, because if you change a couple of words, the question will serve in any number of circumstances. And now, in great high spirits he was giving it back to me. I would not be surprised if some day he gave it to his own son.

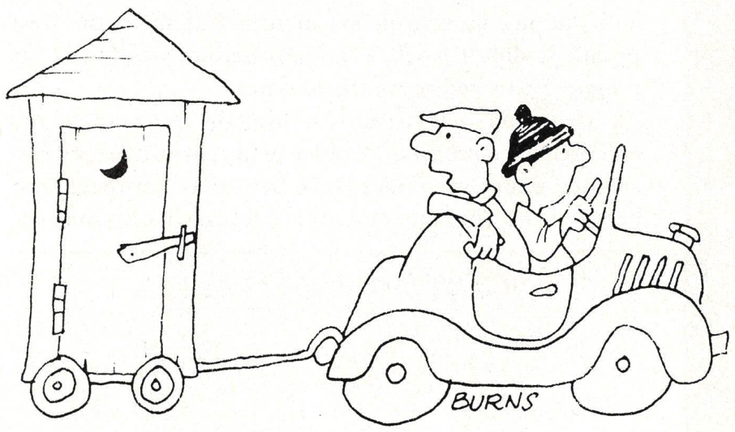
The question had come down to him through my own mouth from Uncle Alton. When he would be in the bush with me and his sons hunting and one of us said something about being bored or uncomfortable, he'd say, "Did we come to talk or did we come to hunt?" And the other boys and I would feel immediately better, because that was something men said to other men. It was a way a man had of reminding other men who they were. We had been spoken to as equals.

All of that is what I was thinking while we sat there in a misting rain on a boulder with the metal image of a hiker in it signalling the official beginning of the hiking trail. But it was not what he was thinking.

"Dad, you remember about the time with the rain?"

"The time about the rain? Son, we've

(continued on page 109)



"Prostate playing up again, Eric?"

"Congratulations. . . you're my ten thousandth customer!"

DREAM LOVER

Cute Connie loves making dreams come true.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH

Twenty-year-old Connie Dachs likes her freedom because then she can live up to her motto: Whatever you do — enjoy it! At the moment Connie works in a photographic laboratory where, from the darkroom, she can indulge her love of film, fashion, and showbusiness.

"Sometimes I imagine myself escaping to a tropical paradise where people lie around in the sun all day sipping cool drinks between lazy strolls along an empty beach. White sands, coconut palms — I can see it now," she laughs. "All I need is the right man there beside me.

"I go a bit wild in the sun, because I hardly get any at all when I'm working."

When she's not dreaming of the good life, eating is one of Connie's biggest passions, especially spaghetti with lots of garlic. How then does she keep her figure so trim? Connie plays netball and tennis, goes skiing, and swims in summer. And the rest of the time? She keeps her fantasies fuelled watching videos — at least two a day and always in bed.

"I want to be so famous that I'll earn enough to fulfil my wildest dreams," she says. "I want to go on a world trip, to live in a luxurious apartment and to drive a bright red Ferrari. Maybe I could combine all three and live the high life all around the world.

"I've got no taboos. I'll try anything new. My star sign is Aries and I like to fulfil all my lover's desires. The most important thing in any relationship is that both partners are happy."

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Connie Dachs

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Connie Dachs

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5ft 4" WEIGHT: 8 stone

BIRTH DATE: 9.4.64 SIGN: Aries

AMBITIONS: To live a long life, full of good times with my friends and family.

TURN-ONS: Reggae music, parties, fashion, exotic cars, travelling.

TURN-OFFS: Stingy, rude men, the cold.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Fear of flying - Erica Jong, any Roald Dahl book.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Sylvester Stallone, David Bowie, Rod Stewart.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Snow skiing, dancing, car racing.

IDEAL MAN: Big, sporty, humorous, broad minded and thoughtful.

SECRET FANTASY: The above man and myself marooned on a deserted island - and that's all I'm saying!

Me at the lab

Fiddling with the dipstick

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We chanced to overhear the following line in a downtown singles bar: "Well, no, I don't actually own a sailing boat but I do enjoy being blown ashore!"

The newlyweds made passionate love for several hours before the bride went into the living room and lay down on the floor. Her husband followed her and demanded to know what she was doing.

"I'm on strike," she replied.

"Well, I am on strike too," he stated.

He lay down next to her but a few minutes later added: "I want you to know that as soon as I get a rise, we're both going back to work."

We've heard that some doctors around town are referring to baldness in young men as premature Kojakulation.

The doctor asked the very pale young man how long he'd been aware that he had diarrhoea.

"Well," the patient mumbled, "I didn't notice it until I took off my bicycle clips!"

The philanderer died and was sent to Hell to pay for his sins. He was met by Satan who spoke to him about his future in Hell and told him he could have a choice of three rooms in which to spend eternity.

The man asked if he could look at the rooms and he was led along to the first one. It contained a million people standing on their heads on a concrete floor. Not liking the look of that one, he proceeded to the second.

It contained a million people standing on their heads on a wooden floor. Hoping that the third room would be more comfortable, he slowly entered. Inside he found a million people standing knee-deep in shit and drinking cups of coffee.

The smell was a bit overpowering but at least he figured he would get to drink hot coffee and wouldn't have to stand on his head so he went in and told the Devil that was where he would stay.

Ten minutes later, Satan came back into the room, blew a whistle and shouted: "Okay, coffee break's over. Get back on your heads!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *North Pole* as an Eskimo's erection.

The classics have quite a mystique
For gay Oxford dons like McPeek,
Whose love for a hero
From Athens — young Spiro —
Involves boning up in his Greek.

A very prim and proper English couple were spending their holidays in Australia and decided to hire a car to take a look at the outback.

"We know it's rough and ready out there, but it's quite safe for decent people, isn't it?" the husband asked the rental car manager.

After being assured that it was, the couple drove off.

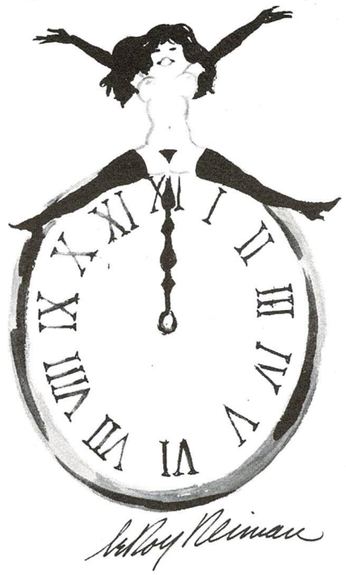
Later that day, they returned to the agency and stormed up to the manager.

"You told us it was decent out there!" the wife upbraided him.

"We'd only been driving for a couple of hours when we saw a man copulating with a kangaroo!" she complained.

"And just after that," her husband continued, "we saw a one-legged man leaning against a tree by the side of the road. He waved at us with one hand while he masturbated with the other."

"Good heavens," replied the manager as he stifled his laughter, "you wouldn't expect a poor bugger like that, with only one leg, to catch himself a 'roo, would you?"

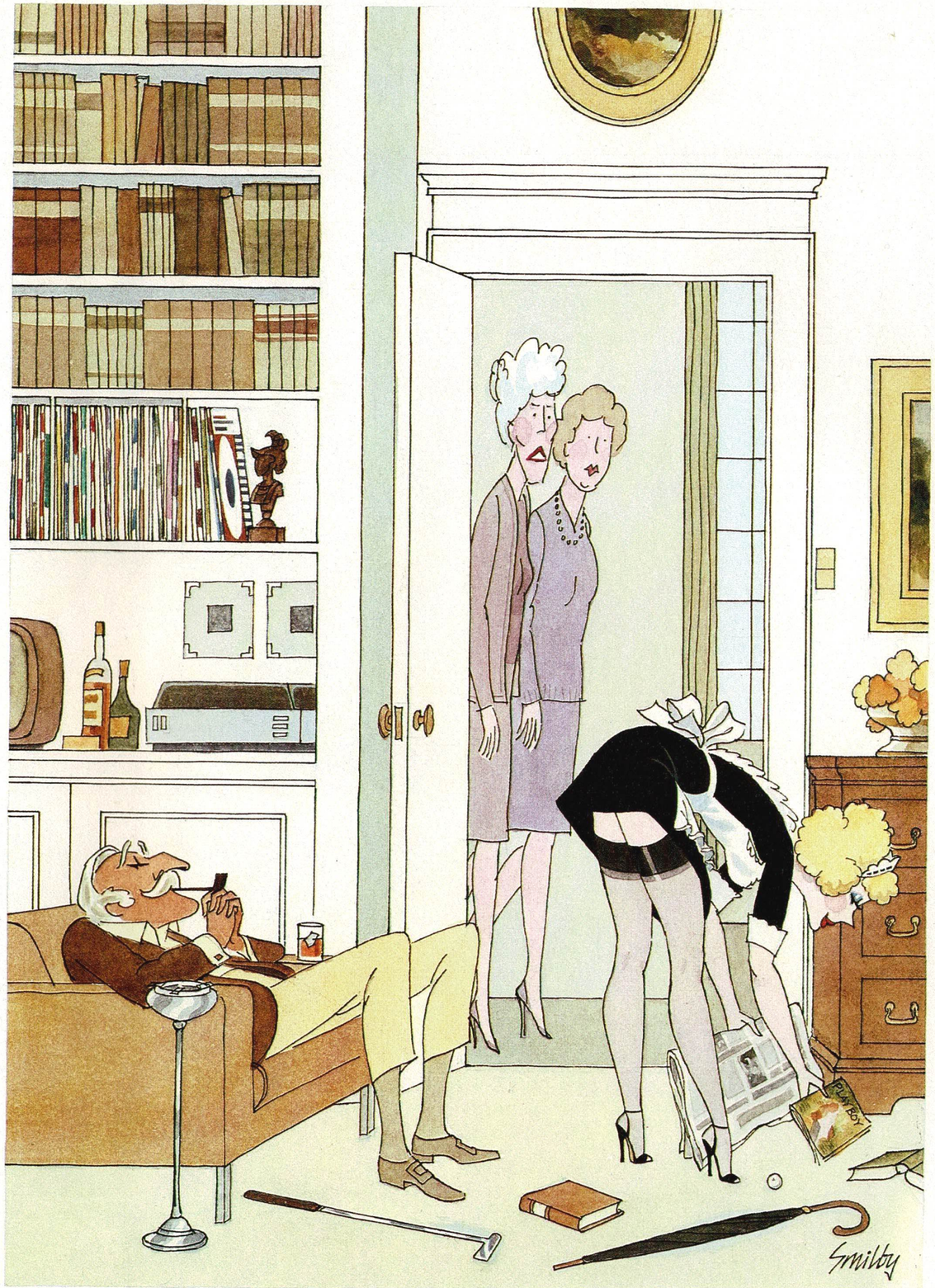


The young guy was cruising down Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard when the car he had rented got out of control and sent him careering through the walls of a theatre and landed him on centre stage in the middle of rehearsals for a musical.

The director leapt up and quipped, "What are ya trying to do? Break into showbusiness?"

"Not really," the young man replied with a laugh, "it's just a stage I'm going through!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"Hubert gets lazier every day. . . Suzette's forever picking up after him."

THE SINGLE MAN'S GUIDE TO ASIA

The ultimate pleasure trip — this is the one you won't get from the travel agents.

EVER SINCE *The World Of Suzie Wong* scorched our cinema screens back in the '60s, red-blooded men everywhere have been aware of the gentle, submissive charms of the Asian woman. The thought of being seduced by a glossy-haired, reed-slim, smooth-faced Asian temptress is one that must enter the head of every Australian man considering a visit to the bustling capitals of Asia. It's neither as simple nor as straight-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SKELTON

forward as it may sound. The women are there, sure, but so too is a hard-edged undercurrent of commercialism. The unwary tourist can part with all his travellers cheques in one night in the wrong bar in Hong Kong's Wanchai; the naive fellow who orders double scotches for his twittering companion in Tokyo's Ginza may find himself paying hundreds of dollars for her cups of cold tea. The trick is not to make yourself a target for such practices, to select your bars and clubs with care and to never walk around flashing wads of notes or your Gold American Express card.

Australian PLAYBOY enlisted the services of a band of old Asia hands who have done their fair share of propping up bars throughout the region. Their advice on the pleasures and pitfalls of Asia's six leading destinations will prepare you for a complete onslaught on the East. **Phil Jarratt** knows Bali like the bottom of his beer glass and he has contributed the lowdown on this increasingly popular tropical resort; **Julian Scantlebury** spent a week in Singapore to renew acquaintances with this streamlined, rather sterile island city; **O.D. Carruthers** is a correspondent based in Bangkok and his lively contributions on the Thai capital and Hong Kong sparkle with personal anecdotes; **Paul Harrington** lived and worked in Manila for many years and he has compiled a no-nonsense guide to where the real action is in the Filipino capital and **Ian Glover**, a writer who regularly visits Tokyo, has plenty to say on the changing face of Japanese women and the real difference between a geisha girl and a bar hostess. Added to that, Australian PLAYBOY Travel Editor **Susan Kurosawa** reminisces about the extraordinary night she posed as a Ginza bar hostess to file a story for a Tokyo newspaper.

BALI

Ten years ago most tourists in Bali got up with the sun; now they go to bed with it.

Where once the only signs of human habitation in Kuta after eight or nine were the distant sounds of a gamelan orchestra accompanying the dancers of the legong or barong, or the serious hum of social intercourse between intensely hip German travellers in Made's cafe at Bemo Corner, now the all-night soundtrack is bootlegged rock and reggae at mega-decibels, and intercourse of a different nature is the highly achievable goal of not-so-intense Aussie males.

Kuta Beach is, of course, the hub of Bali nightlife, although not necessarily the soul. Within its ever-expanding, ever-changing network of streets and alleys, there are more bars and restaurants than you will ever need, most offering fair to middling food and booze at affordable prices. It is possible to spend $30 for two at some of the more upmarket establishments, such as the famous Poppies Garden Restaurant, but that kind of expenditure means three courses, cocktails, more cocktails, then cocktails to finish. (No one drinks wine in Kuta. It's expensive and there's usually a limited choice. Locally brewed Bintang beer is superb and spirits are reasonable.)

Kuta nights start early and last forever. A typical one might go like this: 5 pm, buy a beer at the bar of Kuta Sea View Cottages and watch another fabulous sunset and its attendant people on parade; 6 pm, cocktail hour at the bar at Poppies, where you might be inspired to grab a table under the stars and knock over a giant bowl of seafood chowder and call it dinner; 7.30 pm, an early check of the bars around Bemo Corner, most likely finishing at the Sand Bar on Jalan Legian, where the happily rowdy atmosphere attracts the surf set, and where often there is a live gig which degenerates into a manic jam session with almost indecent haste; 10 pm, jump on a bike or a bemo and travel 10 minutes down Jalan Legian to the Bali Waltzing Matilda bar which, despite its name, often rocks on until late with an interesting crowd who are not necessarily Australian; after midnight head for the Kayu Api, back up the road toward Kuta, a degenerate bar-cum-disco which gets truly outrageous and rarely runs out of steam before three or four, after which you make your own rules.

For those who want to avoid the Pitt Street scenes in Kuta after dark, Legian and Semanyak offer a more mellow ambience in keeping with the climate, although the back street bars and dives tend to work up high-voltage sweat by midnight. Your correspondent's favorite hang-out, the Blue Ocean Bar and Restaurant, is little more than a concrete slab and half a thatched roof right on the beach at Semanyak, but the interesting group of drinkers who congregate there like to make their own fun and the management obliges by throwing outrageously decadent parties two or three times a week, starting very late and finishing when it's time for the first surf of the day.

Beyond the eccentricities of the bar scene, Bali offers sophisticated but essentially bland entertainment at its resort hotels. The relatively new Nusa Dua Hotel has a good bar and a frisky disco, but the real gem is the dining room at the beautiful Bali Hyatt in Sanur, where there is a local and European menu and an extensive wine list. The Intercontinental Bali Beach Hotel just down the road is high rise and highly forgettable, while the incredible Bali Oberoi at Semanyak is a great place to get away from it all: in half a dozen visits your correspondent has never seen another person at the bar.

Party drugs are readily available and highly illegal, just like in Australia. Denpasar prison is full of tourists who got the wrong message about the Indonesian Government's liberal views on the subject. However, should you choose to live dangerously you will find that prices for buddha sticks and magic mushrooms decrease as you move away from Bemo Corner. Anyone who buys acid or narcotics on the street is a fool with a limited future, to paraphrase our leader. Unless you're into Ratsak or Omo, forget it!

— PHIL JARRATT

CONFESSIONS OF A GINZA BAR HOSTESS

I worked for a Tokyo newspaper a few years ago. With my nose for trouble, set of 38-inchers and reasonable command of the Japanese language, I was my editor's first choice for an assignment to uncover some hard facts about the goings-on at one of the Ginza's most pricey bars.

The Ginza is to Tokyo what Soho is to London or Kings Cross to Sydney. It's overpriced and overrated; an area of plush nightclubs where an evening's combination of scotches and smiles can set you back $500. The Japanese have long known the value of paid female companionship. The geisha, or professional entertainer, is an institution that has survived since feudal times. She was never a common prostitute; her life was devoted to studying traditional instruments and art forms and learning how to converse cleverly with men. Japan's emergence into the ways of the West saw the geisha replaced with the female bar hostess, a modern and accessible courtesan who, for a fee, would spend the evening pouring drinks, laughing at a jaded businessman's jokes and pandering to his ego while his wife was safely installed at home, his slippers ready and the beancurd on the boil.

The Japanese concept of business entertainment is a unique one. Most executive bigwigs have outrageously generous expense accounts which often compensate for very average salaries and provide the means to entertain important clients and clinch business deals.

As they invariably live in small houses or apartments, often a considerable distance from the city, Japanese businessmen do their entertaining outside the home. It's considered a matter of face, or honor, to visit expensive bars, be attended by worldly women, to get as drunk as a warlord, fall asleep on the train tracks and practise karate on small animals. In the ineffable Japanese manner, getting stinking drunk is a form of status. It means that you have plenty of money, can afford good booze and that you're a man of the world.

Anyway, my editor sent me downtown to apply for a job at one of the biggest, gaudiest Ginza bars. Foreign hostesses are eagerly sought in Tokyo, especially if they're tall, blonde and well-endowed in the mammary department. Being short and dark, I failed on two counts but the reigning mama-san who interviewed me decided my tits passed muster and she hired me immediately.

I reported for duty at six that evening and was given a black satin costume, fish-net stockings and a frilly white affair to drape around my neck. In retrospect, I wonder if those bar hostess costumes were the forerunners of the current Japanese fetish for frill-necked lizards. I was told not to show off my Japanese language abilities as my customers would be keen to practise their English. I was instructed to order only scotch and water and be prepared to drink cold tea. If the customer wanted to take me to bed, I was to negotiate a price and obtain a key to the upstairs room from mamma-san.

If the customer wanted to watch a blue movie, I was to escort him to the back room and provide him with a hand towel. Such a civilised race, I thought, with their hot and cold towels ever at the ready to mop sweaty brows. Wrong. I later discovered the towel was to place on the customer's lap so he could have a good old wank without disturbing the other cinema-goers.

The story I got that night was hardly an astonishing scoop but it did serve to confirm my editor's worst suspicions. The customers were served an imported scotch for the first two drinks, then the bottles were swapped and a bottle labelled, say, Chivas Regal, would really contain domestic Suntory or Nikka, sold in Tokyo for far less than imported whiskies.

I entertained eight men in as many hours. Four of them propositioned me but they were too drunk to carry through their intentions and, before they knew it, I had them out of the way, safely deposited in the back room with their towels firmly in place. Three others fell asleep at the bar and one wet his pants. The incontinent chap turned out to be the managing director of a leading electrical company; mamma-san made a phone call and his driver arrived to take him home. That night I learned a lot about the low alcohol tolerance level of the majority of the Japanese race.

The sales manager of a computer company got down on his hands and knees and pretended he was a puppy. He paid me an extra $50 to join him. I scored an equivalent amount by letting a politician slide ice cubes down my cleavage. Mamma-san drew me aside several times during the evening and hissed at me to giggle more at the jokes I was told, to down my drinks a lot quicker and to sit up straighter so my tits would look bigger.

I made the equivalent of $150 and mamma-san let me keep 10 percent. My clients for the evening had spent the equivalent of $200 each on cold tea. If they were drunk (they all were), they signed bills for ballpark figures including a "meal" charge for the plate of rice crackers served with drinks. The chief accountant of a leading Tokyo bank was charged an extra $50 for the lunge he took at my left tit. There was no question of compensation for the spectacles he smashed while falling off his bar stool.

If a comment has to be made, it's on the state of the insular Japanese social system whereby wives are kept safely at home and businessmen eagerly seek the company of women who are paid to massage their egos. For the unwary foreign tourist entering that arena of padded expense accounts and accepted ruses, it can be a very costly introduction to the Japanese way of nightlife.

My advice is not to patronise the showy nightclubs with their armies of twittering bargirls; if you do buy a drink for an escort, distract her attention and take a sip. If it's not the drink you ordered, refuse to pay. Do not assume the plate of nibbles is on the house. Establish prices before you start; check if the establishment has a cover charge and, if you're going to fool around, make darned sure you know what it's going to cost.

My story made page three and the bar was subsequently investigated by the police. A lot of embarrassed Japanese businessmen had to do some swift talking to their company accountants. As for me, mamma-san fired me at the end of the evening because I hadn't got any customers into bed. To this day, however, I can do a reasonable puppy dog impersonation although I will admit that cold tea and damp hand towels do leave me feeling just a little uneasy.

SUSAN KUROSAWA

SINGAPORE

Suzie Wong, if she ever came to Singapore, is back in Hong Kong. The baggage labels may say SIN for short, but if it's sin city you're after, try the other Asian capitals and drop into Singapore to recuperate on the way home.

This island city is safe, stylish and sophisticated. You can take your pick of luxury international hotels and you're only likely to be kept awake by the sound of more such establishments being built. Maybe it's because work is such a way of life and the locals need their beauty sleep that Singapore is not the place for scintillating, sizzling nightlife.

Or maybe it's because Singaporeans are too sophisticated, affluent and otherwise gainfully engaged that escort agencies like High Society and Big Bad Moma's close well before midnight. They are a far cry from their more popular and naughtier counterparts in the true sin cities of the east or even back home in Australia. And advice on what to expect — or not to expect — from the companion of your choice at such "above board" agencies is discreetly provided by the management.

There are some bars-cum-nightspots where it *is* possible to score feminine company at a considerable cost, but this is the exception rather than the rule. The red light district is certainly not promoted for tourists but, true to the efficiency and control of Singapore's government, should you venture into the area, your health and safety are more assured than in most

countries. Like everywhere else in the world, the action's there if you want it, but, unlike many places, Singapore doesn't cash in on sex.

It's a great place to recuperate, enjoy different cultures and make new friends. There is virtually no language barrier: the people are approachable, courteous, relaxed and friendly and, above all, they have a sense of humor. But do beware — Aussie jokes are in and they're a bit like Irish ones.

But at least one bastion of Singapore's colonial past remains — Raffles Hotel, one of the Orient's legendary drinking holes and the place where the potent Gin Sling was invented. The literary Raj of Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward and Rudyard Kipling would turn collectively in their graves if this monument to former British glory and eccentricity were given the heave-ho. It must be one of the last places in ultra-modern Singapore for the ghosts of yesteryear's pukka sahibs to seek refuge.

Raise a few eyebrows by taking a Gin Sling in preference to afternoon tea in the magnificent, marble-floored Tiffin Room. Crusty chit-chat still goes on over cucumber sandwiches and cakes in this shrine to Singapore's colonial past.

Go to Singapore for a relaxing, enjoyable sojourn. If you don't expect the bright lights of Hong Kong or the explicit sex shows of Bangkok, you won't be disappointed.

— JULIAN SCANTLEBURY

BANGKOK

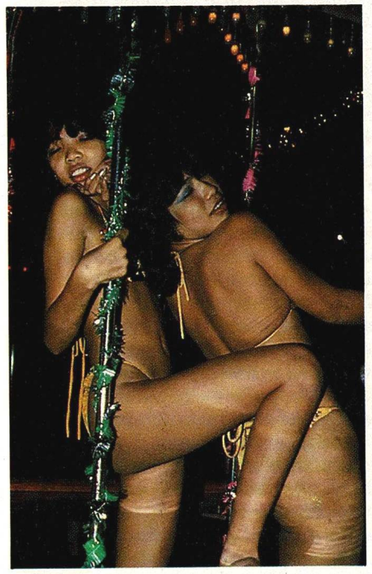
Hard-core nighthawks will not have missed this city's lengthy tenure as perhaps the world's greatest depot of sin. Although word-of-mouth myth-making does tend to prevail whenever the city's after-dark attractions are discussed, Bangkok's rise to the pole position on the world's erotic stage can be attributed to the fact that much of what is said and written about the city's legendary fleshpots is absolutely true.

Patpong — the centre of said iniquity — is now known to an entire generation of Western Europeans and is becoming increasingly familiar to Australians. The street — actually it's a series of parallel blocks beginning with Patpongs I and II for men who enjoy the company of women, Patpong III for gentlemen who prefer gentlemen, Patpong IV catering to the Japanese, and so on — offers solace to any idiosyncrasy.

First-timers to Thailand are often bewildered by the sheer immensity of Bangkok's offerings and Patpong by no means constitutes the city's entire sexual menu. For *farang* (foreigners), Patpong certainly plays a major role, but for the difficult to please (or those who tire of being mistaken for a bank) there is a lot more to choose from throughout the city.

New Petchaburi Road boasts a sybarite's row of massage parlors where, for a pittance, the stress of the day will be soaked and soothed away (sexual requirements always gratified but decidedly extra), while Soi Cowboy — named for legendary expatriate black American L.T. "Cowboy" Edwards — serves up a much less sophisticated fare of go-go bars and cocktail lounges similar to, but much smaller than, Patpong.

Up-market tastes are provided for as well, with any number of well-tailored lounges and cabaret clubs sprinkled throughout the city. Discos abound, too, although clientele for both these and the club lounges is generally a well-heeled Thai



majority.

But visitors who extend the parameters of their nocturnal wanderings to these and other places usually find the once-tasted lure of Patpong all but irresistible. The greatest bar in Patpong — and thus the world — is the Superstar, located mid-block on Patpongs I and II; it is the only bar large enough to front both streets and, as such, is often sneered at by the local *farang* cognoscenti, who prefer the relative intimacy of such up-and-comers as the King's Castle (Patpong I) and the Pink Panther (Patpong II).

A fault common to all three — and indeed the entire nightlife industry of Bangkok — is that the girls of uncommon beauty who work these premises have in recent years taken notice of their fame, and many have begun to believe their own press clippings. Thus, the famed inner beauty often credited to the working girls of Thailand is becoming increasingly rare.

Another development of recent vintage which creates chaos among those of tender years and/or sensibilities is that in Patpong and along certain dark streets of the capital, female gender is often a moot point. These lithe, vibrant and, in many cases, exceedingly sensuous young men have begun taking to the go-go stages of Patpong. In the vast majority of such cases, hormone shots and the surgeon's learned scalpel have only performed what nature intended, but this is not always understood at three in the morning in a well-lit hotel room.

This writer, a veteran appraiser who has been known, when in doubt, to surreptitiously feel for the Adam's apple — which, with castration performed, is the only sure sign of original sex remaining — has himself escorted a young fellow home by accident. The world now knows that the proceedings were halted prior to determining if the operation had, in fact, been performed. Recriminations were plentiful, I assure you.

For most, though, who pass through the Patpong threshold, the nights are an exercise in blissful wonderment. The sheer beauty of the women of Patpong, the incredible sensuality of the massage experience and the unparalleled conviviality of the girls of Soi Cowboy combine to create a sort of sexual wonderland where only the most unimaginably inhibited of men could fail to find favor.

A blueprint for a nice evening on the prowl? The best way to start the night in Patpong is at the aforementioned King's Castle which, in addition to having arguably the best looking women on the strip and among the best music selections, has an extended happy hour to 9 pm. This establishment also has regular topless shows and the occasional erotic dance, but the real raunch is reserved for its sister bar, the Queen's Castle, just down the road.

The latter employs girls less reserved than those of the former and the shows, which are constant and as explicit as they come in Patpong, reflect their somewhat less-abashed collective demeanor. Save the Queen's Castle for around 11 pm to midnight, when eroticism scales old and established bounds, just like it should. After a few starters at the King's Castle — and beer drinkers should at this point be advised that Thai lager (Singha) packs a mean punch, so a switch to the local German brew (Kloster) might come in handy — imbibers should move on to the Pink Panther, which boasts the strip's most imaginative owner, Big Jacques, a Frenchman. He doesn't set too many trends — the Superstar does that — but he always has something different on tap, including transvestite shows, a house favorite.

From the Pink Panther, one might feel the need for a short respite from the frolics, and en route to the Superstar (the next stop) is a superb little piano lounge called the Italian Connection, which features cold beer, quality scotch, high-heeled waitresses and a piano player/singer one might easily mistake for Nat King Cole.

Suitably refreshed, it's time for the Superstar — this bar is a microcosm of all that is Patpong: it sets trends, determines policy and will ultimately lead Thai nightlife to ruin. The Superstar has transcended the strip's "anything goes" reputation; anything *does* go at the Superstar, but such is its fame that at times the bar has a feel of positive respectability to it. *Farang* women — who only a few short years ago were only rarely seen anywhere near Patpong — now populate the Superstar in twos and threes and without escorts. And as the Superstar goes, so goes Patpong; respectability is quickly spreading.

From there, either head over to the Queen's Castle for some hard-core viewing, or hail a taxi and race across town to Soi Cowboy's Moonshine Bar, a good ole bar run by a good ole boy from the American South. Still in search of liquid sustenance? Ask your taxi driver. Chances are he'll know at least one of the two after-hours joints in the Sukhmumvit area where all those souls who are still unattached when the real bars shut can congregate.

— O.D. CARRUTHERS

MANILA

One of the saddest things to be seen around the tourist areas of Manila is the male half of a young married couple trying not to acknowledge the sight of so many beautiful Filipinas everywhere he looks. It's a bit like being in a lolly shop but suffering from toothache!

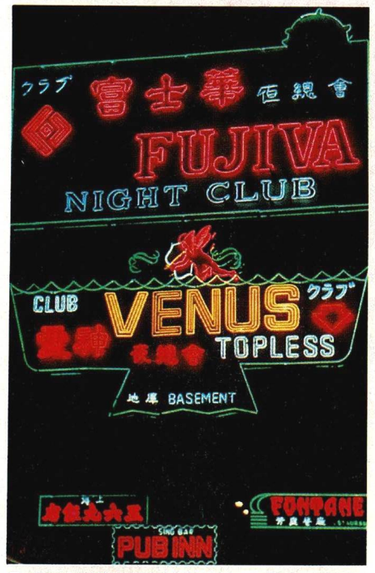
There's plenty for a touring family to see in The Philippines, but most of it is well away from Manila. The capital is single man's territory, a place where even Quasimodo would get his rocks off.

Narrowing down that territory, it's necessary only to head for Mabini — the local name for the bar districts of Ermita and Malate, derived from one of the main "drags", A. Mabini Street. Mabini roughly comprises everything bordered by United Nations Avenue in the north, Pedro Gil in the south, Adriatico in the east and Roxas Boulevard in the west. Within that area can be found literally anything an eager single male could possibly desire, whether it be the coldest beer or the hottest women.

M.H. Del Pilar is one long street of bars, each with its own theme, but all permeated by loud disco music and thronged with a wide selection of available girls. If it's cold beer you crave, the best is served at the Aussie Bar toward the southern end. It's a dark, untidy, somewhat sleazy place, decorated with VFL footie posters, Foster's Lager ads and exhortations to visit Hayman Island. At the Aussie Bar you can check the latest results from Randwick or Flemington and the scores from last weekend's matches. Not that the hundred or so Filipina hostesses and go-go dancers understand much about that. Mostly these girls are far younger than in other Mabini bars, and usually they're pretty new to Manila — just up from the provinces, looking to make a living to send home to their families. They're boisterous, fun-loving individuals and that's their attraction.

At the other end of the scale, and the northern end of Del Pilar, there's Lovebirds, run by Sydneysider Mike Jackson (Mr Michael). The bright lights, flashy decor and noise level at Lovebirds contrast with the dimness of most other establishments. The girls appear more sophisticated, too. Half are dancers in their scanty bikini "uniforms", while the rest are "receptionists", quite elegantly dressed, most exuding an air of maturity. The girls at Lovebirds are usually older than in many other places — some approaching 26 or 27 years of age!

Not all Mabini bars are girlie discos. The Lily Marlene, opposite Bubbles in Del Pilar, serves beer colder than the Aussie



Bar, as well as dishing up excellent, cheap German-style meals. Even cheaper eating, 24 hours a day, can be enjoyed at the open-air Raymond's Fast Foods on the corner of Del Pilar and Santa Monica. At Raymond's you can eat and drink your fill for $3, at the same time casting an eye over the private enterprise girls who congregate there between tricks.

At the Malate branch of Shakey's Pizza Parlors, in addition to some first-class Filipino versions of Italian and American platters, there's invariably live music well into the wee hours. It's just around the corner from the Silahis International, off Roxas Boulevard. Opposite Shakey's, across the square, there's the Aristocrat restaurant. At around 1.30 am, this is where the club girls who have finished their shift can be found. Because they're never off duty, it's possible to form a liaison without having to pay the bar fine demanded of customers in the bars when they wish to take a girl out.

There's usually no problem with city hotels at the end of the evening. They are used to guests entertaining overnight, but not so The Manila Hotel. There, all guests must leave before 10.30 pm, so beware the hotel detective knocking on the door at midnight!

A $20 tip helps supplement a working girl's income when dawn arrives. It's not much, but it's better than a TY ("thank you" in bar girls' parlance, used in connection with Cheap Charlies).

Despite all the things which have been said about Manila, a visitor is quite safe there, so long as a few precautions are remembered. You should never carry a "poofter purse". Carry the amount of money you think you'll need for the evening in a trouser front pocket (*never* the hip pocket). Though it's difficult, don't pity the waifs asking for a hand-out as they tug, pathetically, at your sleeve. They're more interested in a hand in — right in your pocket!

Taxis are cheap and plentiful. Where possible, hire a Golden taxi (black with red roof) or Fame taxi (blue with white stripe). Most yellow taxi drivers were co-authors of *The Book Of Taxi Drivers' Dirty Tricks*.

Resist the street touts who want you to change money. With a little bargaining, you can do better than the official rate at the Emu Club in Mabini. The best rates are on the black market and for these, try the Agus Shopping Plaza at the Del Pilar end of Padre Faura. Up the steps to the right there's a small antique shop. Nobody knows when they last sold an antique, but ...

— PAUL HARRINGTON

HONG KONG

In years past, it was all a red-blooded sailor could do to resist the Wanchai temptress. Richard Mason's *World Of Suzie Wong*, though somewhat removed from the *cheongsam*-clad days of the late '50s and early '60s, was a glorious station for all lovers of the sexual underworld until as late as the mid '70s.

And then the rot set in. Hong Kong's incredibly rapid economic advances engendered wholesale change in the sort of services traditionally offered in Wanchai, and the famed temptress — the soft-skinned, gently scented *siu-jae* of the evening with the unerringly sensible heart — was displaced by the hard-eyed whore with one hand for each pocket. And that, essentially, is where Hong Kong's nightlife remains today.

American sailors — always a precise barometer of what's right and what's not in the world of sleaze — now look to Hong Kong for precisely the same reason the colony's legions of tourists do — shopping. Nightlife only rarely enters into it and, even then, a brief foray into the forest of construction that once was home to Mr Mason's Miss Wong is generally enough to confirm one's worst fears. Wanchai, though not yet officially interred, has been dying a slow death for the past decade, and though a dozen or so girlie bars persist, they exist purely for the adventurous fool who might somehow have missed the news.

To compensate, Hong Kong's entrepreneurs of the nocturnal world (and make no

(continued on page 94)

The greatest show on turf is played on a sales pitch.

HOW CRICKET IS HYPED TO THE MASSES

Neil Jameson reports

FOURTH TEST, Australia versus the West Indies, Sydney Cricket Ground, January 6, 2001. . . an armchair fan tenses in anticipation as the opening delivery of the first day's play streams from the bowler's hand.

The elements of summer's great confrontation are assembled on the big 84 centimetre TV screen, prime picture capturing the bowler's delivery stride while six miniature optional images across the bottom of the screen focus on the other key elements. With a stab at his infra-red remote control, the viewer can play home director, swapping the prime picture of the bowler for that of the batsman, slips cordon, wicket-keeper, umpire, scoreboard or ground overview.

For the moment this armchair fan leaves the angles to the network director in the outside broadcasting van parked at the SCG, choosing instead to concentrate on the read-outs strung down the right side of the screen.

The "attitude meter", fed from electrodes inside the batsman's helmet, hovers toward the high anxiety mark as the camera-clock times the first ball at 141.06 km/h on its way to the wicket-keeper.

". . .and look at that!" the commentator exclaims. "Our Big Mac pulse-meter read-out shows the batsman's heart to be beating at almost twice its normal rate!"

Live at the ground, four giant split-image screens reproduce the drama of that first delivery while the bowler strolls reflectively back to his mark.

This is future sport, the shape of cricket to come — expertly marketed, professionally contested, creatively telecast and extremely well-patronised. Most importantly, beneath the high tech telecasting, the loud commercialism and amped-up commentary, it is still *cricket*. The laws haven't changed, the traditions still remain and the rivalries are hotter than ever. The ancient and noble game has made it into the 21st century in fine shape while other traditional sports have foundered along the way. In the 22 years since November 28, 1978, cricket has made more progress than it did in the previous 100 years.

●

When next century's cricket historians examine the great milestones in modern sport, that date will be marked as a turning point for cricket. On November 28, 1978, Kerry Packer's World Series promotion drew 50,000 fans to a day-night game at the SCG and proved to all but the most short-sighted conservatives that cricket needed to be marketed along more professional lines.

Fortunately for the traditional game within Australia, the sport's leaders accepted Packer's wisdom. When cricket's warring factions reunited in 1980, the Australian Cricket Board took on the Packer company, PBL Marketing Pty Ltd, as its promotional and marketing arm. In spite of warnings by the conservative cricket press and barely muted tut-tuttings from Lord's, the partnership has grown from one of guarded acceptance to "the most successful mass-marketing exercise Australia has ever seen". That description comes from Tony Skelton, PBL's

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

general manager and a man who has been involved since the World Series days. Since PBL joined forces with the board, Skelton has been heavily committed to co-ordinating cricket's promotional strength and forward planning.

PBL is half-way through its 10-year ACB contract and thus far can claim credit for advancing the popularity and awareness of almost every aspect of the game.

This season's brimful serving of first-class cricket and the public's willingness to accept the game in such mighty doses illustrate PBL's success in broadening cricket's popular base.

"PBL's relationship with the board is like a marriage," explains Skelton. "We don't always agree and nor does PBL always get its way. In fact, we've been rolled on a number of important issues."

The board is more than satisfied with the fruits of PBL's labors, but it is widely held that a few of the less subtle promotional ideas have left conservative administrators spluttering in their gin and tonics. But more on that later.

Now that the game's promotional and marketing direction has been firmly established, Skelton sees PBL's job as one of looking after the future product.

"We indicate to the ACB what the demands will be in five or six years' time," he says.

"Cricket used to survive season to season with very little priority given to forward planning. Now we know which teams will tour to the end of this decade, and we've already done much of the fine planning to take us through to the 1986-87 season."

Traditional cricket has been forced to confront the reality of competing for the public's entertainment dollar in a very competitive market place. Competition for the leisure buck comes in the shape of such formidable competition as Atari, Spielberg, video, and the water-sports boom. No matter what the traditionalists might think of the modern cricket product, it is obvious that the game would have lost the ability to compete if left to its own devices.

The marketing involvement of a company with PBL's clout has enabled the Victoria Cricket Association to plan and promote a project as ambitious as this season's World Championship Of Cricket involving the world's top seven international sides. That series is part of the Australian team's massive playing commitment in the 18 months from September last year. Our national team will play 19 Tests and as many as 45 one-day internationals, and the leading players will be full-time professionals picking up the heaviest pay-packets in Australian sport.

So complete is the co-ordination of administration, marketing, advertising, media, and player input, that PBL could confidently predict its performance levels long before the first turnstile clicked this summer. In 1983-84 the ACB's merchandise and publication program generated turnover of more than $7 million. This year's merchandising includes more products than before with items ranging from babywear to beer tankards, and PBL is certain of record sales.

Advertising has provided Australian cricket with its new and most compelling image. Cricket purists find the campaigns brash, jingoistic and often aggressive, but, as Tony Skelton says, "they sure stimulate the uninitiated". And preaching to the uninitiated is the whole *raison d'etre* behind cricket's modern presentation. It's a policy practised in the promotion, advertising and, in particular, the broadcasting of the game.

During the 1978-79 England tour of Australia, members of the English press corps, so violently opposed to the WSC concept, were compelled to recognise the catchiness of the circus's theme song: *C'mon Aussie, C'mon* was unashamedly nationalistic, commercial and clever. The jingle became a top-selling single and the catchline now rates with "Avva go, ya mug!" as the most popular barracking theme of them all.

If it was PBL's intention to market cricket along mass, pop-culture lines, then Sydney advertising agency Mojo provided the means. The agency, which recently sold Hogan and Australia to the States, had an interesting anti-establishment label (witness Hogan and the *Anyhow, Have A Winfield* campaign) and a measure of rock'n'roll that older agencies appeared to lack.

Mojo launched the *C'mon Aussie* theme for WSC, but the tune proved so compelling that it has been retained and revamped year after year. Last season's *Thunder Down Under* campaign for the one-day international series was certainly the most spectacular TV sports advertising Australia has produced, and, like this summer's *Showdown For The Crown,* it embraced the *C'mon Aussie* signature tune.

The agency aims to convert the uninitiated with large slabs of ockerism, the promotion of star players, and underscoring the excitement and confrontationism of cricket. The strategy has been to use one-day cricket as an entry point for the uninitiated to gain an appreciation of the game and its performers. When this was achieved, it was a relatively simple task for sophisticated advertising to lead the converted into the complexities of Test cricket.

As noble as the policy might seem, there is genuine concern in established cricketing circles that the one-day game has been permitted to boom at the expense of Test cricket. Even Australia's captain Kim Hughes has admitted that his greatest fear is the one-day game becoming more important than the five-day affair.

The challenge that most intrigued the Mojo crew was to prevent cricket disappearing up its own bum. A century of tradition and "in-club" journalism had made the game accessible only to those who understood cricket's tactical complexities. This process contrived to almost totally exclude women and young people to such an extent that the sport's following was getting older and fewer. Pursuing that trend to its ultimate conclusion would see cricket reduced to little more than a sport for

(continued on page 100)

"James, I just want you to know that I'm user-friendly, too."

"Is this going to be a simple survey or an in-depth probe?"

THE GIRLS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

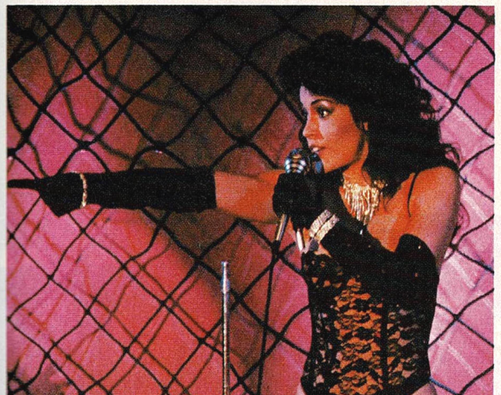
You don't need to go back to the Rolling Stones' *Get Yer Ya-Yas Out!* to know that rock'n'roll has a lot to do with sex. A short list of typical titles should convince you: *Push, Push In The Bush, Hung Upside Down, Mama Told Me Not To Come, Then Came You, Easy Comin' Out (Hard Goin' In),* and, only for the lonely, *Beat It, Whip It* and *You'll Never Get Cheated By Your Hand.*

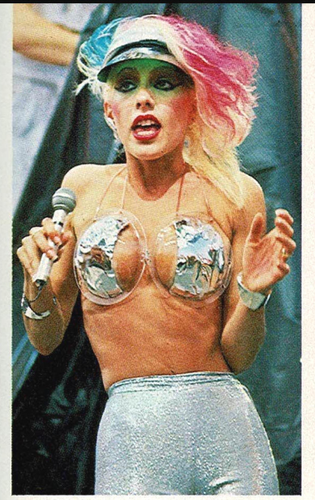
Waylon Jennings confirmed every parent's worst fears when he said: "Rock'n'roll first meant screwing."

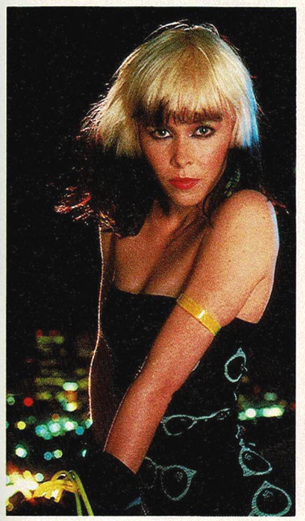
All that was fine for Waylon and the boys, but the girls never seemed to get much of the action. Oh sure, there were female rockers like Little Eva, Diana Ross, Aretha Franklin, Tina Turner and millions of -ellas and -ettes. On the kick-ass side you had Grace Slick and Patti Smith and Chrissie Hynde. Linda Ronstadt actually won more platinum records than Elvis and The Who put together, but it was still a man's, man's world. Heavy-metallurgists, in particular, had an ornery attitude: if she can't suck the strings off a slide guitar, what's she doing backstage? But the times, as somebody said, a-change.

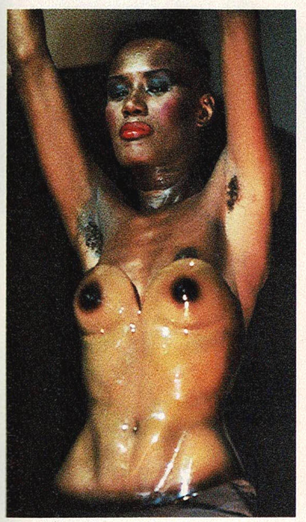
Now there are more girls in the *guitarati* than ever before. All the women you'll find here have the two things rockers need: soul and sex appeal. They also fulfil a few rock'n'roll fantasies in the spirit of rock's original meaning.

That's no biker fantasy to your left. That's Apollonia Kotero, 24, Prince's leading lady in the box-office hit, *Purple Rain.* "Apollonia's character parallels who she really is," says a member of her band. "She came to Minneapolis as a spunky kid who wanted to learn." She sure learned how to make the most of a teddy and garters (below, in a scene from the film). At right, Debra Raye likes it a bit of both ways as a jazz-rock fusion singer with her band, Aria.





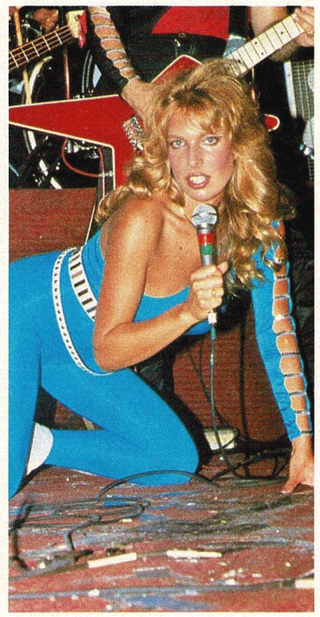




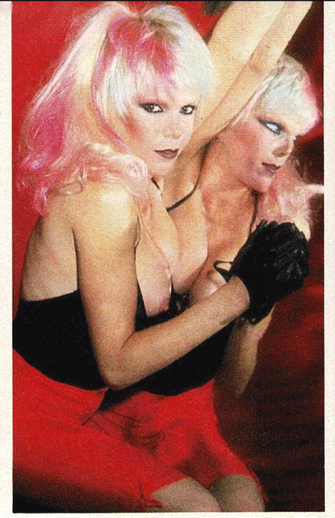
Natalie Pace (above left) is part of a psychedelic pop explosion that's guaranteed to turn a few heads. She used to be a miner's daughter, but decided metal was out and new wave was in. Her band is called No Prisoners, but it's pretty easy to guess that most of her male fans wouldn't mind taking Natalie into custody. Above right: Singing twins Pam (left) and Paula Mattioli, 25, cultivated a Miss Natural look before founding their group, Gypsy Queen. Now loads of foxed-out hair and wild make-up creates the image that keeps the rock punters interested. Below: Bettina Koster graduated from a girl- group called Malaria to In The Service Of. But she didn't forget that fever is what rock'n'roll is all about.

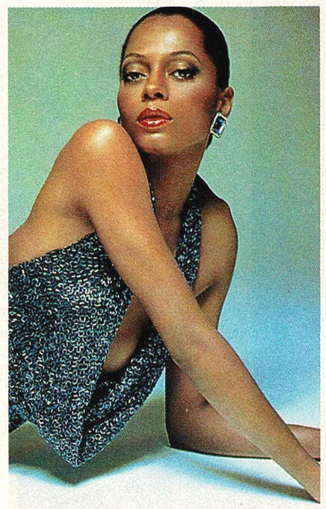
Before Dale Bozzio (top left) became lead singer of Missing Persons, she was a Bunny in Boston, Massachusetts. Centre left: Terri Nunn, the only girl in Berlin (the band), is what promo people call "an ultravisceral lead singer", and Grace Jones (bottom left) is simply ultra everything. Then there's US Playmate (November 1974) Bebe Buell (right). She's been called "the filet mignon of rock". Once the flame of Todd Rundgren and Elvis Costello, Bebe now has her own hot band, The B-Sides, whose independent work has been hailed as being as fine as her fishnet.

Bass-playing Brinke Stevens (left), from the band Linnea And The Skirts, doesn't usually perform without a skirt, but her fans are still hoping. Take a look at Frieda Parton (above left). The pose is Monroe's, but Frieda shares name and endowment with her big sister, Dolly. Nouveau rocker Khari Page (above right) haunts the underground scene and is the kind of girl anyone would like to bump into late at night. Below right: Tina Turner has created her own legend after 11 years on her own. Rock's best loved grandmother showed she can still cut it with last year's hit album, *Private Dancer.* Her stage presence will soon get a run on film in *Mad Max 3,* while one thing's for sure, her soul is immortal.



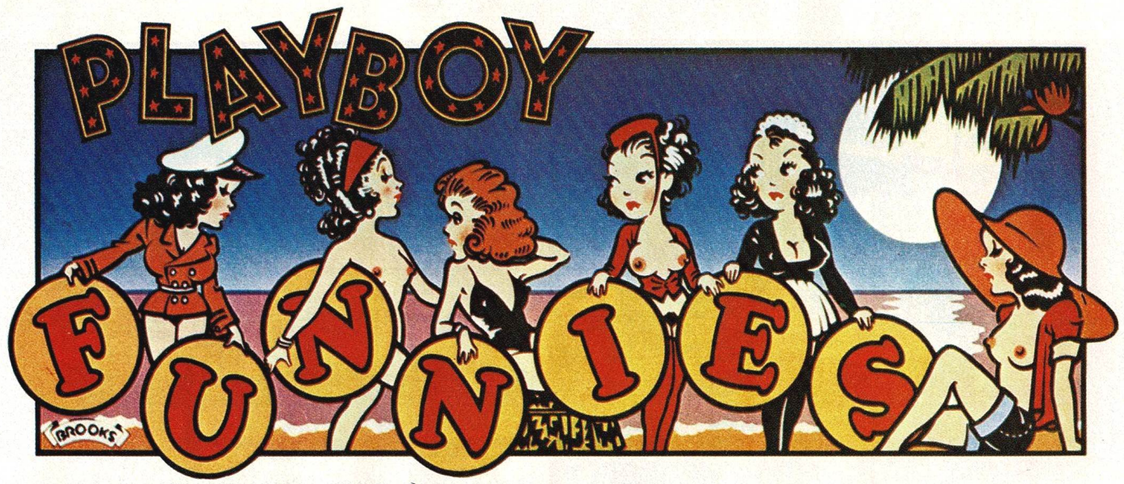
Pat Benatar (above left) may measure only 5'2" in the old money, but she's still big on volume and sex appeal. Mischief's Becky LeBeau (above right), who doesn't fancy men who are "into their bodies more than mine", likes getting down on the floor to perform.





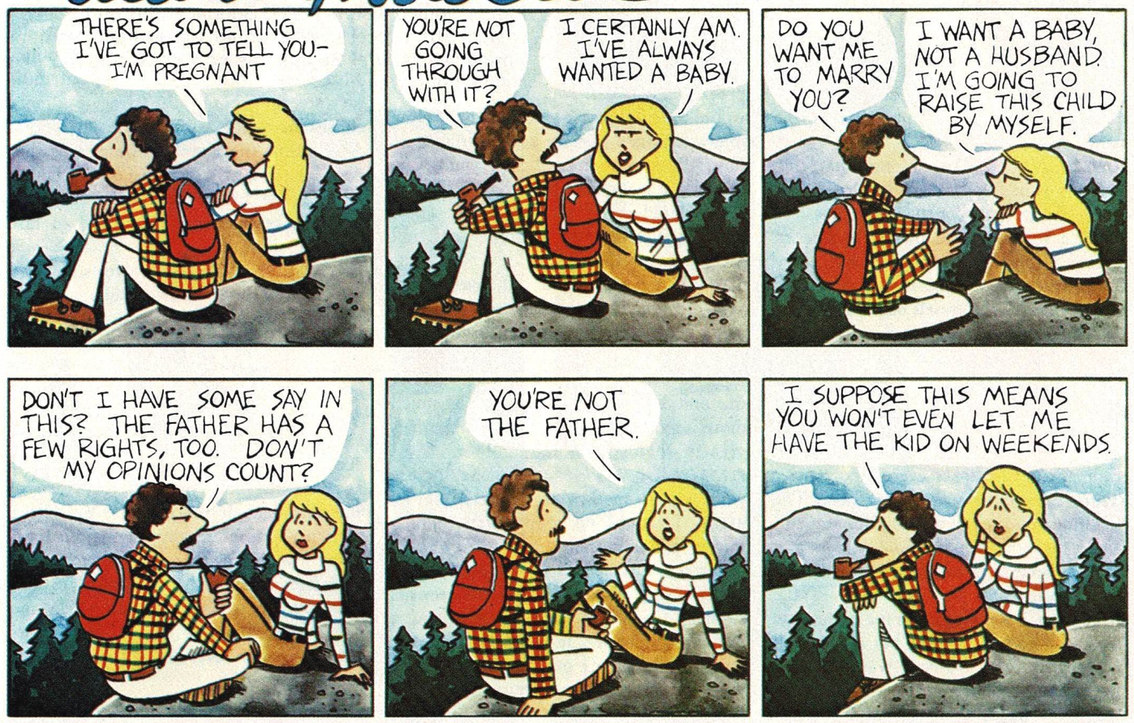
Left and above: Pamela Stonebrook has quite a background, with a university fine arts degree and vocals in TV's *Fame,* as well as singing in the Dudley Moore-Eddie Murphy movie, *Best Defence.* Below: Daughter-of-a-preacher-man June Pointer joined sisters Anita, Bonnie and Ruth to become a smash '70s success. Who could forget their rendition of Springsteen's *Fire.* Bonnie has now gone solo, but they're still as hot on vinyl as ever.

Left and below right: Celena Allen has chosen the unlikely stage name of Dilithium Cristil, singer and dancer with The Splitters, who are masters of what might be called bijou rock. With Celena up front, no one in the audience leaves before the last note has been played. Top right: The Plasmatics' Wendy O. Williams is an outrageous performer compared to the delicious Diana Ross (centre right) who seems a little out of place here, but still looks fantastic.



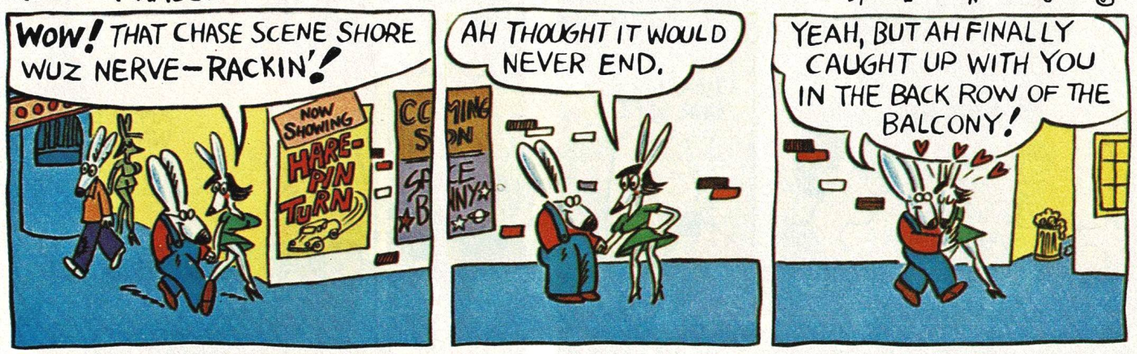
Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



REG'LAR RABBIT

by E N O S

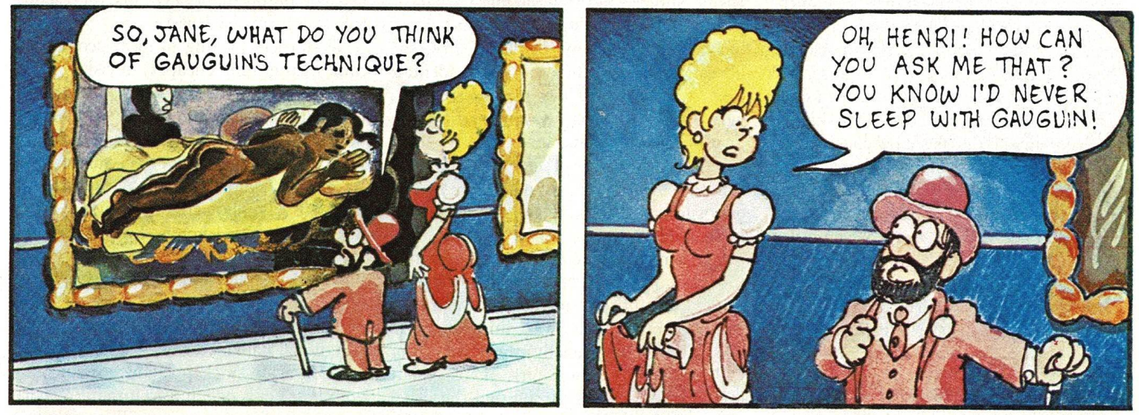


A Day in the Life of...

BY BILL JOHNSON

BORN TOULOUS

Christopher Browne



ASK DR. DUMB

BY BUD JONES

Share the wisdom of this kindly country doctor as he answers questions asked by folks just like you.

ASIA (continued from page 79)

In many of the topless bars extortion through sheer intimidation has been raised to an art form.

mistake about it, the legendary business acumen of the Hong Kong Chinese is as common to the entertainment industry as it is to, say, plastic flowers) have moved upscale a few dozen notches, and while everything looks good and costs the earth, there's really not that much to it.

To be sure, there's still one or two of the lively old girls from the old days hanging about — there's always one or two who claim to be the real Suzie Wong — but energetic back rubs in exchange for the world's most expensive thimbleful of cold tea does not for a memorable experience make.

Brandy Nancy, however, would be a real find. Nancy, whose last-known locale was the Highway Bar on Lockhart Road, was of the old school — that is to say she earned her keep within the realm of the *demi-monde*, but with certain rules as well. Anyway, she was once tabbed to escort a visiting friend of a long-time resident expatriate, who had let said friend in on the realities of the piece but had implied to Nancy — even then long in years — that she was to be a model of decorum. The evening's expensive wanderings completed, said friend managed to entice our Nancy to his suite in one of the city's top hotels, The Mandarin, and opened the negotiations. Nancy, mock rage spewing forth, inquired as to what kind of girl he thought she was and stormed out.

Brandy Nancy *was* that soft-skinned gentle maiden of the '60s, now consigned to the peculiar oblivion of Hong Kong memory, where the past is never celebrated. Her successors have become sullen and bitter, and sympathetic only to each other. A Wanchai bar is today a worthy experience only from a sociologist's angle of study. In place of the vanishing girlie bars have risen — and are rising — horrid little pubs with English names such as the Old China Hand, The Elephant's Castle or Horse And Groom. Old China Hand is the favorite hangout for expatriates; the other two cater mainly to Chinese clientele.

With little choice, then, but to move upmarket in price if not in worth, the active nighthawk in Hong Kong is thus forced to either abandon pursuit of the city's once-famed ladies of pleasure, or cross the water to the Kowloon peninsula's Tsimshatsui armed with a very fat expense account.

In many of the so-called topless bars in Tsimshatsui — which is to Kowloon what Wanchai was to Hong Kong Island — extortion through sheer intimidation has been raised to an art form, and the intending patron should do so only as a last resort or as part of a large group of tough, silent men. There is one bar, however, in the Tsimshatsui tapestry of criminal dens which will always remain dear to this writer, for reasons far more significant than the fact that once, many years ago, I arrived at the hanging curtain of the Red Lips Bar on Ashley Road both bleeding and broke, and was taken in, tended to, and dispatched by taxi to my home.

The bar is essentially a shrine now; it is said to be the oldest continuously open girlie bar in Hong Kong, and the girlies inside — many of whom may well have been with the bar on opening day — lend credence to this statement. But the beer is cold and cheap — the bar does, after all, stock Foster's — and the decor, though dim, provokes incessant whiffs of nostalgia. One drink is certainly enough, but recommended all the same to get a feel of what Hong Kong must have been like once upon a time. Would that a similar piece of Wanchai might survive for another 20 years to give us then a glimpse of now.

— O.D. CARRUTHERS

TOKYO

Like everything else in the Land Of The Rising Sun, the meeting and mating game is by no means the straight up and down business it's been in the West since the liberating '60s. Whereas we occidentals tend to regard our lives as a continuum, with eating, drinking, working and making love all making up an homogeneous whole, the Japanese adopt a far less simplistic stance. Everything is balanced by an opposite, and there's certainly no such thing as face value.

The same feudal culture which spawned the Customs official at the airport who once wanted to confiscate my copy of Australian PLAYBOY because it was immoral, also allows (albeit unofficially) the existence of Culture Palaces, where girls of just about every nationality go through all the usual sexual antics and end up getting it off with members of the audience in glass cages above your head. A Queensland-style double standard? Or part of the compartmentalising of life?

I mention all this because Japan is still a rigidly formalised society. Picking up Japanese girls is not easy. There is still a distrust of *gaijin* (foreigners) and, on some levels, an active dislike. Even in the red light areas of Tokyo (the taxi drivers, as usual, know the way), "round-eyes" often will only be given Chinese, Korean or Filipino girls, not the local product.

Of course, there's always the Ginza, redolent with neon and bars which exist on expense accounts, where a glass of scotch can start at $50 a slug. Here, too, there are pitfalls, besides the obvious one of depleting the wallet in no time flat. Many's the foreigner I've seen tumble into the trap: while a bargirl hostess is lighting his cigarettes, constantly filling his glass, stroking his thigh and running her hand through the hairs on his chest, he nudges his mate, with a conspiratorial wink which conveys the impression that they're really set up for the night, only to find that by close to midnight the bedmates have disappeared.

Not that hostesses are unreachable. But, true to form, there's a ritualistic way of getting to know each other. If a bargirl likes you — if the expensive conversation has struck an ovarian chord — she'll proffer her *meishi* (business card), and you'll do the same. (Being without business cards in Japan is a little like not wearing underpants in Toorak: it's just not done.) You don't make the assignation there and then, but ring her up in her own time.

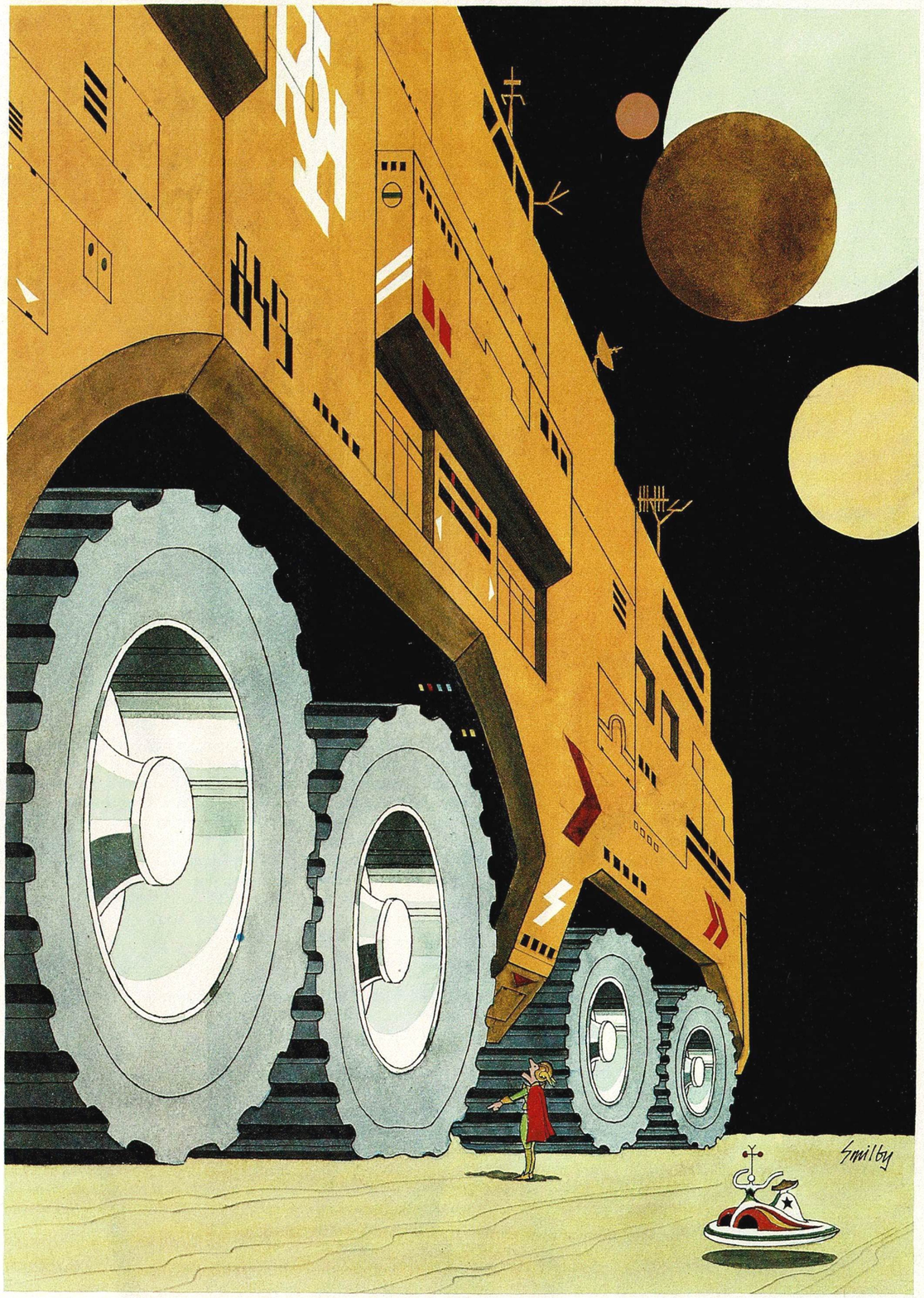
In many ways, the nightclub hostess has taken over the role of the geisha in feudal Japan who was taught to tantalise in speech and deed, but also to be consummate in playing the Japanese stringed instruments and to be able to talk cleverly and wittily to a man in a male-dominated world. She created an elaborate anticipation over dinner, rice wine and conversation. But she was reserved for the warrior class, and, to confound a prevalent misconception, was never a mere prostitute. Nowadays, the geisha is untouchable, a virginal representative of a formalised past.

Westerners looking to meet people may find it easier (and cheaper) to visit some of the Western-style bars and bistros in Roppongi, a suburb in Tokyo's diplomatic belt. These places are often frequented by European, American or Australian girls, either attached to embassies or on holidays. Alternatively, there are the lobbies and bars in the mid-priced hotels. Forget the five-star hotels: they're patronised by wealthy business people, and low-rent pubs are often "day hotels", where Japanese businessmen take their secretaries for a little dictational dalliance.

Then again, a chap I know swears that your best bet is hanging around the airport, waiting for female tourists. (To me, that's a bit like spending a weekend in Paris in an English pub.) As you may have gathered, there are no complimentary leis when you step off the plane in Japan. In a country where couples usually don't marry until their mid-twenties, and where apprenticeships can last for 30 years or more, don't expect a quick pounce. Things take time.

I've been to Japan many times, both on business and by choice, over a span of years and, though generalisations are just that, repeated visits have been well worth it: Japanese girls do make great lovers.

— IAN GLOVER



"Hey mate — you know you got a flat?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY E.J. CAMP

20 QUESTIONS: DIANE LANE

One of the spunkiest 19-year-olds in movies talks frankly about her hot new movie, Cotton Club, sex on and off the screen and what makes a really great bum.

It was easy for the world to fall in love with actress Diane Lane when, at the age of 13, she made her screen debut opposite Laurence Olivier in A Little Romance. The infatuation and Diane have since grown as she has filled out more mature teenage roles in such films as The Outsiders, Rumblefish, Six Pack and the sartorially memorable Streets Of Fire. Now she co-stars with Richard Gere in Francis Coppola's controversial Cotton Club.

***David Rensin** met with Miss Lane in New York. Says Rensin, "There are 19-year-olds and there are 19-year-olds. Diane Lane is definitely both."*

1.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to be when you grew up?

LANE: When I was eight, I drew a picture of myself as I aspired to be. I was wearing a sexy, floor-length gown with a slit and spaghetti straps. I had a great figure and I was standing on a pedestal. I had a glass in my hand and I was making a toast. People were throwing flowers; there were roses all over the floor. I pictured myself still young and good-looking by the time I was successful. I wanted to think that by the time I had arrived, I wouldn't need a face-lift. Of course, when I drew the picture, I didn't even have bee stings for breasts. But I was already asking my mum, "Can you see what I'm going to look like when I'm older?"

2.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised by the way your looks have changed?

LANE: I am relieved to look the way I do now. The flesh does hang well off my bones. And I don't exercise, I haven't yet reached that point where I'm saying, "If I could only suck in my thighs I'd be happy." You can suck in your stomach but not your thighs. But I also know that pretty soon I'm going to have to earn it and work on it so that my arse stays where it is. I don't want to have it drop when I hit 22.

3.

PLAYBOY: You were on the cover of *Time* when you were 14 years old. How did that change your life?

LANE: I didn't know I was going to be on the cover until the day the magazine came out. I hit the subway that morning and saw my face. I freaked. The newspaper guy was having a hoot, though, just handing magazines over to my mum and me — piles of them.

Actually, being on the cover impressed me. I wondered, What did I do right? It must be in the stars. Thank God it happened, because no one had ever heard of me before.

4.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Laurence Olivier in *A Little Romance*, the film that put you on the *Time* cover. What did you learn from the experience?

LANE: I knew that I had to *keep* working. You don't just do a film with Olivier and not follow it up. Besides, everyone was saying, "Boy, you have this amazing career in front of you. How promising."

5.

PLAYBOY: If you could, what man would you like to trade places with for one day?

LANE: Obviously the guy I was involved with. I'd want to know what he thought of me. You know, think of making love to another body from the other perspective. You could guarantee an orgasm. The beginning and the end of sex in your hands . . . Hmm. Who *would* I pick? Not my dad. Not any actor I'd worked with. Maybe Coppola. [*laughs*] I'd do it because I'd want to know all his dark secrets. He's got such a wide-scope life. He produces films, finances them. Is a great chef. Has a great wife, family and home, a vineyard. He knows how to do everything.

6.

PLAYBOY: Much was written about the not-so-behind-the-scenes struggles during the filming of *Cotton Club*, which Coppola directed.

LANE: Suck it out of me with a syringe! Okay. There was a real feeling of alienation for everybody, which was surprising. It was such a rich film that I thought it would require a similar richness from those involved. I never got the feeling that I was connected to what was going on — and it wasn't just me. Of course, it didn't help that you didn't know what was going to happen in the next five minutes.

In my role, I wanted very much to be — it sounds strange — mother. I wanted to be nurturing to the environment in any way I could and not leave my character [Vera Cicero] behind. I usually don't work that way, staying with the character all day. But I wanted to be nurturing — to Francis, to Richard [Gere], even to people in the hallways; to make an effort to give something, even if it was vulgar humor.

7.

PLAYBOY: You began acting at the age of seven in classic stage tragedies, whose protagonists usually have one tragic flaw. What's yours?

LANE: Shall I run through a list? A recurring theme — though it's not written in stone — is that I have such high expectations of other people that I'm perpetually disappointed. Also, one day after I've lived a full life as an attractive woman, I'll arrive at a place where I might not be what I once was in terms of my ability to attract someone *I* want. Though I hope to get it all taken care of before I get there. I guess I consider it tragic that I'm going to age like everyone else. There's something going on now in my looks that I want to preserve.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer garter belts or pantyhose?

LANE: It depends for whom I disrobe.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice you've ever received about men from a man?

LANE: My dad has said a lot of things to me. We're very tight. In fact, I've said a lot of things to him about women. But I remember the time I didn't know how to break up with my boyfriend and I asked Coppola for advice. He had a daughter who was going to be my age any minute and I figured it would be good practice for him. Besides, he *is* very paternal with me and we talk a lot about real life. He said, "Let him off the hook. Let him think that you're a bad person — if that's what he needs — so he can feel like *he's* leaving you."

See, everybody had told me that relationship wouldn't work, but I didn't want to hear it. But people kept saying, "You don't know what love is. Please. I've had three divorces and 12 children. What the hell is love anyway?" They were trying to piss on my fire. I figured, "Hey, I'm 19. Give me a fucking break. I *want* to be in love!" I had never had a boyfriend before. I wanted to be a *girlfriend:* that whole picture of the young couple walking, holding hands, at sunset, on the beach. I thought we were going to be that rare high school couple who make it all the way through in spite of the

odds against us. But he thought I was changing — getting overly sophisticated — and I hated the idea. It scared the hell out of me. And then there was the celibacy bit when we were separated — we spent a long period watching our Ps and Qs at a time when our hormones were wreaking havoc on our adolescent bodies.

It was never a matter of dump or be dumped. Francis just meant that it would be best if my boyfriend felt as if he was doing the right thing by leaving.

10.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're unattached, what kind of man has a chance with you? And do you still want that picture of love you described?

LANE: Oh, boy, a shameful lot. [*laughs*] I don't have a list of qualifications that I check when I meet someone. That's probably my problem. I would like to be more discriminating about certain things. But mainly I want someone who has had a lot of experience.

I already had what I was talking about before. Now it's time for something else. It's just another season. I'm not saying I don't want a lover — everyone wants one. But I just don't have time for one now. Maybe next week I'll make the time.

11.

PLAYBOY: Who is your best friend?

LANE: Robin has been my best friend since kindergarten. She's like my living diary. But I wonder if I can call her my best friend anymore. I don't know what's going on with her now. She went to Mexico to marry this, oh, guy, and I think it's an unbelievable mistake. And she can read about it in PLAYBOY because I haven't had the nerve to tell her in real life. Plus, she turned punk rock on me.

That's fine. I can appreciate it, but when we hang out together, you would not believe that we even know each other. Still, we went through everything together. She was the *only* friend I had.

12.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when there's nothing to do?

LANE: Think about things. Sometimes I get depressed — a lot sometimes — though more in the past, fortunately. I have plenty of things to occupy me now. But I get dragged down by not being active, not feeling as if I'm useful, feeling like I'm getting behind where people think I should be when I should be making every moment, you know, action-packed.

On the other hand, it's real easy for me to just sit down and watch TV. I'm really amazed at how easily I slip into unemployment. I enjoy it very much. I'd been working straight through until *Cotton Club*. Then I took off. I'm not a workaholic at all. I should really be reading a book for school instead of watching some pop star shake his arse on a TV rock show.

13.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of rock stars, care to comment on that photo of you in *Rolling Stone's* Random Notes and the caption that placed you with John Taylor of Duran Duran in the men's room at the opening of New York's Hard Rock Cafe?

LANE: Oh, please. Oh, boy. I'm sure his fiancee loved that. I met the guy that night. Some people were looking for him upstairs. I was going to the bathroom and . . . I don't really remember what happened. If you recall, in the picture, I was practically cross-eyed. But that's okay. Who cares? I was not in the bathroom with him. I was just going, "John, John," and he wasn't hearing me so I walked over to the men's room and stuck my head in and spoke to him. But you never know who's walking around there. My only concern later was being wrongly identified with that crowd of girls who circulate with, and are hung up on, rock musicians — the rock'n'roll slut syndrome.

I've gone through the period where whenever a muso walked into the room, I'd freak completely.

I'm not saying I don't want a lover — everyone wants one. But I just don't have time for one now. Maybe next week I'll make the time.

14.

PLAYBOY: What can money buy and what do you spend yours on?

LANE: It can buy time and places and sometimes people, though I wouldn't want anyone I could buy. I spend it on trying to make myself and other people happy. I buy pants and shoes and garish nail polish to wear only once. I may not need something, but I want it. And I have the money so why the hell shouldn't I? I also try to purchase culture — like artifacts and opportunities to learn through seeing, because I've always felt there's not going to be enough time to acquire it through experience.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do young people still think a lot about death?

LANE: I have had this bizarre thought that mine will not be a simple, normal death. For a while, I thought that after my kids had grown up, a UFO would descend and relieve me of this existence. Just take me away. Can you imagine? Later, when I was 12, I went to see *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and I was standing up in the movie theatre yelling and crying, "Take me! Take me!" My friends were holding me down, saying, "You're embarrassing us. Sit down." But my girlfriend was crying, too. We were very moved. We wanted to go out on that spaceship. I've never actually seen a UFO, but I've always thought one would show itself to me. I always thought I was important in *that* sense. I thought I had some kind of connection with these UFO people.

16.

PLAYBOY: Your parents were divorced 13 days after you were born and you've since lived with one or the other. Any advice for single parents?

LANE: Respect your child's intelligence and don't try to hide lots of stuff about yourself from your kid. You're not going to be able to, anyway.

17.

PLAYBOY: What gift have you always wanted to give your father?

LANE: The home that he wants; some place he'd be happy in and that would be more "him" than these cubicles in which he lives in Manhattan. He wants to develop a green thumb and he's good at it. He's got four-foot grapefruit trees in his apartment right now.

18.

PLAYBOY: Here's the socially redeeming part of the inteview. This is your chance to speak out to someone, or about any subject. You're on.

LANE: Oh, great! On three seconds' notice. Hmm. Well, not in order of priority, but I was thinking of this last night. If I had a wish, or wishes, one of them would be to be able to make love to any man I wanted to and be able to erase it from his pompous memory. And that would be all I'd need to make me a little happier. He wouldn't know what happened. How did I get into this room? What happened to my clothes? Bye, see you on the subway. I don't want to have to deal with the after-effects of his having tainted me or had me or however he sees it, or I might fear he sees it. The conquest aspect of sex is something I wouldn't have to deal with then. Of course, I've been told by some guys who are just friends that I'm a bit of a conqueror myself.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is that all?

LANE: I'm concerned about the sea as our toilet bowl for refuse. I think everything in this hotel room will probably be at the bottom of the ocean before I'm dead. And it's a damn shame. The one thing that should reach beyond international politics is the way we dispose of our crap. It makes me angry.

20.

PLAYBOY: What are you looking forward to?

LANE: I'd like to get past this age where people don't yet expect me to be a responsible person.

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CRICKET

(continued from page 82)

Game telecasts have made a speciality of camera-spotting the sexiest bodies in the crowd.

participants only, trapped in a 1930s time warp of outmoded thinking.

"In just a few years we've managed to change all that," says Mojo creative director Fran Allan.

"We knew the dedicated cricket buff would still come to the games, but we were more interested in attracting people who normally wouldn't consider themselves fans."

Mojo directed its advertising at young people, the 18-35 year bracket, and women. They got help from match telecasts which focused on the game's glamorous aspects and have made a speciality of camera-spotting the sexiest bodies in the crowd.

One device cleverly deployed by Mojo was the "niggle". Aussies seem to respond to a nationalistic jibe and Mojo obliged by slipping a few into the one-day promotions and carrying them through to the Test adverts. The fans duly followed. Not surprisingly the promotion of the "niggle" caused near apoplexy in establishment enclaves. The sight of an Australian player telling the world that the Pakistanis couldn't win a chook raffle didn't sit too well with the chaps in the Members' Lounge. And in the greatest piece of rat-bag editorialising ever to appear in the cricket bible, *Wisden* took the nationalism theme to task in its criticism of the near riot during the Perth Test of the 1982-83 England tour. *Wisden* blamed the ground invasion that led to Terry Alderman suffering a severe shoulder injury on advertising themes that supposedly fanned animosity among England supporters. More accurate reporting would have indicated that the perpetrators bore the tribal resemblance of the hooligans who have created havoc for English soccer clubs and the problem had nothing to do with the way cricket had been promoted.

Champion of the "niggle" is Nugget, an ocker character created by Mojo and actor Terry Bissaker to relay the seasonal theme for the defence of our cricketing pride. This season's *Showdown For The Crown* is underscored by Australia's desperate desire to halt the Windies' complete dominance of both Test and limited-over cricket. The Mojo ads depict a determined Aussie squad going through a tough pre-season preparation in the knowledge they will need to be better prepared than ever before if they are to dethrone the calypso kings.

The exercise revealed just how tightly the principal elements of Australian cricket are interwoven. The board, PBL and Mojo realise the entire summer's promotion could stand or fall on the Aussies' ability to match it with the Windies.

Late last winter, while the nation was absorbed by football finals, Mojo assembled the Australians for a commercial briefing.

"The players have always been very co-operative," recalls Fran Allan, "and with the summer still months away, they thought they were in for a fun day."

Instead, the Mojo crew put the team through a tough workout, parts of which appear in the commercials. The idea was to impress upon everybody, and particularly the players, that Aussie cricket could not afford a "blackwash" this summer. There was simply too much at stake. The players should hardly have needed reminding. About 50 percent of Australia's current Test side could call themselves true full-time professionals, that status being almost solely dependent on their ability to hold a place in the side.

Few things could be more catastrophic than a loss of form resulting in a lengthy spell out of the national side, and player payments are higher than ever this season, meaning that most of the star players have geared their lifestyles to what they can expect to earn from cricket. In pure cash and career terms, these players cannot afford to appear anywhere other than at the very highest level.

Kim Hughes, a 31-year-old family man who, when not playing cricket, works in a managerial role for a building society, is said to gross about $100,000 a year. Hughes is not prone to extravagant taste, but non-selection would mean that he might think twice before ordering up his next crate of a favored Margaret River white.

The demands of this season have forced those involved to realise how reliant each element of the Aussie cricket machine is on the others. Mojo and PBL can help sell the superstar value of a Lawson, Border or Hughes and everybody can reap the benefit of the campaign's success. But spare a minute to ponder what happens if the player in question fails to perform.

"For that reason, everybody understands that it's a team effort," concludes Fran Allan. "We're all on the same side."

If the new order in Australian cricket is in fact a side, then the players are still the most vital components. Next on the pecking order is not the board, PBL or Mojo, but those responsible for the telecasting of the game.

The ABC has played a distinguished role in broadcasting Australian cricket since the great commentator Alan McGilvray first simulated the sound of leather on willow by tapping a pencil on his desk almost half a century ago. McGilvray is gone, and while Auntie is still heavily involved in both radio and television cricket, she plays little part in the energetic commercialism of the modern product.

That role is monopolised by the Nine Network, the Kerry Packer-owned conglomerate that provides saturation TV coverage while doubling as the marketplace for every company with the desire and advertising dollars to link its name with the nation's great summer passion.

The Nine coverage has its detractors who talk with some justification of commercial breaks ruining dramatic development, hyperbolic commentators and the sin of overkill. Any criticism, however, is offset by the technological advances made by Nine in the art of televising cricket. Australia's TV sports directors are considered the most innovative of all and Nine's cricket coverage ranks with the Seven Network's Bathurst 1000 telecast as the finest example of the local product.

Prime factors in the Nine act are thoroughness and intimacy. With 11 ground cameras to play with, senior director Brian Morelli and his off-sider, Geoff Morris, can cover every blade of grass, every bead of sweat. With its "talking stump" microphone, Nine brought home the telling click that denotes a caught behind, and the death-rattle of tumbling bails.

David Hill is Nine's *Wide World Of Sports* executive producer. When the network bit the cricket bullet seven years ago, Hill was appointed to head up the team. He has maintained executive responsibility ever since.

"Television techniques have developed, as have our expectations," he says. "We're now able to put the viewer in a position he's never been able to achieve at a cricket match, with a better view than most of the players."

The result is high ratings, bulk advertising revenue and hours of locally made television which help the network achieve its Australian-content quota.

PBL boss Lynton Taylor has gone on record to say that he'd welcome another network — Seven, for instance — bidding for the TV rights. Lynton's quote was a good one, but would have carried much more credibility if it had come from Packer. The current arrangement involving the Packer-owned television network and marketing company has taken a lot of time and investment to fine-tune. It is a neat and absolutely fruitful business arrangement and there would be little merit in altering the status quo. After all, Packer is still a cricket fan.

The logistics of Nine's summer of cricket are mind-blowing. When the television crew hits the road it is with all the equipment and organisational magnitude of a Rolling Stones tour. Meanwhile, David Hill and Brian Morelli cultivate ulcers worrying whether the equipment vans will arrive on time for the next match.

This season's telecasts started back in October with the McDonald's Cup and will run to mid-March when the final of the World Championship Of Cricket is played under lights in Melbourne. And if you haven't had enough by then, well, you'll have to wait only a couple of months before Nine telecasts the Ashes series live from England.

Last Australian autumn, Hill and Nine's outside broadcast supervisor, Warren Berkery, went to the UK to plan coverage of the Ashes battle. Their groundwork means that 1985 will be the year we find out just how much cricket the sports-mad Aussie public can take. What constitutes an overdose could well be decided by the Australian team's performance. If there is one sight we can't tolerate it's watching our boys on the wrong end of a flogging.

The worst scenario for Australian cricket would be a series of humiliations during the remainder of this season followed by a poor start to the England tour. The resultant effect on morale, popularity, ratings and advertising revenue could well be enough to make the ACB change strategy and for the Packer companies to distance themselves from the product. For PBL, that would be an unlikely event before 1990 when the ACB contract is due to expire.

The greatest fear expressed about the consumer approach to cricket is that the product will be flogged to the point that it finally loses its popular appeal. Like a much played pop single it will then be discarded. The game does have its limitations. There are only seven countries on the international circuit and, in addition to Australia, just two of those (the West Indies and England) have strong promotional appeal. Already there are rumblings that the Windies have been over-exposed and over-played to the detriment of international cricket. The Windies' very invincibility can be attributed in part to the fact that the squad has had so much international practice over the past five years. If cricket's interest might be served by keeping the Caribbeans away from these shores for a few years, what are the alternatives? Surely not a three-cornered contest involving Australia, New Zealand and Sri Lanka?

While the ACB can cite statistics such as a world record one-day crowd of 86,133 at Melbourne last year as good reason to be happy with the status quo, there remain the few who believe cricket was meant to be controlled and played at a much more sedate pace. For the meantime, ACB executive director David Richards is convinced marketing and sponsorship have become two of the game's most important aspects. Richards recently applied the establishment's seal of approval to the shape of modern cricket when he described PBL's contribution as "excellent".

Both Fran Allan of Mojo and Tony Skelton of PBL are certain the public's appreciation of the cricketing product is stronger than ever.

"The large retail outlets are ordering more merchandising products each year," affirms Skelton. "They're more convinced than ever that they're backing a sure thing."

The short-term benefits of cricket's commercial clout cannot be questioned. The huge cash injection generated by the game's new-found popularity with fans and sponsors has enabled the ACB to launch schemes administrators once dreamed about. Development plans extend as far as a $1.1 million program for kids of primary school age and run the gamut through national under-16 and under-19 championships, national youth teams and scholarships, to fabulous incentives for first-class players.

In keeping with the sport's galloping professionalism, respective associations are insisting Sheffield Shield and national teams be better prepared than before. Greater reliance on sports medicine, psychology and training techniques lifted from sports such as US baseball and soccer are among the newer trends. The funds to make it all possible have stemmed from sponsorships and cricket's popularity with the paying customer; further endorsement that the PBL-Mojo strategy has been largely beneficial. Cash injections such as the $5 million invested by Benson & Hedges this season help maintain the impetus at first-class level.

Where once players quit the game early in order to make a quid to provide for sorely neglected families, the incentives now exist to keep the star performers in harness until their services are no longer required. No more will we see top players being forced to retire prematurely, and to add to the players' security the ACB now has the means to secure a national squad with year-round rather than tour contracts. More players can claim the status of full-time professionals and that means Australia should produce a crop of more dedicated players who are fitter and less prone to distractions than their predecessors.

Meanwhile, the strategists are pondering how to fill the void created by the departure of Marsh, Lillee and Greg Chappell. Heroes can be made and destroyed in an afternoon, but legends take a little longer. For that reason the promotional machine is geared to push the merits of Lawson, Border, Hogg, Wessels, Hughes and company.

Good timing is an asset in any sport and those players have had the fortune to prevail at a time when there is real money to be made in Australia's national game. While you're watching them do the rounds this season, take time during a commercial break or between beers to ponder the possibilities of Australia unearthing another Bradman or, perhaps more modestly, a genuine world-class all-rounder.

As they say in the advertising world, he could write his own cheque, and maybe he would single-handedly provide all the promotion cricket ever needed.

ALLAN BORDER— THE BIG BUCKS BATSMAN

ALLAN BORDER is the classic example of the modern Australian cricketer with the profile and timing to become one of the game's superstars and reap the cash rewards that go with such a title.

The 29-year-old left-hander has emerged as a world-class batsman at an age when he can fully exploit his ability. The money that now exists in cricket suggests that some players, particularly batsmen, will be willing to stay in the game well into their late thirties and perhaps early forties. US baseball experienced this age transition when fat contracts persuaded the stars to stick longer at their trade.

Border's stature has been built on his undoubted batting ability and mass-media exposure; and the need for Australian cricket to create characters to replace the likes of Lillee, Marsh and Greg Chappell means we'll be learning more about the personal foibles of Border, or Pugsley as he's known to his mates.

He is one player who can genuinely be called a full-time pro. That was made possible by his move from NSW to Queensland and the cash he's accumulated from international cricket since making his Test debut against England during 1978-79 while Australia's senior players were in World Series Cricket ranks.

Not surprisingly, Border rates the advent of WSC as his luckiest break. With the stars out of establishment cricket, he made his run for international ranks and, despite the odd loss of form, has never looked back. This season's *National Nine Tour Guide* described Border as Australia's premier batsman. It's a title he has earned with ability and courage, two factors that have made him one of the most popular and promotable personalities among the current crop of Test players.

If you were framing a market for this summer's Benson & Hedges International Cricketer Of The Year, Border would have probably figured on the third row of betting at the beginning of the season. The winner will get $30,000 worth of Nissan 300ZX.

While all the ads might emphasise team performances, it's personal incentives like the Nissan car that also keep all players on their toes to maintain form right through the season.

DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON?

There are better places for a spaceship to land than the middle of an inter-galactic battlefield.

Fiction by **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

FROM THE BEGINNING *of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measled with the colonies of Man.*

Then, one day in the year 11,406, an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased from the computer's memory more than 1000 colonies, all in Sector FUBAR3. For half a millennium,

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

those colonies, young and struggling when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship Hopeful, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

The two armies were massed in terrible array, banners flying, the hosts facing each other across the verdant valley. The tents of the generals were magnificently bedecked, pennons whipping in the breeze. Down below, clergymen in white and black blessed the day and the pounded grass and the generals and the banners and the archers and the horses and those who sweep up behind the horses. Filled with a good breakfast, the soldiers on the slopes stood comfortably, happy to be a part of this historic moment, while the supreme commanders of both forces marched with their aides and their scribes down through their respective armies and out across the green sweep of neutral territory toward the table and the altar set up in the very centre of the valley under a yellow flag of truce.

This was the first time these two supreme commanders had met, and they studied each other with a pardonable curiosity while the various aides exchanged documents and provided signatures. Is he fiercer-looking than me? the supreme commanders wondered as they eyed each other. Is his jaw firmer and leaner? Do his eyes flash more coldly and cruelly? Is his backbone more ramrod-stiff?

The ministers sprinkled holy water over the papers. The supreme commanders firmly shook hands — *very* firmly shook hands — and a great cheer went up from the multitudes on the slopes. The ceremony was complete. The name had been changed. The 300 Years War was now officially the 400 Years War.

"Look out!" someone shouted.

Soldiers gaped. Horses neighed and pawed the ground. Clergy and aides fled with cassocks and tunics flapping, supreme commanders took to their heels and the great long silver bullet of the spaceship settled slowly, delicately, almost lazily into the very centre of the valley, the massive base of the thing gently mashing the main altar into a dinner mat.

●

"Remember, Councilman," Ensign Kybee Benson said, pacing the councilman's cabin, "these are intelligent and subtle people, the descendants of philosophers."

"Hardly a problem," Councilman Morton Luthguster responded. "I'm something of a philosopher myself."

Ensign Benson and Councilman Luthguster meshed imperfectly. Ensign Benson was almost painfully aware that the reason the councilman had been chosen to represent the Galactic Council on this endless, trivial, boring mission to the universal boondocks was simply that nobody at the Galactic Council could stand the man's pomposities anymore. Luthguster didn't realise that; nor did he realise that it was Ensign Benson's sharp-nosed personality that had won *him* a berth on the *Hopeful* (neither did Ensign Benson); but he'd certainly noticed that all his conversations with Ensign Benson left him with the sense that his fur had been rubbed the wrong way.

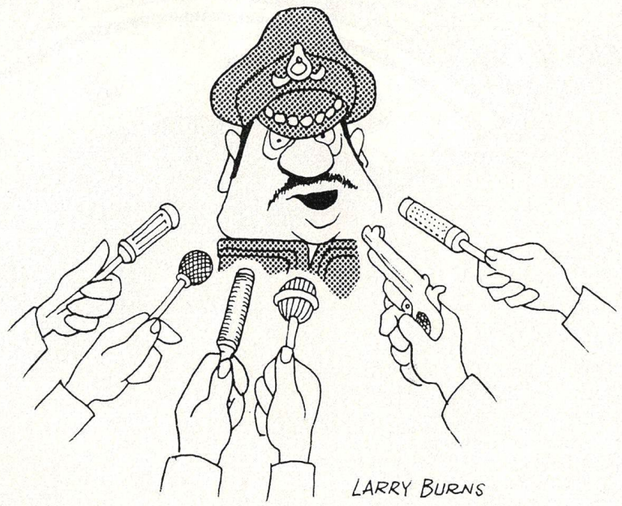
Ensign Benson's face now wore the expression of a man eating a lemon. "Councilman, would you like to know which *particular* philosophy these philosophers philosophised about?"

"You're the social engineer," Luthguster pointed out, getting a bit prickly himself. "It's your job to background me."

"Dualists," Ensign Benson said. "They were dualists."

"You mean they *fought* each other?"

Lieutenant Billy Shelby, the *Hopeful's* young second in command, knocked on the open door and entered the cabin, saying, "Sir, the ship has landed."



"Just a second, Billy." Taking a deep breath, *displaying* his patience, Ensign Benson said, "Not duellists, Councilman, dualists. They believed in the philosophy of dualism. Simply stated, the idea that there are two sides to every story."

"At the very least," Luthguster said. "Back in the Galactic Coun—"

"Gemini," Ensign Benson interrupted. "That's what they named their colony, after the twins of the zodiac. They'd originally considered Janus, after the two-faced god, but that suggested a duplicity they didn't intend. Discussion and debate: that's the core of their approach to life."

"A civilised and cultured people, obviously." Luthguster preened himself, patting his big round belly. "We shall get along famously."

"No doubt," Ensign Benson said. "Shall we begin?"

They followed Billy Shelby down to the main hatch, where the ladder had already been extruded, but the door was not yet open. Waiting beside it was Captain Standforth, tall and thin and vague, his stun gun ready in his hand. Pointing to the weapon, Luthguster said, "We won't be needing that, Captain. These are peaceful scholars."

"I thought I might shoot some birds," said the captain. "For stuffing." Bird taxidermy was the only thing in life the captain really cared about. Seven generations of Standforths had, unfortunately, made such magnificent careers in the Galactic Patrol that this Standforth had had no choice but to sign up when he'd attained the proper age, but the whole thing had been a ghastly mistake, which everybody now knew — and which was why *he* had been assigned to the *Hopeful*.

"Shoot birds later," Luthguster said, somewhat stiffly. "Let us begin peaceably. Open the door, Billy."

Billy pushed the button, the door opened and Luthguster stepped out on to the platform at the head of the ladder. "Fellow thinkers," he cried out and fell back into the ship with seven arrows stuck in him.

●

"Rotten aim," Chief Engineer Hester Hanshaw said, wiping her hands on a greasy rag, then dropping it onto the cluster of pulled arrows. "You'll live."

"At least you could sound happier about it," Luthguster told her. Lying there on the engine-room table, he was so enswathed in bandages that he looked like a gift-wrapped beach ball.

"It's mostly all that blubber protected you," Hester said unsympathetically. "You're a very inefficient design."

"Well, thank you very much."

There was no doctor on the *Hopeful*, there being room for only five crew members and the councilman. Hester Hanshaw, fortyish, blunt of feature and speech and hand and mind, had taken a few first-aid courses before departure, with the attitude that the

(continued on page 118)

Once is not enough

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at Voyager, the Gold Coast Timeshare Resort that's right on the beach and only 5 minutes from the dazzling, international, Jupiter's Casino – due to open this year.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY BROWELL

Left to right: Stylish side-locking briefcase in rich brown leather features gold combination locks; by Corolla, it is available for $205 exclusively from Kitchings. ● Black corrugated rubber satchel which zips on three sides is high-tech chic by Mandarin Duck for $135 from Rosie Nice. ● Trend-setting white tin mesh school case-style briefcase from Siat of Italy for $49; available in four different colors from Artes Studios. ● German-made, ultra-slim, black leather Seeger Slim attache case has a silver handle sporting a black leather grip; upmarket style for upmarket executives, retails for $595 from Hunt Leather. ● The Seeger Solar Attache has a mini-computer which converts light into energy which operates its electronic lock; this is a unique briefcase for executives with everything except money problems; from Hunt Leather for $1690.

We brief you on the best executive attaches.

CASE STUDY

Fashion by Vitek

It's an open and shut case. It's time for boring old briefcases and cumbersome attache bags to be relegated to the back of the wardrobe. The new breed of briefcases is streamlined, versatile and good-looking. Materials range from corrugated rubber and tin mesh to the finest leather. Snappy satchels and boxy numbers looking more

than a little like school cases are vying for attention with the more conventional ultra-slim attache cases. Whether you tote your packed lunch to work or a pile of classified documents, there's a briefcase to cope with your requirements. And myriad new features are being included in each design. You can count among the latest developments a briefcase with a solar-powered, computerised locking system and another which leads the double life of attache bag and overnight bag. The former features a three-digit opening code with 8000 possible combinations, while the latter has a detachable mechanism that enables you to use one half as a conventional briefcase and the other as a compact case roomy enough to accommodate everything you may need for an overnight trip. We scoured specialty shops throughout Australia to put together this feature and we found an astonishing array of new models available.

We've mixed and matched the conventional with the chic and we guarantee you'll agree that going back to work never looked like so much fun.

ACE Detachable leather briefcase in brown with gold trim, priced at $245 and available exclusively from Kitchings Leather and Travel Goods: an ideal case for overnight business trips; one half is a conventional briefcase, riddled with pockets and pouches designed to keep business knick-knacks within easy reach; the other, detachable half can accommodate a change of clothes and toothbrush.

Our Detachable case contains: sterling silver-trimmed wallet, $52, sterling silver-trimmed address book, $49, sterling silver-trimmed keycase, $36, Lamy silver pen, $22 (all from Hunt Leather); silver champagne swizzle stick, $109, black and gold lighter, $410, travel clock in gold and silver, $235, silver hip flask, $170 (all from Dunhill); Sanyo micro-cassette recorder, $83 from all leading electrical appliance and department stores; Canon AE camera featuring fully automatic focus, $189 from all leading retailers; pink Pierre Cardin shirt and Pierre Cardin tie from Tony Barlow.

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SONS *(continued from page 58)*

You know the kind of things I tried to tell him. Father things. But he wasn't having any of it.

been in the rain a lot together." I was wet and my feet hurt. I wanted to get the tent up and start a fire.

He cut his eyes toward me. Drops of rain hung on the ends of his fine lashes. He was suddenly very serious. What the hell was going on here? What was going on was the past that is never past and, in this case, the past against which I had no defence except my own failed heart.

"We weren't in it together," he said. "You made me stand in it. Stand in it for a long time."

Yes, I had done that, but I had not thought about it in years. It's just not the sort of thing a man would want to think about. Byron's mother had gone away for a while and left me to take care of him. He was then seven years old and just starting in the second grade. I had told him that day to be home at six o'clock and we would go out to dinner. Truthfully, we'd been out to eat every night since Sally had been gone, because washing dishes is right up at the top of the list of things I won't do. It had started misting rain at midday and had not stopped. Byron had not appeared at six, nor was he there at 6.45. That was back when I was bad to go to the bottle and, while I wasn't drunk, I wasn't sober, either. Lay it on the grog. A man will snatch at any straw to save himself from the responsibility of an ignoble action. When he did come home at 7.15 I asked him where he'd been.

"At Joe's," he said. But I had known that. I reminded him of when we had said we were going to dinner. But he had known that.

"It was raining," he said.

I said, "Let's go out and look at it."

We went out into the carport and watched the warm spring rain.

"And you thought the rain would hurt you if you walked home in it?"

"It's *raining*, Dad," he said, exasperated now.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "You go out there and stand in it and we'll see how much it hurts you."

He walked out into the rain and stood looking at me. "How long do I have to stand here?"

"Only until we see if it hurts you. Don't worry, I'll tell you when you are about to get hurt."

I went back inside. So far, pretty shitty, but it gets worse. When I went back inside, I sat down in an armchair, meaning to stay there only a minute. But I hadn't reckoned with the grog and the rain on the roof. I woke with a start and looked at my watch. It was a quarter to nine. I went outside and there the boy stood, his blond hair plastered and every thread on him soaked. He didn't look at all sad or forlorn; what he did look was angry.

"Come on in," I said. And then: "Where do you want to eat?"

"I don't think I want to eat."

"How do you feel?" I asked.

He glared at me. "Well, I'm not *hurt*."

We sat there on the top of the mountain and looked at each other with the rain falling around us. I'd forgotten entirely about my feet and the tent and the fire. My throat felt like it was closing up and I had to speak to keep breathing.

"I wanted to apologise, but I had done such a sorry thing that I couldn't bring myself to do it. But at the time, it didn't seem like it'd do any good."

"It probably wouldn't have," he said. "Then."

"Well, I'm sorry. I was wrong. I should have said so but. . ." I'd run out of words.

He said, "I know. And I was only down the block. I've thought about it. I could have called. But, shit, I was only a *little* kid."

I loved that. I loved how he said he was only a little kid. "What were you thinking while you were out there? I mean, you had plenty of time to think."

He shook his head and laughed as though he couldn't believe the memory of his thinking himself. "I only thought of one thing."

"What was that?"

"I thought 'That drunk fucker thinks I'm going to call and ask him to come in out of the rain. . . but I'm *not*'." Then he laughed like it was the funniest thing in the world, and I laughed, too.

That was the first time I knew he was the kind of bloke who could be put out on the street naked and he'd survive. I thought it then and I think it now. But more than that, there on the mountain, the boy and I had been privileged to share a moment of grace that we could never have shared if I had not fucked up so badly all those years ago and if he had not had the kind of heart he has. But that moment is the privilege of blood.

●

Sons grow up, though. God knows they do in a heartbeat. Byron grew up running with me. By the time he was a teenager, we had a four-mile course, full of hills, laid out. But the very worst of the hills was the last one. On the four miles, we jogged and talked, nothing serious; but at the bottom of that last, long hill, we'd always sprint and I always won. Somehow, I thought I always would. But the day came at the beginning of his 14th year when he beat me by 20 yards. I shook his hand but I was cranky. I don't like to lose at anything. But then, neither does he. And we always had the understanding between us — never, to my knowledge, spoken — that neither of us, whether playing handball or whatever, *gave* the other anything. If you wanted the point, you had to win it. As we cooled out walking, I began to feel better and then proud of him. But the only thing I said was, "There's always tomorrow."

He patted my back, a little too kindly, a little too softly, I thought, and said, "Sure, Dad, there's always tomorrow."

I never beat him on the hill again. But I still had the gymnasium. Lungs and speed may go, but strength stays. Well, it stays for a while. And I don't even have to tell you, do I, that the day came when he was stronger on the bench and at the rack than I was. Strange feeling for a father. No, not strange, sad. Part of me wanted him to grow into manhood, but another part of me had a hard time accepting it. Maybe, in my private heart, I'll never be entirely able to accept it. If I live to be seventy, he'll still be my boy at 40. I know: soppy, isn't it? I don't even like it myself. But I don't have to like it; all I have to do is live with it.

And out of the feeling of the father for the son comes the desire to save him from pain, knowing full well that it is impossible. But that in no way diminishes the desire. You want to save him from the obvious things like broken legs or lacerated flesh; but more than that you are at some trouble to see that he is not hurt by life. I am talking here about education. Maybe I'm particularly sensitive about that because nobody in the history of my family ever went to university except me. So imagine how I felt six months ago when I walked by Byron's apartment and, as we were talking, he told me that he was leaving the university after being there two years.

"What are you going to do, son?"

"Play the guitar," he said.

The guitar has been his passion for years. It is not unusual for him to practise six hours a day for weeks running. And to give him his due, he is a good guitarist. But if he just continued in the university he would. . . But you probably know the kinds of things I tried to tell him. Father things. But he wasn't having any of it.

Finally, in exasperation, I said a dumb fatherly thing: "Byron, do you know how many boys there are with guitars who think they're going to make a living playing?"

He only smiled and asked, "Dad, when you were my age, how many boys do you think there were who owned typewriters who thought they were going to make a living writing?"

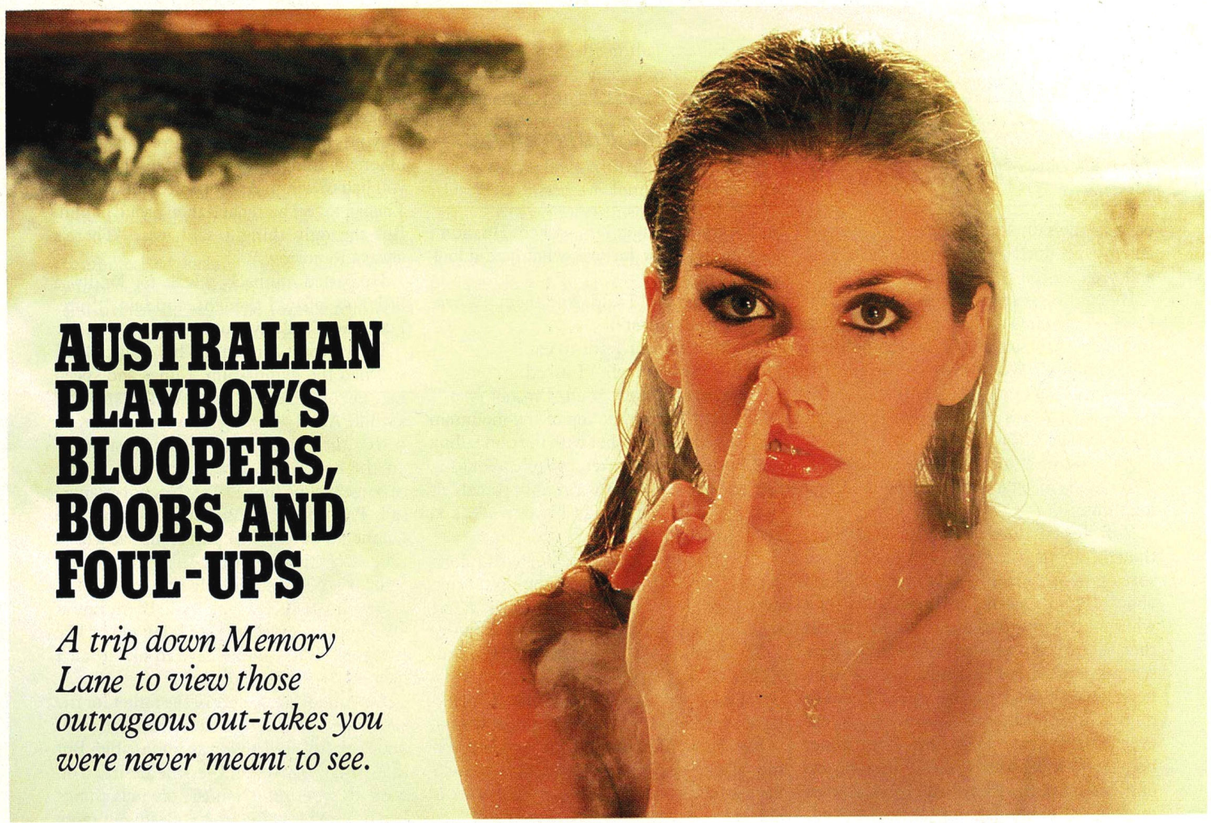
There it is. The father has his dream. The son has his. And a dream is unanswerable. All you can do for a man with a dream is wish him well.

"Do well, son," I said.

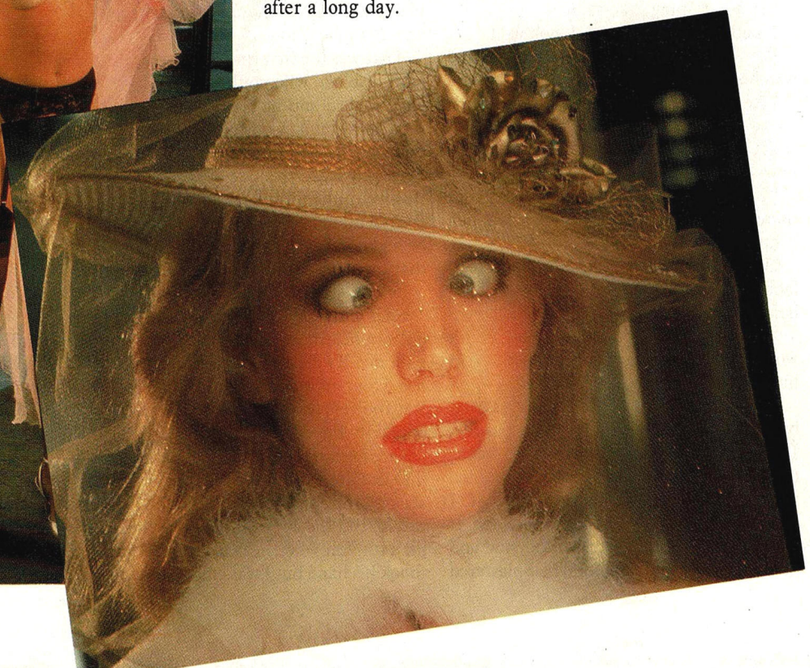
"I'll try," he said.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S BLOOPERS, BOOBS AND FOUL-UPS

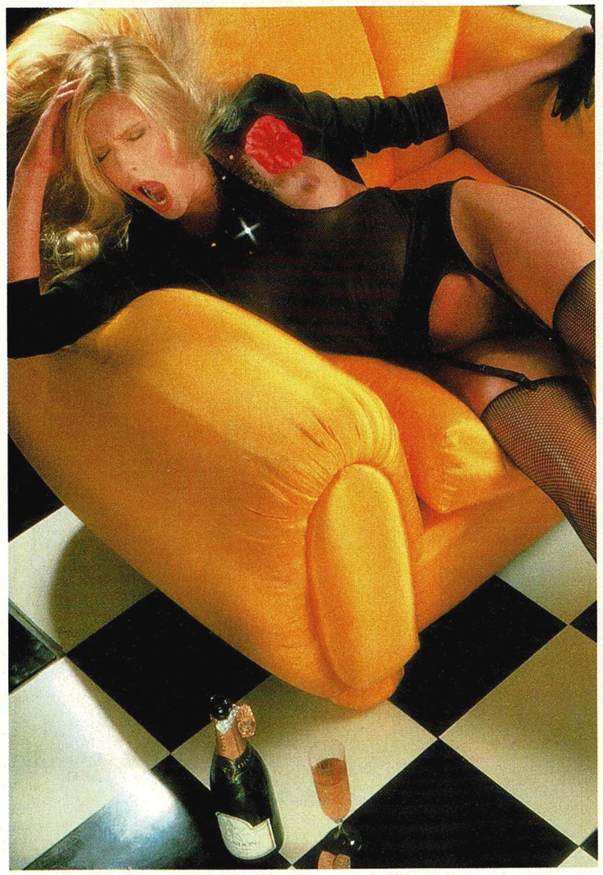
A trip down Memory Lane to view those outrageous out-takes you were never meant to see.

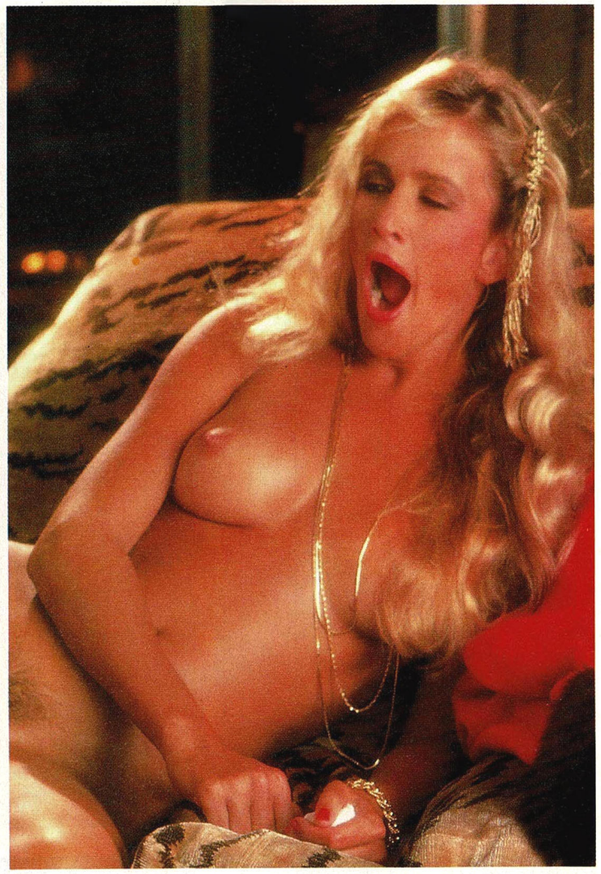


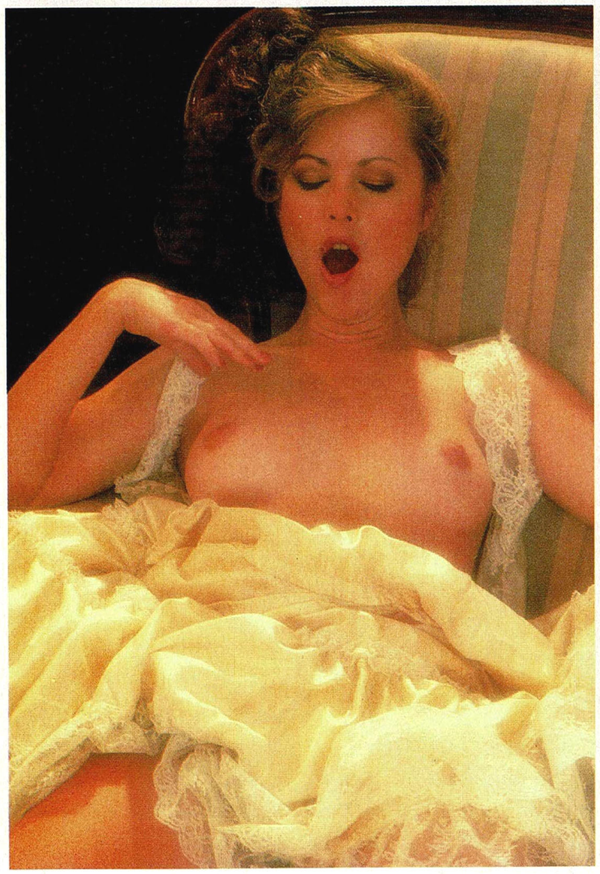
It's the line everyone who works at Australian PLAYBOY hears at least a dozen times each week — need any centrefold photographers? Well, as a matter of fact we tell 'em we don't. Our centrefold photographers are very happy in their work and show no signs of leaving. Can you blame 'em? But it isn't all glamor and steamed-up lenses as these pictures will prove. Like everyone else, we have our foul-ups — as Terri Welles, above, can attest. This is the one shot she didn't want you to see. Left: Joan Bennett gives a nosy window cleaner a load of cheek while below, Shannon Tweed after a long day.

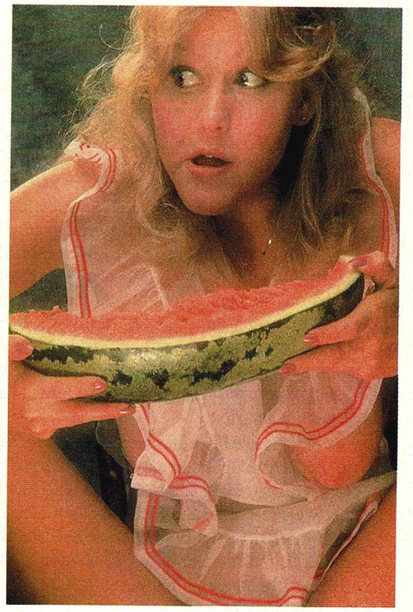


Top left: Even the floor sweepers are blase at Australian PLAYBOY; Top right: Shannon Tweed being her usual sexy, graceful self; Above: That's Kym Malin who was suffering serious lip fatigue.









Just to show how thrilling all our photo sessions are, that's Marlene Janssen, top left facing page, who can hardly keep her eyes open. Clockwise from Marlene that's Kym Herrin, Cathy St. George and Linda Rhys Vaughn. This page, top left, we have Patricia Farinelli all agape, clockwise from Patricia, Lynda Wiesmeier lets the melon pips fall where they may, Patty Duffek has a snack attack and Patricia McClain is unable to contain her excitement. See. . . it's really all business and no play at Australian PLAYBOY. Nudge, nudge, wink, wink.

RUSTLERS *(continued from page 42)*

The more they (the Robertsons) complained to police and anyone who would listen, the worse matters became.

in this setting — the towering hills swathed in low cloud to our east, the peaceful sloshing sounds and the clink-clink of halyards against aluminium masts, the woman chain-smoking, the two big men alert, murmuring together, studying the blue and red launch — the short, ugly weapon perched beside me on the bunk like a vicious lap dog.

"The police boat followed us for ages the other day," Robertson explained. "We were just cruising about and they stuck with us all the way."

He twiddled the binoculars. "I'd use the gun if I had to," he said. "If it meant our lives or theirs . . ."

"Your lives or whose?"

They looked at me as if I was a very slow learner.

"This is a huge conspiracy involving some very dangerous men," said Lunney. "We have to be alert to any possibility."

Then Fran Robertson said they'd recently visited a gypsy clairvoyant who examined their palms and predicted the mysteries of Alehvale could be fully explained by "an old black man who knows all".

I nodded, wondering how palmistry and high seas drama had found its way into this western-style adventure story. Were these people a few sandwiches short of a picnic? Or was it justifiable paranoia, a condition that could be described as the state of mind of those in possession of all the facts.

Concealing my misgivings, I arranged to meet Lunney the next morning at Mt Surprise en route to Croydon. I cleared town before sunrise in a fast hire car, sans Smith & Wesson. By the sound of things, we would have ample firepower at the ranch.

Late that night I found accommodation at a motel in what was quiet enough to be a ghost town: still, cold and cloaked by a heavy mist. I felt a little jumpy, but finally dozed off to the soothing drone of the world's most detailed stock sales report.

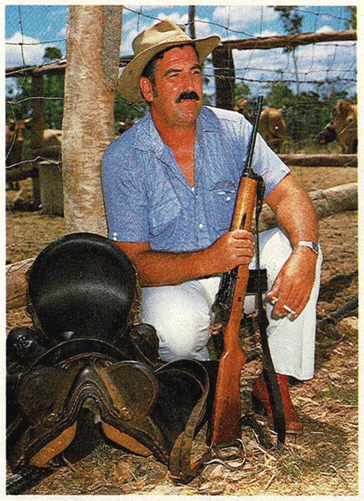
Next day, just west of Georgetown on the last leg into Croydon, Lunney pulled to a halt ahead of me and climbed out of his 4WD. He opened the rear doors and began handing loaded automatic weapons to two retired army friends who had joined him in Cairns. They were there "to provide a bit of psychological support" as one of them put it.

"Can't take any chances from here on in," said Lunney, eyes flinty beneath a battered stetson. Cradling their machine-guns, Lunney's friends, one riding shotgun up front with him, the other with me, squinted resolutely all the way to the Lazy KZ.

Although small by local standards, Alehvale is a model cattle property with unlimited natural water, plenty of feed, picturesque craggy bluffs sheltering the comfortable homestead on three sides, and adequate shade: yellow-flowered quinine trees, she-oaks, gums and blood-wood.

At 650 sq km, it spreads in all directions farther than the eye can see, a golden vista of swaying grass dotted everywhere with cone-shaped constructions of white ants. Just north of the homestead, the property is divided by a gravel road that is the main route across the base of Cape York Peninsula from Cairns (eight hours east) to Karumba beside the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Business seemed disorganised on the



Station manager Neil Lunney.

property. When we arrived at 4pm a young Aboriginal stockman, Herbie, was deeply pissed, after just becoming a father, while the head stockman, Ron, a squint-eyed veteran of these parts, and his wife Aggie, the cook, sat about listlessly talking to a caged cockatoo.

After Lunney had selected an appropriate machine-gun from the seven leaning against a wall in the homestead office, we walked with Aussie, the blue-heeler, to the spot on top of the nearest ridge where peculiar and alarming things began happening in April 1984.

From the peak the homestead came into perfect view. We sat there in the still, dry heat and Lunney went over what had happened since he became friendly with the Robertsons at Croydon in 1981.

Like them, he was new to the area, having arrived with his family from Townsville a few months earlier to work as a clerk with the Croydon Shire Council.

"Outsiders tend to cling together out here," he said.

Lunney believes Alehvale was marked for trouble from the day Lyle Robertson was visited by four local cattlemen asking him to sack a stockman who had worked the place under the former owner.

"You can have four friends in us, or four enemies," they told him. "It all depends on you."

Robertson thanked them for their interest, but said he would employ whom he liked. The hand in question knew Alehvale well enough to make things more difficult for cattle-duffers; and Robertson's menacing visitors were four important members of The Organisation.

Soon after buying the $275,000 station with its 950 head of mostly Brahman cattle that had been mustered prior to the sale when Robertson painstakingly marked each animal with special paint to prevent double counts, the new owners had to return to South Australia. Robertson's father was dying of cancer, and they didn't get back for almost four months.

During their absence only a live-in caretaker was left to guard the whole station. That's when the cattle began to disappear.

Some, said Lunney, were "sweated", an old trick in which cows in calf are removed to another property until they give birth, and then returned minus their offspring. Fences are rare in these parts.

Cleanskins, or unbranded calves, were simply stolen and marked with the duffer's brand, while others were taken off Alehvale and cross-branded, which means the thieves put their brand below the Alehvale brand and road-freighted the cattle to a southern receiving depot that was part of The Organisation's set-up. There, no questions were asked about the two brands.

Lunney mentioned names of the people he claimed were behind all this, names later confirmed by independent station owners and by a policeman friend of mine who served for several years in the area.

My friend in the force agreed that Lunney and the Robertsons seemed a shade over-dramatic. "But think what the poor buggers have been through," he said. "They're up against people who have controlled that country and the lives of most of its residents for a bloody century!"

When I mentioned the name of a man I had interviewed, a very suave customer described as patriarch of The Organisation, my friend laughed.

"I know for a fact," he said, "that the man you're talking about has been responsible for having four cops shifted from Croydon in five years. Don't underestimate his power, whatever you do."

When the Robertsons returned from South Australia, their problems grew. Fences were cut, gates left open and the herd, despite the introduction of new breeding stock, did not multiply.

The more they complained to police and to anyone else who would listen, the worse matters became. Those staff members not suspected of being plants for The Organisation resigned under pressure from the same insidious sources.

From his investigations on Robertson's behalf, Lunney became convinced that even local council employees were in cahoots with the duffers.

Then Robertson discovered two council men putting 40 head of his cattle into a pen on an isolated part of the property. They claimed to have found the animals wandering and penned them as a good deed. Perhaps this was true, but penning cattle to be picked up at night by semi-trailer was a common method used by modern stock thieves.

Police records show 1700 head of branded cattle were stolen from the Croydon district in the first few months of 1984. That's 80 semi-trailer loads or about $300,000 worth of beef. Both figures, however, conflict with the stories I was told about duffing in the Croydon pub.

There weren't many who would discuss the subject at all. Those who did insisted stock theft was a jolly sort of enterprise — a pay-back system where cattlemen stole a few animals from one another on the basis that a neighbor's beef always tasted sweeter.

A year ago, Lunney quit his council job and joined the Robertsons as station manager. He was acutely aware of the derision this generated among the cowboy element, who call him the office boy, and it made him more determined to stop the vendetta against his new employers at Alehvale.

But Lunney's fighting talk and the bringing-in of bikies to patrol the borders on their chopped hogs (they caught 20 trespassers in a week), the complaints to newspapers and politicians, and Lunney's unsettling passion for high-powered weapons, seemed merely to incite The Organisation.

That's when the serious harassment began.

Alehvale stockmen were warned, as one of them attested in a signed statement, not to ride the range unarmed. A wandering timber cutter claimed he had been offered $10,000 to kill Lyle Robertson. Farm machinery was sabotaged and at one stage not one vehicle was operative.

Then came the scary stuff on the ridge behind the homestead. I quote from Neil Lunney's diary: "April 18 — Danny Verschwren (hired hand) . . . very agitated and said there were people outside flashing lights into trees around the homestead. Lyle and I confirmed, a long night, staff panicking, Fran and Kerryn (cook) in tears, Jock's wife and children terrified.

"I decided to engage them. After several magazines fired, Jock asked me to escort him and family to town. Jock's family never returned. Jock later quit."

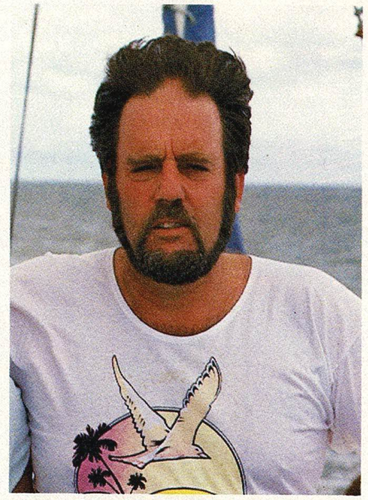
"April 20 — Another night of incidents from the ridge. They are becoming more frequent and more bold . . . God help us if it ever becomes an all-out gun battle."

"May 2 — Another night incident, fired shots, thank goodness Constable Tony Williams (relieving policeman from Mareeba, near Cairns) is here to witness and know the tension we face. He couldn't believe it."

"May 9 — My head stockman gave notice and I wonder when I will stop losing staff . . . so tired of the stress, men who vomit after an incident, stress arguments, women crying . . . the doleful looks to me for security, when I don't have the answer.

"To catch them now means to wound or kill, to stop it means to take out — and — (names of supposed leaders of The Organisation) and the result would mean a long time in prison."

"June 12 — Today life took a nasty turn . . . working alone in the homestead office, I smelt a strange smell and got up to investigate. As I went toward the office door I threw my cigarette backwards . . . so glad I



A harassed Lyle Robertson.

did for as I entered the kitchen I realised the house was filling with gas and found all jets on stove were fully open . . . as I am known locally as a Vietnam kook, this, had I been blown up, would have been put down to suicide. It was a professional attempt by somebody well acquainted with my habits."

Stock musters around this time showed herd numbers were still falling and the Robertsons left permanently for Cairns. Lunney's family had returned to Townsville months earlier, his wife Alice pleading with him to join them. But Neil Lunney would not give up, then or now.

Despite the frustration and the danger, he seems secretly to enjoy his role as lone defender of the ranch, a civilised man against the forces of organised crime.

From what I saw of Croydon and its inhabitants, the Robertsons were well clear of the place. The Gulf Country is savagely beautiful but somehow mocking; its secrets shared by so few. And those few, civil enough on the surface, may wear a sneer to chill the blood when you turn and catch them watching.

Their scorn for outsiders demonstrates an arrogance born of ignorance, a kind of blanket contempt for a world they have barely experienced. Their cold-blooded pragmatism is typified by a practice common in the area: the breeding of gold-colored farm mongrels to be slaughtered.

This cute little scam was developed after dingo bounties increased to $20 an animal. Instead of the full pelt, only a thin strip of hide from nose to tail is necessary to collect the bounty. If the locals can breed enough red-haired mongrels, well, it's money for jam.

My last interview in what some police call The Badlands, and what a North Queensland priest calls Satan's Territory, was with a man believed to be the elder statesman of cattle thieves.

I arrived at his homestead just before sunset and for a while, sipping tea in his arbor, we discussed local history and the paths early settlers forged into the Gulf Country. But he knew why I was there. An amused expression appeared occasionally on his weathered face.

When we got down to business, my host remained unruffled. Lunney and the Robertsons, he said, were their own worst enemies.

"No self-respecting person would steal from them," he said, somewhat puzzled by my smile. "It would be like taking seed from a blind cocky. To be honest, they wouldn't know which end of a beast shit."

As for the harassment at Alehvale, that was a complete mystery. He shook his head and scratched his brow. Nope, he said, it had him beat. There was always a bit of "thievery", but nothing like this.

Did *he* have a serious duffing problem?

"Nuthin' to talk about," he said, and smiled.

Much later, reading an account by a squatter called Alexander Harris of the settlement of the Queensland outback, I thought again of the dignified rogue in his shady arbor. Describing a friendship with a young cattle thief, Harris wrote: "We gave him to understand that as long as our cattle were safe, we should not trouble ourselves about other people's. This is the sort of understanding that every stock holder has to adopt. If he does otherwise his horses will be lost, his cattle will disperse, his farm affairs generally will miscarry, and whatever he may suspect, he will find no one hardy enough to come forward with explicit information."

Harris wrote that — the foundation for our *I'm all right, Jack* society — in the 1870s.

But even after more than a century, as one rancher put it: "There's no such thing as honesty among cattlemen. Anyone who says otherwise is a bloody liar."

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Fashion by Vitek

PHOTOGRAPHY PAUL COX

WAR

(continued from page 104)

Sneaking up on things and setting fire to them was one of his favorite sports.

human body was merely a messier-than-usual kind of machine and that most of its ills could be repaired with a few turns of a screwdriver or taps of a hammer. (Pliers had been useful in the current case, plucking the arrows out of the councilman.) Hester never gave her engines sympathy while banging away at them, so why should she give sympathy to Luthguster? "I'll give you some coffee," she offered grudgingly.

Luthguster knew Hester's coffee from hearsay. "No, thank you!"

"Don't worry, you won't leak. I plugged all the holes."

Luthguster closed his eyes. A moan leaked out.

●

Lieutenant Billy Shelby, handsome, romantic, idealistic, bright as a bowling ball, clutched the microphone in his left hand, white flag in his right, and said, "Ready, sir."

The captain hesitated. "Are you sure, Billy?"

"He already volunteered, Captain," Ensign Benson pointed out. "Obviously, we have to make contact with the Geminoids somehow."

"I'm sure, Captain," Billy said.

So the captain pushed the button, the door opened and Billy marched out on to the platform with the white flag high and the loud-speaker microphone to his mouth: "*People of* ——" his voice boomed out over the valley, and a cannon-ball ripped through the white flag to carom off the silver hull.

Billy gaped at the hole in the flag. "*Gee whizz*," his amplified voice told the sunny day. "*Don't you guys believe in a flag of truce*?"

"That ain't no flag of truce!" a voice yelled from upslope. "It's white!"

"*Well, what color do you want*?"

"Yellow! The color of cowards!"

"*Wait right there*," Billy told the two encircling armies and went back into the ship. *Carom*! went a cannon-ball in farewell.

●

"After dark," Supreme Commander Krraich said, "we'll deploy a patrol to sneak up on the thing and set fire to it."

"I suspect, sir," said an aide carefully (Krraich was known to dislike correction), "the thing is made of metal."

Krraich glowered. Sneaking up on things and setting fire to them was one of his favorite sports. "It's a fort, isn't it?" he demanded. "Could be just shiny paint."

"Sir, uh, cannon-balls bounce off."

"Doesn't mean it's metal. Could be rubber."

"Rubber won't burn, sir."

Krraich turned his gaze full upon this pestiferous aide, whose name was Major Invercairnochinchlie. In the bloodshot eye of his mind, Krraich watched Major Invercairnochinchlie burn to the ground — kilt, sporran, gnarled pipe, tam and all. "What do you suggest, *Major*?"

Invercairnochinchlie swallowed. "Acid, sir?"

The other aides, also in formal officers' kilts, all snickered and shifted their feet, like a corralful of mini-skirted horses: aides liked to see other aides in trouble. But then, Krraich's least favorite and most intelligent aide (the two facts were not unconnected), a colonel named Alderpee, said, "Sir, if I may make a suggestion?"

"You always do," Krraich said, irritated because the suggestions were usually good.

"That thing out there is a fort," Alderpee said. "A *travelling* fort. Think how we could use such a thing."

Krraich had no imagination. "Your suggestion?"

"They're about to send out a party under a flag of truce. We kidnap that party, apply torture and learn how to invade the fort. Then we take it over."

Krraich was appalled and showed it. "Violate a yellow flag of truce?"

"Those people aren't a part of our war," Alderpee pointed out. "They're innocent bystanders. The rules of battle don't apply."

"Ah."

"And if *we* don't do it," Alderpee added, "the Antibens will."

●

"How do you do? I'm Lieutenant Billy Shelby of the Interstel——Mmf!"

●

"There!" Colonel Alderpee cried. "I *told* you the Antibens would do it!"

●

The chaplain, in his black dress uniform, sprinkled holy water over Billy, who sneezed. "*Gesundheit*," said the chaplain.

"Thank you."

"I am the Right Reverend Beowulf Hengethorg," the chaplain explained. "I am here to ready you for torture."

"Torture?" Billy gaped around at all the big, mean-looking, bulgy-armed men lining the periphery of the large, torchlit tent. "Gee whizz," he said, "we're here to be friendly. We came all the way from Earth just to——"

"*Earth*?" Wide-eyed, Reverend Hengethorg leaned close. "You wouldn't lie to a reverend, would you?"

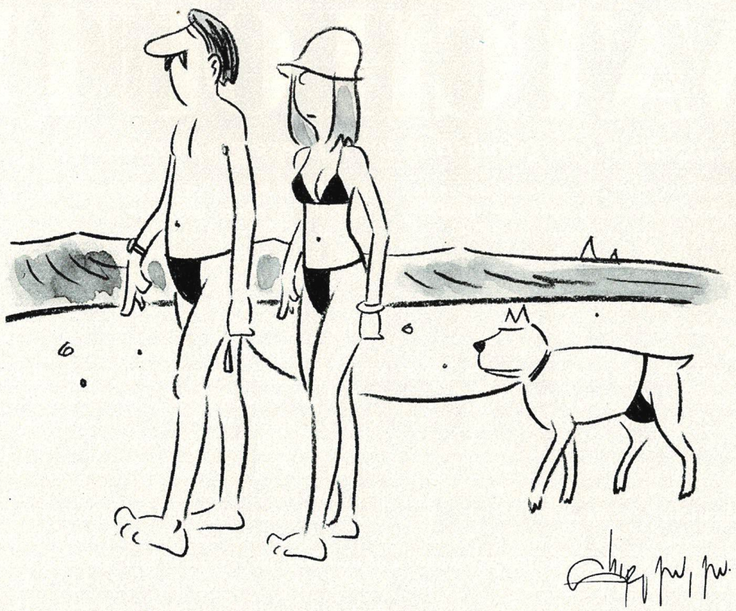
"Oh, *no*, sir! You see, you were lost, and——"

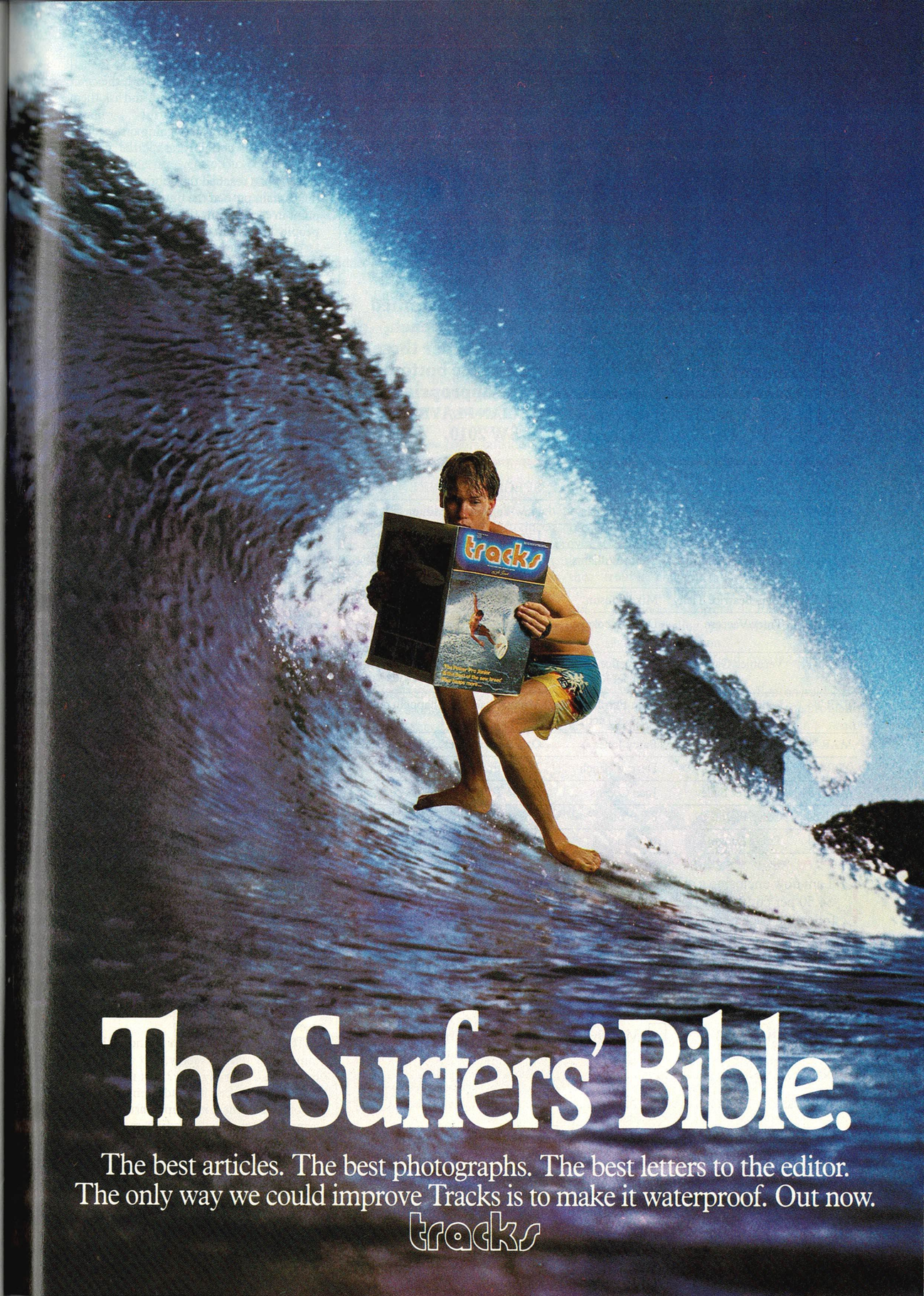
"And on Earth," the chaplain said, voice tensely trembling, "do they believe in Robert Benchley?"

●

"I'm the only possible volunteer. The councilman is wounded, Hester keeps the engines going, Pam Stokes astrogates and you understand the mission. I'm not necessary at all."

"Well, Captain," Ensign Benson said as they strode doorward together, "I admit you're right. All captains are unnecessary;





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you're one of the rare ones who know it."

"So I'll try to make peace with the *other* army," the captain went on, "and ask them to help us rescue Billy."

"And find out what's going on here."

"Well, I'll certainly ask," the captain said.

They had reached the door, where firmly the captain pushed the button. "There's no point in carrying any flags," he said. "These people don't seem to respect *any* color." He stepped outside.

"Good luck, Captain."

The captain looked back over his shoulder. "Did you say some ——" He dropped from sight. *Thump crumple bunkle bong kabingbing thud.*

Ensign Benson leaned out to gaze down at the captain all in a heap at the foot of the stairs. "I said, good luck."

●

"*Another* one!" cried Colonel Alderpee. "Men, get *that* one or we'll be using your heads for cannon-balls!"

●

"The ultimate proof!" the Right Reverend Hengethorg was saying. "This fine young chap here has never even *heard* of Robert Benchley, much less read his work."

Proud of his ignorance, Billy smiled in modest self-satisfaction at Supreme Commander Mangle. "That's right, sir. What I mostly read is *The Adventures of Space Cadet Hooper And His Pals Fatso And Chang*. They just have the most——"

Supreme Commander Mangle, a knife of a man — a tall, glinty-eyed, bony, *angry* knife of a man — growled deep in his throat; a distant early warning. Billy blinked and decided after all not to give the supreme commander a plot summary of *Cadet Hooper And His Pals Go To Betelgeuse*.

Mangle turned his laser eyes on Hengethorg. "Reverend," he said. His voice needed oiling. "Explain."

"The people of Earth are Antibens, just like us," the chaplain explained. "They must be! Not only does that prove the truth of *our* philosophy but we can ally ourselves with Earth and destroy the Bens forever!"

Mangle brooded. Apparently, he was considering the advantages and disadvantages of allying himself with people like Billy Shelby, because when next he spoke, he asked, "Are there any more at home like you?"

●

"So you're from Earth," Colonel Alderpee said.

"Yes, I am," Captain Standforth told him. "I'm terribly sorry, but would you mind scratching my nose? Just right on the very tip." The captain had been tied with a *lot* of rope immediately upon arrival in this army's camp, so now his fingers (and their nails) were imprisoned behind him.

Colonel Alderpee at first looked confused, then seemed on the verge of actually scratching the captain's nose, then obviously bethought himself and snapped to several nearby soldiers, "Untie this man. I believe there are enough of us here to quell him if necessary."

"Oh, I won't need quelling," the captain promised. "Just scratching."

So the ropes were removed and the captain indulged in a good scratch while Colonel Alderpee went off to consult with Supreme Commander Krraich and a couple of chaplains in a far corner of the tent. Returning a minute later, looking as though his own nose were now a bit out of joint, he said, "Well, Captain Standforth, *I* wouldn't do it this way — I think it's a waste of time — but before we get to the *subject* of our conversation, I am required to ask you, an absolute alien, your position on the Benchley Paradox. So listen carefully."

The captain listened, idly scratching his nose (now more for fun than for need).

"There are two kinds of people in the world," Colonel Alderpee began.

"This world?" the captain asked. "Or Earth?"

"*Any* world! This is the Benchley Paradox; now, *listen*."

"I do beg your pardon."

"There are two kinds of people in the world," the colonel repeated. "They are, Robert Benchley claimed, those who believe there are two kinds of people in the world and those who don't believe there are two kinds of people in the world. Now. Do you agree with that?"

"Absolutely," the captain said. "Seems perfectly clear to me."

●

Ensign Benson did not entirely believe it. Billy and the captain were *both* back, and each had made a tentative alliance with the locals — with different sets of locals. Upon their return, Ensign Benson had brought them both up to the command deck and, while the wounded councilman and Hester and even the usually distracted Pam had all sat around listening, he had questioned both ex-prisoners. Their stories had dovetailed so thoroughly that Ensign Benson really had no choice but to accept the reality. "They are fighting," he said at last, "over Robert Benchley."

"A philosopher, I *guess*," Billy said, scratching his head.

"Very important, anyway," the captain added, scratching his nose.

"A smart-aleck, to judge from his paradox," Ensign Benson said. "Perhaps even a deliberate humorist."

"Dangerous people, humorists," Luthguster opined. "They should not be taken lightly."

All around, the captain's stuffed birds glared down from their perches, unwinking glass eyes peering from among feathers and beaks and claws of every color in the rainbow and a few colors outside the known rainbow of Earth. "All right," Ensign Benson said. "I begin to see what happened. One of those original philosopher settlers, with that heavy-handed light touch professors love so well, introduced the Benchley Paradox, in which you prove Benchley right by disagreeing with him. Because if everybody agreed with the paradox, then there'd be only *one* kind of person in the world, and the paradox would be wrong. Are any of you pinbrains getting this?"

"Certainly," said Luthguster, while the captain and Billy and Hester shook their heads and Pam doggedly worked her slide rule. The stuffed birds gaped down as though the very thought of the Benchley Paradox made them *furious*.

"The Gemini philosophers," Ensign Benson went on, "had found a topic without the usual comforting weight of precedent behind it. Rather than cite old texts at one another, they were forced to *think for themselves*. Unable to appeal to prior authority, they couldn't end the quarrel at all. Each succeeding generation became more rigid and less scholarly, until, by now——"

"Total war," Luthguster finished, demonstrating his grasp of the situation.

"They sure don't like each other much," Billy agreed. "Boy, what they said about the Bens."

"The Bens said some things, too," the captain said, as though he felt it his job to defend his side in the war. "About the Antibens, I mean."

Ensign Benson cleared his throat in a hostile manner. When every person and bird in the room was looking at him, he said, "All right. The first question is, What do they want from us?"

"An alliance," Billy said. "To help them destroy the Bens."

"Well, no," the captain said. "Actually, they want an alliance to help them destroy the *Anti*bens."

Luthguster sighed, his wounds creaking. "Dealing with one colony at a time is trouble enough," he said. "When they begin to multiply——"

"Divide," corrected Ensign Benson. "We're dealing here with mitosis, not sexual reproduction."

"Mitosis," Pam said, looking bright. "I know what *that* is."

"You would," Ensign Benson told her. "All right, let's concentrate on the problem at hand. Obviously, Earth can't send

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technical assistance or start trade programs while this war is going on, so our first job is to bring peace. Any suggestions?"

"Once my wounds heal," Councilman Luthguster said, "I shall engage in shuttle diplomacy. I'll speak with the political leaders, deliver their demands, conduct negotiations and, eventually, I'll find that happy middle ground where the language is vague enough so each side can believe it has won. Yes." The councilman gazed radiantly at some wonderful image of himself in the middle distance. " The Luthguster Peace," he quoted from some future history text.

"In the first place," Ensign Benson said, "there are no political leaders on Gemini. From what Billy and the captain say, the society has been taken over entirely by the two groups of military commanders, with the assistance of the religious establishment. In the second place, this isn't a war of territory or trade routes or anything else rational that can be negotiated. A war of philosophical difference is something else again. And in the third place, Councilman, I've seen you in action with local citizens before, and I don't want to unite the bloodthirsty factions on Gemini by making them form an alliance against *Earth*."

"Well, really," Luthguster said, indignantly scratching his wounds.

"If you want a thing done right," Ensign Benson said in disgust, "you have to do it yourself. Unfortunately."

●

"The Right Reverend Beowulf Hengethorg," Billy said, on his best behavior, "I'd like you to meet Ensign Kybee Benson, social engineer of the Interstellar Ship *Hopeful*."

"Ensign," echoed Reverend Hengethorg, as he grasped Ensign Benson's outstretched hand in a grip of steel. "Is that a clerical rank, or military?"

"Somewhere between the two," Ensign Benson said through clenched teeth; it was the first time since elementary school that he'd tried to outsqueeze another person in a handshake.

They were standing in the sunlight outside the large command tent while dozens of men armed with arrows and broadswords and maces and battle-axes and clubs and knives and metal-toed shoes sat around their several other tents, watching the two Earthlings with the flat expressions of carnivores looking at meat.

Ensign Benson had understood it was his job to visit both encampments, being introduced first to the Antibens by Billy and later to the Bens by the captain in his own effort at shuttle diplomacy — or shuttle philosophy. Now, feeling all those martial eyes on him, he reminded himself that this was, after all, the most sensible thing to do under the circumstances; pity he'd been smart enough to know it.

"It was a great moment for us all," Reverend Hengethorg was saying, as he at last released Ensign Benson's hand with a little superior smile, "when Lieutenant Shelby confirmed what we have for so long believed: that Earth is firmly Antiben. I may say I took it as a personal vindication."

"Actually," Ensign Benson said, massaging his fingers and speaking with caution, "Earth's philosophical position anent the Benchley Paradox is somewhat more sophisticated than that. Essentially, I would say Earth's position encompasses elements of *both* the Ben and the Antiben points of view."

Reverend Hengethorg's frown had something of the Inquisition in it. "Both points of view? How can a position encompass absolute contradictions?"

"Well, we don't see the Bens and the Antibens as being absolutely contradictory," Ensign Benson explained.

"They are on Gemini," the reverend said. "But you must come with me to the chaplains' tent and explain Earth's position to the reverend fathers."

"I'd like that."

With the smiling, unconscious Billy trailing after, they walked together toward the chaplains' tent, safely placed on the far side of the slope, and Ensign Benson said, "This is quite a large encampment. How many of your people are here?"

"Why, all of us," Reverend Hengethorg said in some surprise. "Except for a few spies in the Bens' camp, of course. Where else would we be?"

"Don't you have a town? Forts?"

"I don't know what you mean by town," the reverend said. "We have had forts, but they were vulnerable to fire and siege and difficult to move, unlike that fort of yours, which we all admire very much."

"So the women are right here with the army."

"The women are *in* the army. We are *all* in the army."

"Children?"

"Military school, just over there," the reverend said, pointing toward a nearby copse from which came the shrieks of childish savagery.

"What about the farms? Food?"

"We have our herds. We hunt and we pick fruits and so on in season."

They walked past a smithy, where metal bits for harnesses were being hammered into shape. "How many of you are there?" Ensign Benson asked.

"That's a military secret."

"More than five hundred, I'd guess," Ensign Benson said, looking around. "Fewer than a thousand."

"If you say so." The reverend clearly didn't like having his military secret guessed at so easily and accurately.

"But as the population grows——"

"Why should it grow?" Gesturing around them, the reverend said, "We and the Bens have had stable populations for four hundred years."

Ensign Benson nodded. "Birth control?"

The reverend shook his head. "War," he said.

(continued on page 132)

"Tell them I'm willing to surrender, but to a somewhat smaller contingent."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY BROWELL

SPACE SHUTTLE

Rob Luck reports on the people-movers of the future.

SAY PEOPLE-MOVERS and the average brain will focus on government transport, Grace Bros, riot squads, runaway bulls, skunks or bad breath. Now the label has been stuck

to motor vehicles: ones that look like mini-buses without the destination signs.

People-movers conjures up all the connotations of the brave new motoring world — adjustable space capsules that zoom around on cushions of air or overhead guide rails, silently steered by electronic guidance systems or personal computers.

Real-life people-movers have a way to go yet, but this machine is a freeze-frame of the motoring picture of the future. It is the Renault Espace, the nearest non-stellar unit to a space shuttle. It practically flies: 175km/h sustained cruise-speed on European roads or fuzz-free Aussie super-highways. It cuts the air like a honed razor, and is pointy enough to ride on the nose of Columbia. It takes from five to seven passengers-of-the-future in moveable, adjustable, lie-down "space beds", each with their own integrated G-force defeat system (on-board seatbelt). Some of the space couches even swivel through 360 degrees. It floats across roads like a hovercraft, yet it banks into corners like an aerobatic aircraft. The "envelope" is entirely skinned in tomorrowcraft polycarbonates that are tough enough to drive a dodgem derby, yet light enough to conserve energy. At 90km/h it will cover 100km on 6.5 litres of fuel (43mpg).

The driver's cockpit is as close to your mental picture of a space capsule as you could want. The "flight command" module incorporates a 10-way adjustable seat, integrated instrument and control console, with at-the-fingertips stalks covering everything, even the radio channel select, volume/tone/balance controls.

The Renault Espace should be available now and it should be priced at around the same $12,000 tag it wears in France where it was born. But the feds worked out there would be a stampede at that mark, so they figured out a way to double the Down Under price. The combination of federal duty and sales tax means the Espace will cost around $22,000 and maybe hit the showrooms late 1985.

There simply is nothing quite like it available yet. There are some fairly reasonable imitations, but most of the people-movers around at the moment are first or second generation units.

First generation people-movers are really just reworked delivery vans. They are designed on the "hand grenade" principle of chuck in some explosives, slam the door shut, and when the dust settles you get clear floorspace, holes for the sidewindows, and a highlift roof. The trick-up team then throws in rows of seats, runs stripes down the sides, and sticks on a jazzy name. The vehicles ride like trucks, steer like supermarket trolleys, accelerate like push-scooters and have the sophistication of a wheelbarrow (some barrows even look better.) As genuine people-carriers they make very fine courier vans.

They were the motor manufacturers' market-tasters. Cobbled up from old commercial vehicles that had well and truly paid for themselves, they could be fired into a hungry market-place with budget price-tags and capture a winning slice of the sales pie.

Once the sales graphs registered a few tremors, the car builders went into phase two: a substantial rebuild of the delivery van. This kind of approach caused Toyota's unit to grow a new nose and a new name (Tarago). It still wasn't a fair dinkum people-mover, but it was a bloody clever stopgap.

Vehicles like this interface perfectly with the motor industry's time-favored concept of planned obsolescence. And they interfaced with cash-books. Extra sophistication moved the showroom tags up from the $11,000 mark to the $14,000 plus position.

Model proliferation soaked up more sales, and this type of machinery started to sprout all-terrain legs, high-rise roofs (for accommodation, aircon plants and camper conversions), and glamor equipment and optioning like moonroofs, electronic functions, aircraft-style music/earphone systems, drink coolers and sundry other window-dressing.

But even metallic paintjobs and pretty roadwear can't hide characteristics of a pantechnicon like particularly monstrous bulk, excessive height, around-the-world turning circles, and the acoustic properties of an empty 44-gallon drum. So a few of the smarter manufacturers actually took it all back to the drawing boards. One of the first units to jump off and on to roadwheels was the Nissan Prairie.

This machine had cute, future-shock looks, sliding side doors, room for seven, low cabin and load heights and a bit of status appeal. It didn't have performance or handling, but it did have a miniature price tag ($8500). At first, that is. Now it's grown to $10,500 and at that mark it's already off the pace.

Especially against the Mitsubishi Nimbus. This gadget looks a bit like a Renault Espace that didn't go the full gestation period. And it actually has some of its qualities, such as good shape, excellent performance (it's a third quicker than the Tarago), cunning cockpit layout, and car-type handling and steering.

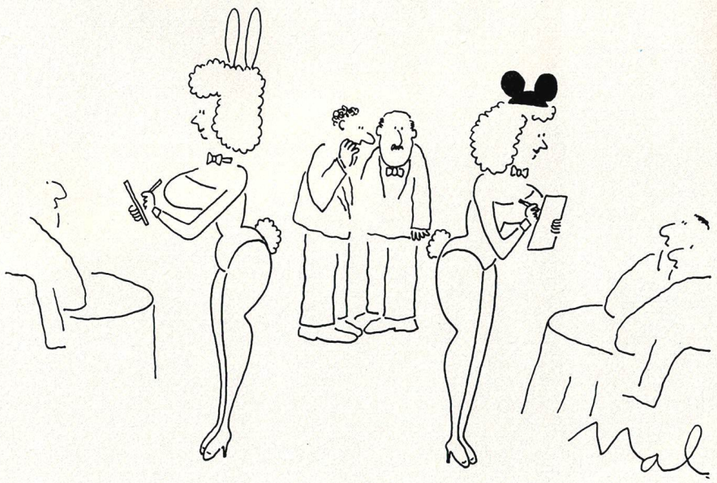
It's still got a kerb-climbing turning circle, a poorly conceived ventilation system (this glasshouse cockpit needs "air" standard), and some rough spots to the variable seating layout plus conventional doors, but it's going down the right road, considering a bill of $11,500.

As the first to break out of the conventional people-mover scrum, the Nimbus is the best offer at the money. There will be more and better to come from Japan, but the Renault Espace has proved that Euro-think can tackle the Japanese head-on and put them to ground.

The Espace gives the only real insight into the final phase of the people-mover concept.

The future is full of bold possibilities: space-efficient high-tech, high-performance people-movers that will double as genuine recreational escape machines. Lurking in the crystal ball are spacecraft-sharp envelopes jammed with revolutionary energy, ride and guidance systems, novel loading approaches (variable platform heights, servo full-length gullwing apertures), astronaut couches, integrated "in-flight" entertainment and communication systems.

Even more fantastic: modular construction that will see press-button variation of compartments to adapt from freight to personnel carriers, or sports car, or camper, or tray-back recreational machine. Such a vehicle will become the convertible of the future.



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LOOKING GOOD

Some off-the-top-of-the-head advice on hair styles to fit your face and flatter your features.

Clothes alone don't make the man. Even the best dressed among us isn't going to cut it if his hair isn't cut right. Hair style is important because it's an integral part of the first impression you make. A women can sculpt her face — create cheekbones, make her nose appear smaller, accentuate her lips — all with the aid of a little expertly applied make-up. But most men use no such artifice: what you see is what you get, and that's why it's essential to know how to make the best of it.

What many men fail to realise is that the length of their hair is a crucial consideration and that a fraction of an inch can make a tremendous difference. Take a man in his thirties who still wears his hair falling carelessly across his forehead, schoolboy style. To someone just meeting him, he might well appear to be clinging to his youth. If he'd comb his hair farther to one side and expose some forehead, he'd add maturity to his appearance — and credibility to the impression he makes.

The point is that, like clothes, hair styles do make an impression. A banker's pinstripe suit implies authority, but when the person in pinstripes wears his hair long and wavy, the imagery is askew. Since long hair often goes with an anti-establishment attitude, he is contradicting the message of authority implicit in his suit. Some may suspect that the suit is merely a costume, not a real reflection of the man.

Generally, *appropriateness* is the key when choosing a hair style. But sometimes style should go beyond merely being appropriate, particularly when a man has been dealt less-than-perfect features, and unfortunately that probably means most of us. (Actually, perfection is a category we've included. If you think someone with perfect features doesn't need to worry about the kind of hair style he chooses, read on.)

Finding the right stylist can be just as important as finding the right cut. If your stylist is inept, your hair won't look right no matter how carefully you describe what you want. The best way to find a good stylist is through recommendations from co-workers or friends.

We spoke to a leading men's hair stylist who offered the following advice: "When you're spending hard-earned cash on a haircut," he says, "you want to come out looking great, not just half-way good."

First, talk to the stylist about your hair and tell him what you want. "You must have an idea of how you want it cut when you walk in the door," our expert advises.

"If you simply say, 'Do it the way you want,' you're taking a big chance, although if you have a really good hair stylist, you can always ask his professional advice."

The texture of your hair — thick or fine — will also determine which styles you can wear. Don't fight your hair! You can't change the direction hair is growing, so if yours is very straight, don't expect a miracle stylist to cut lots of fullness into it. Similarly, naturally curly locks always look best when you work with the curls rather than try to straighten them.

Before you make the final decision, be sure you talk to your stylist about how much time you're willing to invest in keeping your cut in shape. If you're fairly active, you'll want a style that's easy to care for — one you can just wash, run your fingers through and let dry naturally. More conservative types might opt for a neater, trimmer look that could require some blow drying expertise. If you are willing to put that extra effort into maintaining the haircut, find out how to use a blow dryer correctly.

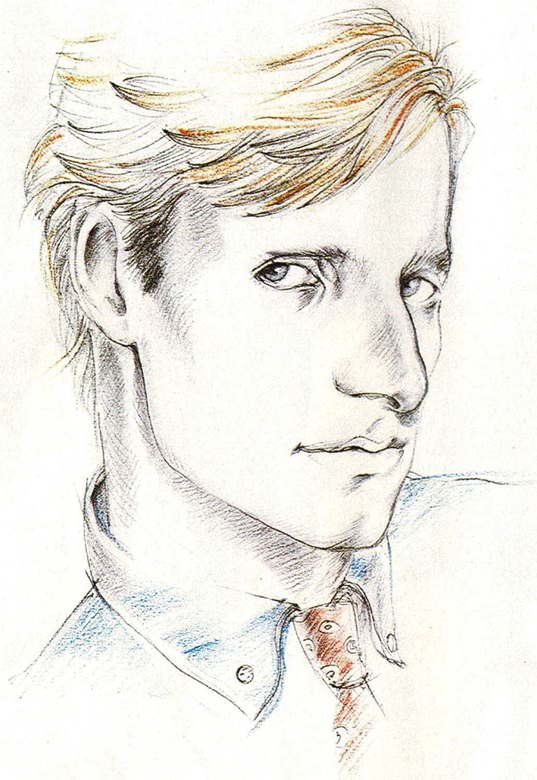
How can you tell if you have a really good haircut? We suggest looking at it the next morning after you've washed and combed it without blow drying.

"If the sides are the same length, if the style matches on each side and if you don't have hair sticking up all over, then it's a good cut," our stylist advises.

The cut should also be proportioned to your head. If your hair is thinning on top, for example, you'll want a cut on the short side. When the sides are left too long, the style calls attention to the thinning, since your hair looks heavier on the sides.

A good cut will still look good as your hair grows out. Obviously, you should follow your stylist's advice on hair care to keep up the effect of the cut.

How often you return to your stylist depends on the haircut and, of course, how fast your hair grows. Most men with shorter hair find that after four to six weeks they begin to look a little straggly. Following, a list of common facial characteristics and the hair-style ploys that will make them less of a drawback and more of a draw.



Large Nose

Short hair makes a prominent snout (see illustration) even more prominent. On the other hand, very long hair combined with a large nose tends to suggest a cave-man look. Slightly longer-than-average hair that's side-parted will divert attention from the nose, especially if it's combed asymmetrically in a slant across the forehead. Hair should move freely, because lacquered hair that looks sculpted will cause the nose to take on an extra dimension.

Weak Features

Use hair to offset a Clark Kent-like blandness. A short and respectable style is hardly memorable, compounding the inherent blahdom of weak features. A more dynamic cut is a layered one, with a part just off-centre. The style should be a little longer than customary, with hair brushing over the tops of the ears. Sideburns should be quite short. You're striving for effect — but not extremism.

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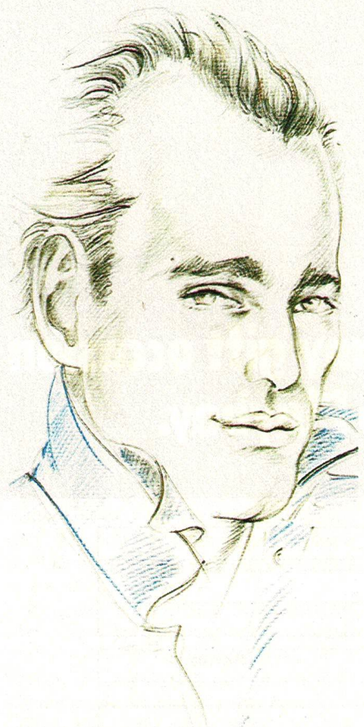
Small Features (above)
Long hair overpowers small features, making you look as if your face has shrunk. The best solution: keep your hair short and close to the head.



Receding Hairline (above)
There's nothing really wrong with hair that's inching back from the forehead, except when you're the man it's happening to. It may make you feel you're looking too old too soon. But the wrong moves in trying to hide the recession only tend to amuse others by their obviousness. A big mistake in covering up a receding hairline is to plaster the hair in an unswerving line straight across the forehead, giving the impression that these few strands were applied with varnish. A second mistake is to grow the hair very long on one side, then swirl it over the bald area while also cultivating voluminous sideburns.

A more honest — and appealing — response is to opt for a relatively short, layered style. The shorter your hair, the greater its loft, so it looks as if you have more of it. Parting shorter hair on the side will increase the impression of fullness.

Large Ears (above)
Oversized ears aren't as apparent when fringed with hair so the tops are hidden. The hair style should be casual — slightly tousled without a hard-edged cut. Forget crewcuts.

Bold Features
The opposite of a weak-featured face is one with such pronounced features that it needs taming by a nearly nondescript style. Extremely short hair will make the features go haywire, while very long hair will imply ferocity. The best solution is a fairly short style, full on the crown, with no part and *definitely* no bangs.

Perfect Features
How can you go wrong with perfection? By trying to look too perfect. When a hair style is blown dry with such precision that people suspect you'll be destroyed if one hair flies afield, that's carrying perfection to obsession. Touchable hair allowed to move easily in the wind or through one's fingers is much more attractive.

HEALTHY EUNUCHS DON'T GO BALD

You can't do much if your hairline is creeping back, since it's all in your genes. Baldness strikes any man who has the genetic predisposition for it. There's talk of androgens — male sex hormones — being the enemy, but the truth is, if you have the baldness trait, you'll lose your hair with only a normal amount of androgens. Higher-than-normal androgen levels will not speed up hair loss, although complete absence of androgens will prevent it. (Healthy eunuchs don't go bald — but we're not recommending castration.) Most women with the trait don't go bald because their androgen levels are too low.

Scalp massage may feel great, but it won't halt balding. Massage increases blood flow, but the scalp gets more blood than most parts of the body anyway.

Worry, often blamed for balding, isn't a documented cause of hair loss either. Although stress causes other problems, if you're fretting over a business deal or contemplating a divorce, you won't lose your hair as a result unless, of course, you pull it out.

Low Forehead (above)
There's a hairline difference between possessing an average low forehead and very little forehead at all. To avoid a simian look, *always* avoid bangs. Brush the hair straight back and keep it at a moderate length. If you have bushy eyebrows, follow the same advice. — CHARLES HIX

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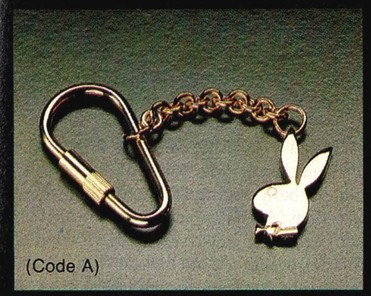
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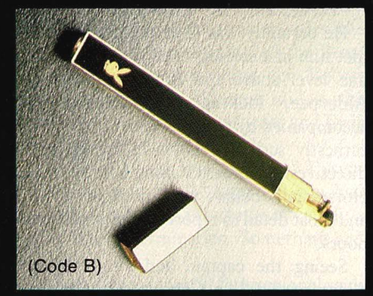
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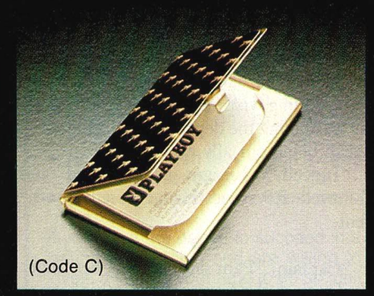

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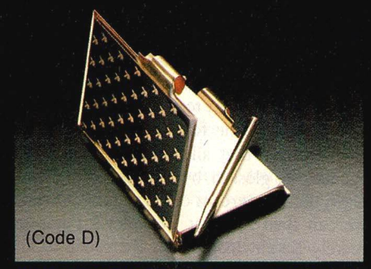
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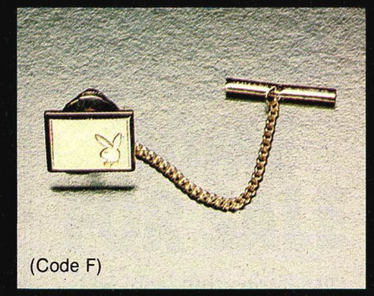
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WAR

(continued from page 122)

A knife was in his right hand, a palmful of desiccated guts in his left. "Yes Pam? I'm very busy."

They had reached the chaplains' tent. "My colleagues will be delighted to meet with you," the reverend said. "There's nothing we all like more than lively philosophical debate."

"That's fine."

"Of course," the reverend went on, "the liveliest philosophical debates take place under torture. But there's no question of that here," he said, holding open the tent flap, smiling wistfully to show how bravely he was taking the deprivation, "is there? — Earth being our ally against the Bens."

"Indeed," Ensign Benson said and followed Reverend Hengethorg into the tent.

●

"Captain," Pam said, tapping her finger tips against the frame of the cabin's open door.

Captain Standforth looked up. A knife was in his right hand, a palmful of desiccated guts in his left, and a pitiful lump of orange feathers lay before him on the desk, oozing green blood. "Yes, Pam? I'm very busy. I must finish stuffing this Nibelungen nuthatch before it dries out."

"There's someone here," Pam told him.

"To see you. A man named Colonel Alderpee."

"Oh, yes," the captain said, rising, wiping green phlug from his hands onto his uniform jacket. "I told him he could drop by. He was very interested in the ship."

"He certainly is," said Pam.

He certainly was. The captain and Pam met him in a corridor well within the ship, one level above the entry port. Colonel Alderpee, looking very happy, was accompanied by a small, skinny scribe, who earnestly scribbled notes to the colonel's directives: "Granaries along here, I think. Horse stalls below; we'll need straw. Oh, and moat detail to report at fifteen hundred hours."

Seeing the captain and Pam, Colonel Alderpee said, "Ah, Captain, delighted! It's a *different* fort from anything I've seen before, but very adaptable."

"Colonel, what are you——" the captain began, then stopped with a squawk when he saw, ambling around the far corner of the corridor, a purple cow, closely followed by a yellow and white polka-dotted dog. "What — What's *that?*"

"Eh? Oh, the herd," the colonel said.

And it was. It was the herd and the herders and the herders' dogs and the herders' wives and children. And the army, with banners, marching to the squeal of bagpipes. And the clergy, with collection baskets, and the cooks and the smithies and the leatherworkers and the teachers and the magicians and the storytellers and the horses and the hay and the forges and the whips and the thumbscrews and the tents (folded) and the extra arrow feathers and the cooking pots and the bits of string that might be useful someday and the unfinished wooden statues of horses and the supreme commander, Krraich, who shook the captain's hand very hard and said, "I shall take command now."

"Oh, my goodness," the captain said to Pam. "We've got the Bens!"

●

Ensign Benson sat on a low stool in the chaplains' tent, in the midst of the reverend fathers, both hearing them and asking them questions. And what he'd already heard had not been at all encouraging. He'd entered this den of iniquity intending by easy stages to lead the Antibens around to a more open point of view, but he'd soon seen it was hopeless.

Never in his life had he met so many firmly closed minds.

Every approach he'd made to broaden the Benchley Paradox had brought angry frowns and mutterings of "Heresy". Ensign Benson could imagine — far too well — what happened to heretics on Gemini, so by now he was simply vamping along, trying to figure out some way to get out of there alive. "If we accept the Runyon Postulate," he was saying, "that all of life is six to five against, as glossed by Sturgeon's Second Law, that 90 percent of everything is crud, we can then see that Benchley's Paradox merely acknowledges that there will at all times be unenlightened people who——"

Were they mumbling "Heresy" again, for God's sake? Was the word blasphemy being bandied about? "What I'm trying to say——" Ensign Benson began again, wondering what he was trying to say, when Billy came into the tent, crying, "Ensign Benson! Come look!"

"Look?"

"The ship!"

More trouble? "Excuse me," Ensign Benson told the chaplains. "I must be about my captain's business." And he marched right on out of the chaplains' tent.

To see, down in the centre of the valley, the *Hopeful* filling up with Bens. "Oh, *now* what?" Ensign Benson cried, at the end of his tether.

"*You*," said a knife-thin, harsh-faced, resplendently uniformed man pointing a bony finger at Ensign Benson, "shall pay for this treachery."

"Supreme Commander Mangle," Billy said, with his party manners again, "may I present Ensign Kybee Benson."

"Hello," the supreme commander said. "You die now."

"Wait a minute! *I* had nothing to do with *that*," Ensign Benson said, pointing at the spaceship. Some clowns down there had started digging a moat. "I'll take care of it right *now*."

Mangle's thin lips curled. "You expect us to permit you to return to your fort?"

Ensign Benson looked at Billy, who sighed but managed a brave little smile. "I know," he said. "This is where I volunteer to stay as a hostage."

●

"I don't care who you are," Hester said. "You can't start a lot of fires in my engine room."

"I'm the smithy," the burly man explained, stacking his firebricks near the reactor, "and the sergeant says this is where I set up."

"Well, you can tell your ser——"

Ensign Benson entered the engine room. "Hester."

"Would you tell this——"

"Ssh! Come here!"

So Hester went there, and Ensign Benson said, "Forget him. Start the engines. Don't worry about a thing."

●

"Billy will be worried," Pam said.

"Billy will be all right," Ensign Benson told her. "We'll *all* be all right. You just plot the course. As for you, Captain, surely you *know* how to drive this thing."

Pam and Ensign Benson and the captain were together on the command deck with a lot of squalling babies: Colonel Alderpee had decreed this space was the nursery. Councilman Luthguster was off making a courtesy call on Supreme Commander Krraich.

"Well," said the captain doubtfully, "I have driven it, but that was a long time ago."

"Just take her up," Ensign Benson said, "and head south-east. Right, Pam?"

"Mm," Pam said, lost in her slide rule.

●

"Build boats," Supreme Commander Mangle said. "Tonight, we cross that moat."

"Sir," said an aide, coming into the tent, "the fort is leaving."

They all went outside. The fort was gone. The moat remained, a ring of muddy water around a crushed altar.

"Sir? Do you still want the boats?"

"Kill that idiot," Mangle said. "And bring me the hostage Earthling."

●

Ensign Benson went to the commander's tent (aka dining room) to explain the situation to a suspicious Colonel Alderpee and a glowering Supreme Commander Krraich. "The fort," the colonel pointed out, "is *moving*."

"Plague," Ensign Benson said.

They stared at him. They recoiled from each other. "Plague! Where?"

"Back where we came from. The ship's instruments showed there was a breakout just due. Congratulations, gentlemen," Ensign Benson continued, "you have at last won your war. Within a week, there won't be a living Antiben on Gemini."

●

South-east across the surface of the planet ran the *Hopeful*, guided by Pam's slide rule and steered erratically by Captain Standforth, who had to keep picking babies out of the controls. Diagonally ran the ship, down from the Northern Hemisphere to the Southern, around from the Eastern Hemisphere to the Western. Exactly opposite the original encampment, in similar climate and terrain, where they would be easy for Earth's supply ships to find but where they would never again meet their enemies, the *Hopeful* set down and unloaded the Bens. "You've done a fine thing for Robert Benchley," Colonel Alderpee said as the Bens and their beasts, their tents and their babies all deshipped.

"It was the least we could do," Ensign Benson assured him. "After all, you had reached a stalemate in what was clearly a war of total extermination. Something had to be done."

"Peace, it's wonderful," the colonel said, then frowned. "At least, I've heard it is."

Councilman Luthguster made a speech promising wonders in aid and technical assistance to come from Earth. Some archers playfully lofted arrows in his direction, but they were only fooling, and the one flesh wound that resulted was easily patched by Hester with a snippet of stick-on plaster meant for stemming leaks in boilers.

"I was beginning to rather like all those babies," Captain Standforth said, a faraway look in his eye. "I wonder how you . . . Hmmmm." He went away to study his taxidermy books.

●

"Plague," Ensign Benson said, as Billy was untied from the rack. "You'll never see a living Ben on Gemini again."

"And you took them away," Reverend Hengethorg said, "so they couldn't infect *us*."

"That's right."

"You've done wonders."

"I know," Ensign Benson said.

Billy came over, massaging his chafed wrists. He looked taller. "Gosh, Kybee," he said.

"Well, ta-ta," Ensign Benson told the Antibens. "You'll be hearing from Earth. Our job here is finished now."

●

"Sir," an aide said to Colonel Alderpee, "there's a dispute among the men."

The colonel gazed over the new encampment, the tents still being raised, the *thud-thud* of posts being driven into the virgin ground. "Dispute? Over what?"

"Well, some of the men say those people in the fort *were* from Earth, and some say they *weren't*."

"Really? Call a meeting. We're mature adults; we'll discuss it."

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SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

Sex has become increasingly satisfying to both my fiancee and me. Although we have never striven to make simultaneous orgasms a goal, we couldn't help notice that we now experience orgasm together about 75 percent of the time. We practise birth control, so our first question is a curious rather than a concerned one: Does simultaneous orgasm create (during a fertile period) a "perfect environment" for conception? In other words, does it increase the chance of pregnancy?

— T.M., SA.

Not particularly. According to Masters and Johnson, it seems that there is probably a greater chance for conception when the woman doesn't orgasm, since the muscle contractions that occur during climax tend to force the sperm out of the vagina. Seems like you've a birth-control bonus.

I am a 20-year-old male, not so good looking and slightly overweight. I am engaged to a very lovely and caring 21-year-old who couldn't love me more. I love her just as much and our relationship is fantastic. We've known each other for more than a year, and through many long talks we've learned almost everything about each other's past.

My problem is that I am a very jealous person. My sex life before I met my fiancee was almost imaginary. She, on the other hand, had a fairly active sex life. She has told me about her previous lovers and assures me that she was never happy with any of them. I believe her but that does not diminish my very strong feelings of jealousy toward her former men. I feel as if I am in constant competition with them. I keep these feelings to myself but I am afraid they may come out sometime and I may say something to hurt her. Can you suggest how I can overcome this wretched jealousy?

— A.B., NSW.

What if your fiancee had told you nothing of her past? Then you'd have nothing to feel insecure about. She did you a favor in the name of honesty, and the least you can do is accept her confessions and forget about them. It is pointless to be jealous of her past lovers, especially when she has gone out of her way to reassure you that her affairs were meaningless. You should be concentrating on the present and the future. You're in her life now and that's all that should count. If your insecurities are so strong that you don't feel worthy of her, perhaps some counselling could help. Otherwise, it's up to you to get your act together and enjoy what you have — or else risk damaging it or losing it altogether. The choice is yours.

My wife and I are both bodybuilders and this year, for the first time, I began experimenting with steroids. The results have been good apart from one problem. My wife says that my semen must contain chemicals and she is reluctant to have sex with me in case the steroids are introduced into her body. Is there any justification for her fears?

— L.M., Qld.

Tell your wife to relax. Anabolic steroids are broken down in the body and excreted in urine and (fractionally) in semen in a form that is still biologically active. However, the quantities involved are so tiny as to be inconsequential, particularly when you consider that the average ejaculate is approximately one teaspoon in volume.

We do question your use of steroids in the first place: given that massive doses can actually lower the libido, produce shrinkage of the testes and even impotence, you would be wise to cut out your use of them.

No matter where my current lover touches me, I get an erection. Mind you, I don't find anything wrong with that, but sometimes in the wrong places it can be slightly embarrassing. Is it possible for anyone (male or female) to have an erogenous zone that is, in effect, the whole body? Or is it mainly psychological, depending on the person you are with? We are both very oriented toward touching.

— S.W., Vic.

Welcome to the wonderful world of polymorphous perversity. The whole concept of erogenous zones is somewhat misleading. Your skin is the largest organ of your body, and one of the most sensitive. There's no reason to divide it into arbitrary sex areas. Why limit your range of arousal? Use your whole body. The more of yourself you bring into play, the more intense the pleasure.

SEXAHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Do you have difficulty remaining sexually sober? Is your life out of control due to your addiction to sex? Are you a slave to lust?

If so, you may well be a candidate for Sexaholics Anonymous, the latest self-help organisation.

The body is based in the United States where there are more than 70 branches, and there are also chapters in Canada and West Germany. The non-profit organisation was started in 1979 by a group of men and women who realised their lives were out of control because of their addiction to sex. Like Alcoholics Anonymous, the self-help group makes use of neither medical nor mental health expertise; it is a fellowship where "people share their experiences, strengths and hopes with each other."

The only membership requirement is "a desire to stop lusting" and for those who wonder if they would qualify, Sexaholics Anonymous offers the following test:

Have you ever thought you needed help for your sexual thinking or behavior?

Do you wonder whether you'd be better off if you didn't keep giving in?

Have you ever tried to stop or limit doing what you felt was wrong in your sexual behavior?

Do you resort to sex to escape, relieve anxiety, or because you can't cope?

Has your pursuit of sex become more compulsive?

Does this interfere with relations with your spouse?

Does an irresistible impulse arise when the other party makes overtures?

Does the pursuit of sex make you careless for yourself or the welfare of your family or others?

Do you turn to a lower environment when pursuing sex?

Although your spouse is sexually compatible, do you still masturbate or have sex with others?

Each meeting of the organisation begins with a recitation of how lust addicts can be saved through sexual sobriety. What constitutes sexual sobriety? According to Sexaholics Anonymous, it means having sex only with your spouse if married; if you are single, it means no sex at all. The sexually sober do not indulge in masturbation.

Then a meeting leader shares his story — Carl, for instance, who confesses to being plagued for many years by an all-consuming, evil, terrible, life-ruining, hateful lust. Since joining Sexaholics Anonymous he has discovered for the first time that he can go to a movie or have dinner with a friend without needing sex. In the past all he ever wanted to do was fornicate or masturbate.

After the leader's story, every member of the group reports his or her progress and receives support for each small step they make to conquer their lust. The organisation has a strong religious base and it is felt the goal of sexual sobriety can only be achieved if the members believe there is a power greater than themselves which can restore them to sexual sanity. Sexaholics use the power of prayer plus moral support from other sex addicts to find ways to manage their lust.

The organisation is apparently flourishing — one chapter in Chicago holds five two-hour meetings a week. In a recent "Dear Abby" magazine column, Sexaholics Anonymous was recommended as a solution to the problem of a 25-year-old church-going nymphomaniac who wrote: "If I am physically attracted to a man I will go to bed with him the first minute he wants to. . . sex for me is an addiction. . . I can't seem to control it."

So there you are — a possible solution for all you Aussie sex addicts. Is anyone going to volunteer to start a local branch?

FEMALE ANIMATION

There has always been controversy as to whether or not the human female is the only animal which experiences orgasm. We know female mammals aren't sexually passive: they do seek out and presumably enjoy sex, especially when they are in heat but no one is really sure if they actually have orgasms. They sometimes display excitement, even crying out, but a definite climax followed by sudden relaxation is not observed in the female in the same way as it is in the male.

An American university professor, Dr Dolores Keller, and her enthusiastic band of clinical associates have some of the answers. All in the name of scientific investigation, Dolores and her trusty team spent three months manually stimulating the clitorises of several lucky female chimps in an attempt to determine if the animals could reach orgasm. The experiment was a success. As Keller concludes: "Orgasm through clitoral stimulation can no longer be considered unique to the human female."

One female chimp, Nanette, exhibited regular pelvic and abdominal contractions, lasting from 30 seconds to several minutes when stimulated. When a vibrator was first introduced between the bars of her cage, she responded with tensing of leg muscles, stomach buckling, body convulsing and audible gasps. . . including "Hoo, hoo, hoo". . .

The playful nine-year-old was later observed having two or three consecutive orgasms and "exhibited no desire to discontinue" vibrator use. The sex sessions were terminated only when animals in nearby cages distracted her or when researchers feared too many orgasms would lead to habituation.

It seems unlikely that female chimps are

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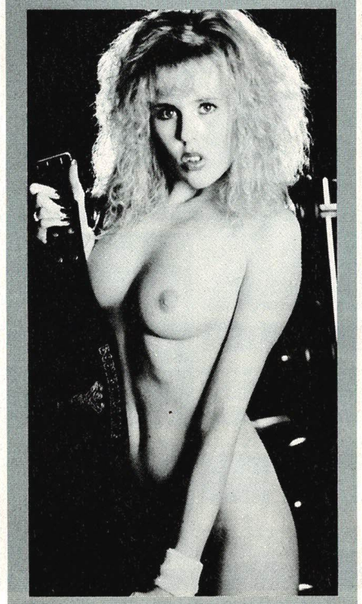

GYM MISTRESS: BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL CHARLOTTE LOVES BLOKES WHO WORK OUT AT THE GYM.

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experiencing similar delights back in the wild. Far from being offered prolonged clitoral stimulation, rhesus copulation typically lasts three or four *seconds*. Now that Dolores's chimps have a taste for better things, we could just see a sexual revolution in the monkey world.

GOOD, CLEAN SEX

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the Indian guru and sage now resident of Rajneeshpuram, Oregon, USA, has taken an alarmed stance on AIDS.

Rajneesh, who claims to know how to find higher consciousness through tantric utilisation of sexual energy (lots of foreplay and no orgasm), now warns that AIDS is the disease that Nostradamus predicted would kill off two-thirds of the world's population.

And to arm his followers with the right stuff to ward off the modern plague, Rajneesh has come up with the following advice:

First, he says, give up oral and anal sex. In fact give up sex altogether if you can. If not, stick with one partner and have less sex. If you can't stick with one partner, at least use condoms during sex and rubber gloves during foreplay, and scrupulously wash yourself afterwards.

To demonstrate his sincerity, last summer Rajneesh passed out anti-AIDS kits to all 15,000 participants in his annual world celebration. The kits included a packet of condoms, rubber gloves, lubricant and cleansing materials.

Members of the commune claim they have moved more into the dimension of love, awareness and intimacy since observing the new anti-AIDS practices, while none have been reported suffering from the disease.

ON THE SUBJECT OF SEX...

Sex is the subject on everyone's lips but some people's views on the matter are particularly notable. Here are some memorable quotations on this timeless topic:

"All a writer has to do to get a woman is to say he's a writer. It's an aphrodisiac."
— SAUL BELLOW.

"I kissed my first girl and smoked my first cigarette on the same day. I haven't had time for tobacco since."
— ARTURO TOSCANINI.

"Sex is an emotion in motion."
— MAE WEST.

"Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation. The other eight are unimportant."
— HENRY MILLER.

"I've tried several varieties of sex. The conventional position makes me claustrophobic. And the others either give me a stiff neck or lockjaw."
— TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

"Sexual intercourse is kicking death in the ass while singing."
— CHARLES BUKOWSKI.

"The good thing about masturbation is that you don't have to dress up for it."
— TRUMAN CAPOTE.

"Sex is the great amateur art. The professional, male or female, is frowned upon. He or she misses the whole point and spoils the show."
— DAVID CORT.

"An erection at will is the moral equivalent of a valid credit card."
— ALEX COMFORT.

"Chastity — the most unnatural of the sexual perversions."
— ALDOUS HUXLEY.

"Love is the answer, but while you are waiting for the answer, sex raises some pretty good questions."
— WOODY ALLEN.

"Sex is only the liquid centre of the great Newberry Fruit of friendship."
— JILLY COOPER.

"Sex — the poor man's polo."
— CLIFFORD ODETS.

"The first girl you go to bed with is *always* pretty."
— WALTER MATTHAU.

"There will be sex after death, we just won't be able to feel it."
— LILY TOMLIN.

"When a man and woman of unorthodox tastes make love the man could be said to be introducing his foible into her quirk."
— KENNETH TYNAN.

"What is a promiscuous person? — It's usually someone who is getting more sex than you are."
— VICTOR LOWNES.

"There are some elements of life, above all sexual pleasure, about which it isn't necessary to have a position."
— SUSAN SONTAG.

"If it weren't for pickpockets I'd have no sex life at all."
— RODNEY DANGERFIELD.

"Men always fall for frigid women because they put on the best show."
— FANNY BRICE.

"Whoever named it necking was a poor judge of anatomy."
— GROUCHO MARX.

"I think pop music has done more for oral intercourse than anything else that ever happened and vice versa."
— FRANK ZAPPA.

"The only way to resolve a situation with a girl is to jump on her and things will work out."
— LEE MARVIN.

"The big difference between sex for money and sex for free is that sex for money usually costs a lot less."
— BRENDAN FRANCIS.

"When grown-ups do it it's kind of dirty — that's because there's no one to punish them."
— TUESDAY WELD.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't reply to each reader individually.

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HOT TO TROT

Jetsetter Joan Bennett always keeps a bag packed – just in case.

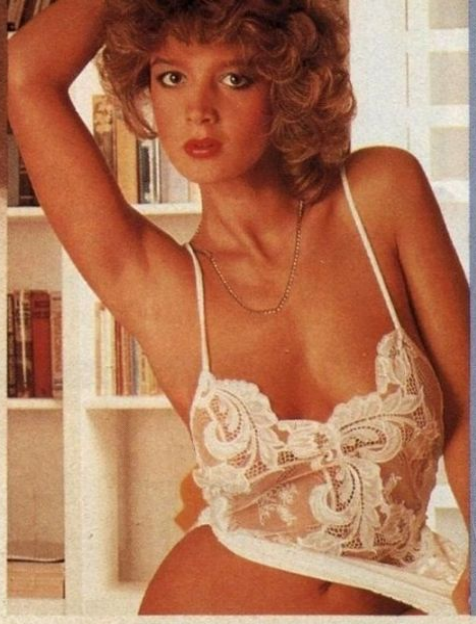
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

A few weeks after winning a local Miss Bikini contest, Joan Bennett was *en route* to Paris with a modelling contract in her hand. Success happened that quickly for her. When her head stopped spinning she settled

smoothly into a glamorous life of modelling assignments for the top fashion magazines of Europe. Using a room in the funky Montana Hotel in downtown Paris as her base, Joan managed to see a lot of Europe, and in grand style — an irony she appreciated, having done Europe on a shoestring a few years earlier, just after leaving school. Naturally she prefers the ritzy way, and understandably she's in no hurry to come home.

"There was a guy in Munich whose idea of a first date was to go to a nude beach. The next day I was sun-burnt in places you wouldn't believe."

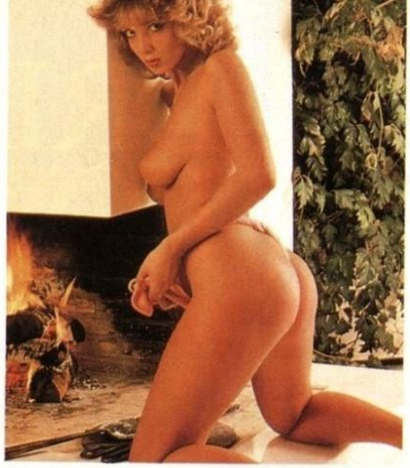
"I'm very independent and restless. I keep a suitcase packed all the time in case I get a call or the urge to go somewhere. I don't like to stay in one place. I love to watch people, but I don't want to get to know them. I don't want to become attached to anyone."



DREAM LOVER

Cute Connie loves making dreams come true.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH



Twenty-year-old Connie Dachs likes her freedom because then she can live up to her motto: Whatever you do — enjoy it! At the moment Connie works in a photographic laboratory where, from the darkroom, she can indulge her love of film, fashion, and showbusiness.

"Sometimes I imagine myself escaping to a tropical paradise where people lie around in the sun all day sipping cool drinks between lazy strolls along an empty beach. White sands, coconut palms — I can see it now," she laughs. "All I need is the right man there beside me.

"I go a bit wild in the sun, because I hardly get any at all when I'm working."

When she's not dreaming of the good life, eating is one of Connie's biggest passions, especially spaghetti with lots of garlic. How then does she keep her figure so trim? Connie plays netball and tennis, goes skiing, and swims in summer. And the rest of the time? She keeps her fantasies fuelled watching videos — at least two a day and always in bed.

"I want to be so famous that I'll earn enough to fulfil my wildest dreams," she says. "I want to go on a world trip, to live in a luxurious apartment and to drive a bright red Ferrari. Maybe I could combine all three and live the high life all around the world.

"I've got no taboos. I'll try anything new. My star sign is Aries and I like to fulfil all my lover's desires. The most important thing in any relationship is that both partners are happy."

THE GIRLS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

You don't need to go back to the Rolling Stones' *Get Yer Ya-Yas Out!* to know that rock'n'roll has a lot to do with sex. A short list of typical titles should convince you: *Push, Push In The Bush, Hung Upside Down, Mama Told Me Not To Come, Then Came You, Easy Comin' Out (Hard Goin' In),* and, only for the lonely, *Beat It, Whip It* and *You'll Never Get Cheated By Your Hand.*

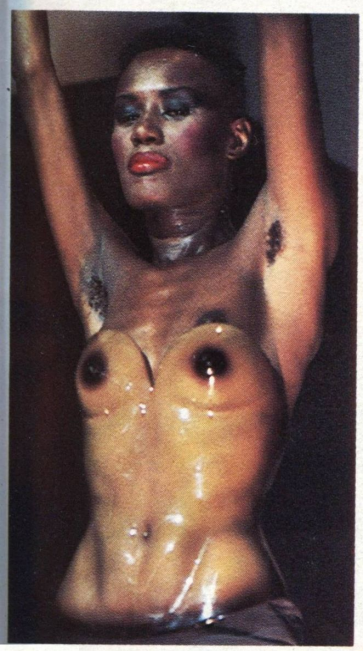
Waylon Jennings confirmed every parent's worst fears when he said: "Rock'n'roll first meant screwing."

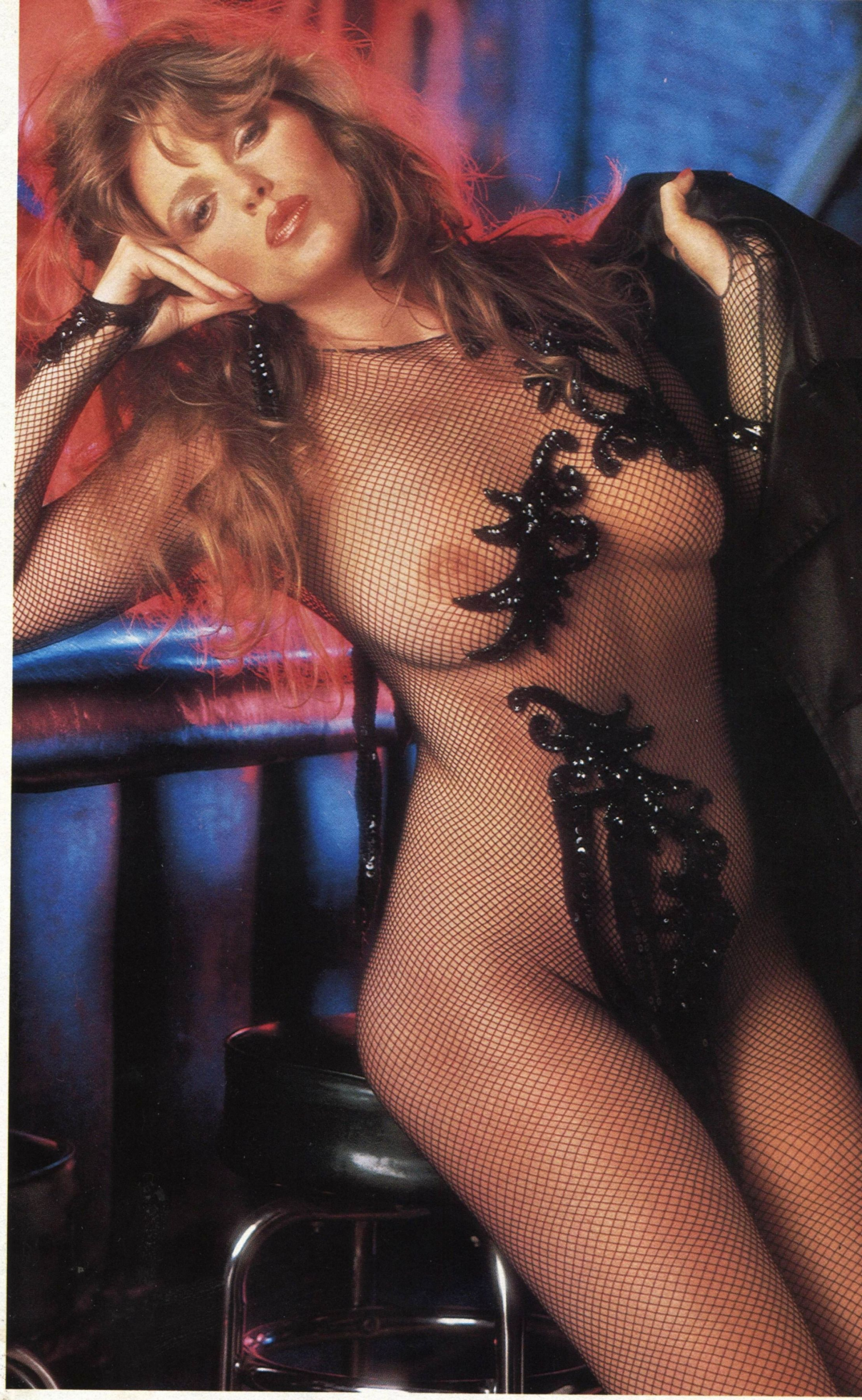
All that was fine for Waylon and the boys, but the girls never seemed to get much of the action. Oh sure, there were female rockers like Little Eva, Diana Ross, Aretha Franklin, Tina Turner and millions of -ellas and -ettes. On the kick-ass side you had Grace Slick and Patti Smith and Chrissie Hynde. Linda Ronstadt actually won more platinum records than Elvis and The Who put together, but it was still a man's, man's world. Heavy-metallurgists, in particular, had an ornery attitude: if she can't suck the strings off a slide guitar, what's she doing backstage? But the times, as somebody said, a-change.

Now there are more girls in the *guitarati* than ever before. All the women you'll find here have the two things rockers need: soul and sex appeal. They also fulfil a few rock'n'roll fantasies in the spirit of rock's original meaning.

That's no biker fantasy to your left. That's Apollonia Kotero, 24, Prince's leading lady in the box-office hit, *Purple Rain.* "Apollonia's character parallels who she really is," says a member of her band. "She came to Minneapolis as a spunky kid who wanted to learn." She sure learned how to make the most of a teddy and garters (below, in a scene from the film). At right, Debra Raye likes it a bit of both ways as a jazz-rock fusion singer with her band, Aria.

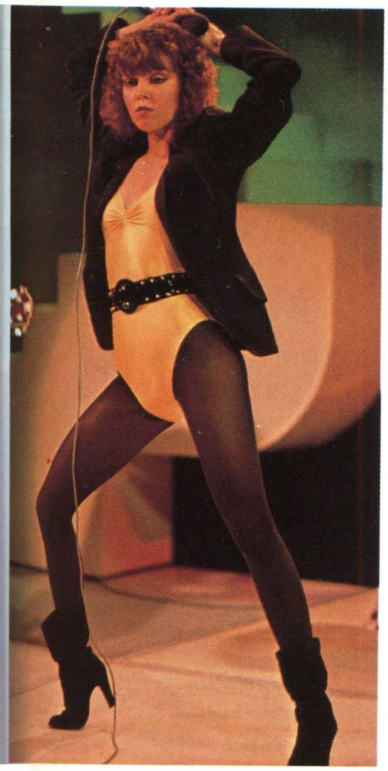
Singing twins Pam (left) and Paula Mattioli, 25, started out with a Miss Natural look before founding their group, Gypsy Queen, but decided loads of foxed-out hair and wild make-up was the way to keep the rock punters coming back to their gigs. Above right: Natalie Pace is part of a psychedelic pop explosion that's guaranteed to turn a few heads. She used to be a miner's daughter, and an alumna of technopop's Communique, but chose new wave instead. Her band is called No Prisoners. Below: Bettina Koster graduated from a girl-group called Malaria to one with a more humanitarian name, In The Service Of. But she didn't forget that fever is what rock'n'roll is all about.

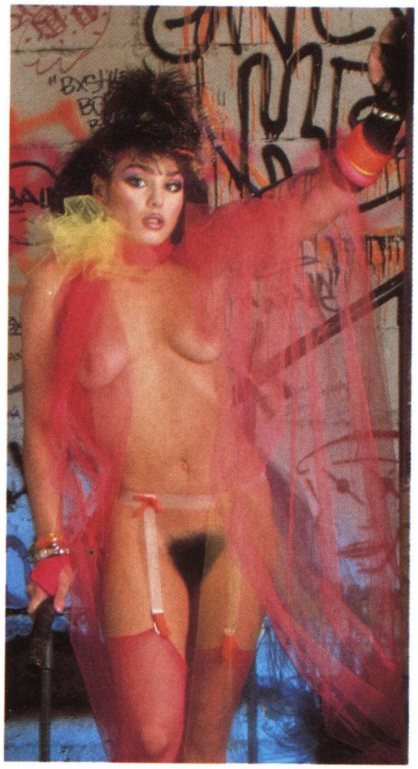




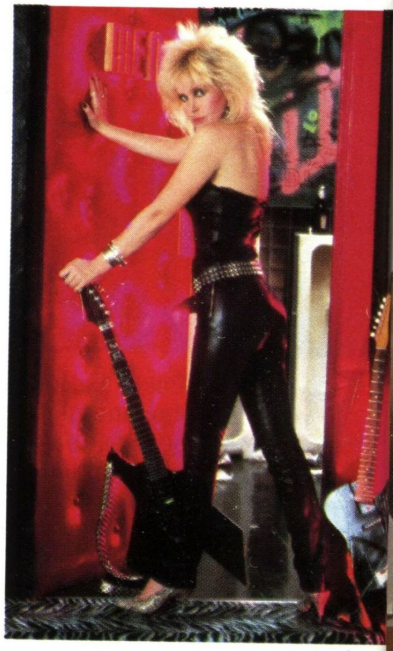
Before Dale Bozzio (top left) became lead singer of Missing Persons, she was a Bunny in Boston, Massachusetts. Centre left: Terri Nunn, the only girl in Berlin (the band), is what promo people call "an ultravisceral lead singer", and Grace Jones (bottom left) is simply ultra everything. Then there's US Playmate (November 1974) Bebe Buell (right). She's been called "the filet mignon of rock". Once the flame of Todd Rundgren and Elvis Costello, Bebe now has her own hot band, The B-Sides, whose independent work has been hailed as being as fine as her fishnet.

Mischief's Becky LeBeau (left), who doesn't fancy men who are "into their bodies more than mine", likes getting into hot water to relax and getting down on the floor to perform (inset). Take a look at Frieda Parton (above left). The pose is Monroe's, but Frieda shares name and endowment with her big sister, Dolly. Above right: Bass player Brinke Stevens and singer/songwriter Linnea Quigley of Linnea And The Skirts seldom perform *sans* skirts or shirts, but their fans are still hoping. Below right: Tina Turner has created her own legend after 11 years on her own. Her stage presence will soon get a run on film in *Mad Max 3,* while one thing's for sure, her soul is immortal.

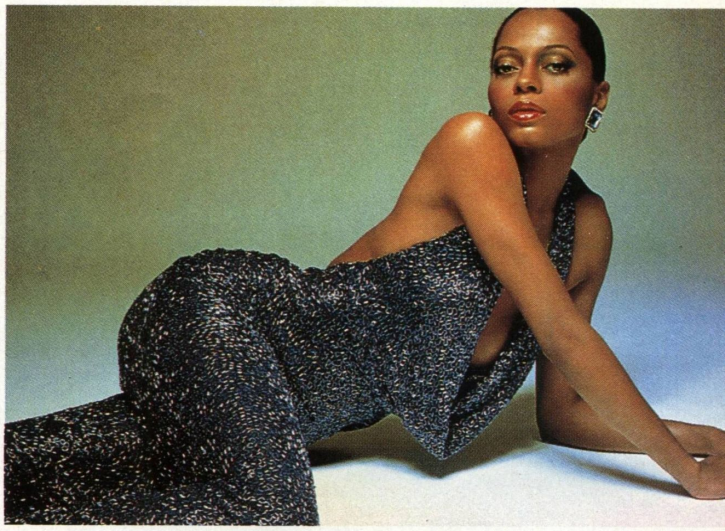




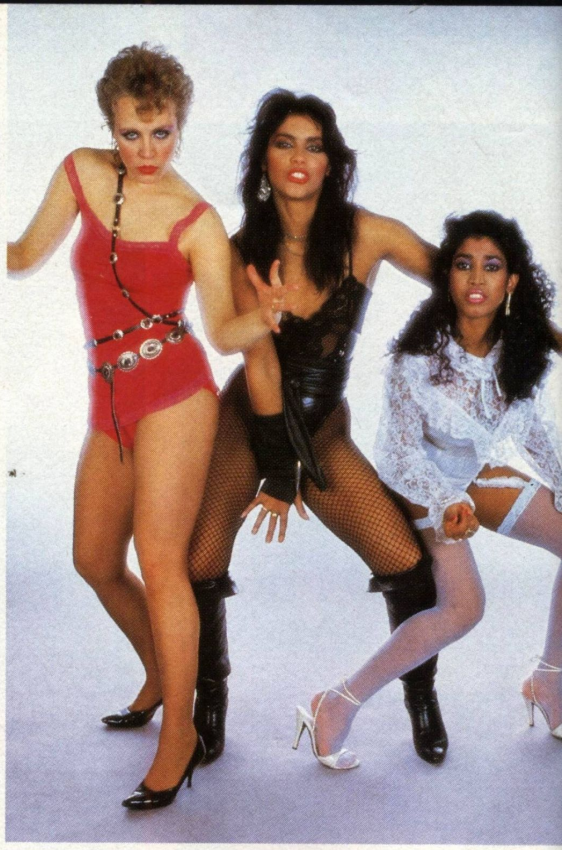
Pat Benatar (above left) may measure only 5'2" in the old money, but she's still big on volume and sex appeal. Nouveau rocker Khari Page (above right) haunts the underground scene and is the kind of girl most blokes would like to bump into late at night.



New wave shocker Pamela Stonebrook (above and centre right) may not be as violent as The Plasmatics' Wendy O. Williams (top right), but she's just as outrageous. "I love to drip on pianos," she says with a sexy sneer. Pamela lists her hair as "bleached" and her hips as "none", but her background is on the level, with a university degree in fine arts and vocals in TV's *Fame,* as well as singing in the Dudley Moore-Eddie Murphy movie, *Best Defence.* Below right: Celena Allen has a split personality as a performer, singing and dancing with bijou rockers The Splitters.



Left: That's Celena Allen again. Here she shows why no one leaves her gigs till the last note has ended. Above: Diana Ross has always looked fantastic, and satisfied music lovers with an impressive career. Below: Daughter-of-a-preacher-man June Pointer joined sisters Bonnie, Anita, and Ruth to become a smash '70s success. Who could forget their rendition of Springsteen's *Fire.* After Bonnie went solo, they remained as hot on vinyl as ever.



Woman, thy name is Vanity (left). Billed as Miss Audio Visual 1984, she toured with Prince up front of Vanity 6 (above), and reached into his pants on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Born in Niagara Falls, Vanity (D.D. Winters) took just 19 years to become a Princess. Perth-born Cheryl Rixon (below) trained as a gymnast, and is fast becoming famous for her onstage gymnastics. On the facing page, Cheryl shows why she's number one with a bullet.

All photographs by Ken Marcus except: Vanity 6 by Lynn Goldsmith/LGI; Cheryl Rixon by Mark Weiss; Dale Bozzio by Ebet Roberts; Grace Jones by Susan Phillips/LGI; Tina Turner courtesy of Festival Records; Pat Benatar by Barry Schultz/Retna Ltd; Wendy O. Williams by Lynn Goldsmith/LGI; Diana Ross courtesy of EMI Records.